

my beloved Pakistan

BY

RAHIM BUX KHAN

MY BELOVED PAKISTAN

(MEMOIRS)

(1946—66)

BY
RAHIM BUX KHAN

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The Author

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Notwithstanding the fact that these Memoirs are a repertoire of the Author's life in and for Pakistan yet a glimpse of his activities in earlier years will not be out of place here.

He tossed his fragile boat on the tumultuous high seas of his youthful life in 1916 when the fury of the First World War was at its peak and human life lay helplessly at the altar of territorial plunder. His restless soul became torn between Peace and War. He was educated in Lahore and partly in London where he also tried to go for higher education but the raging flames of the War mercilessly consumed his ambition for the pursuit of higher professional qualifications. By force of circumstances he found himself in the lap of the British Expeditionary Force and rendered service in East Africa and Iraq until peace prevailed where he earned distinctive honours for his meritorious work.

It was this experience that he gained by his chequered travail during and after the First War that moulded his life into a new pattern and unfolded before him the true concept of Islam which means total submission to the Will of Allah through a disciplined Mind. Discipline in the Army is the foremost law to be abided by everyone belonging to it ; so it was that he became a strict disciplinarian making Discipline the doctrine of life. Hard work was already a trait of his character but military service engrained it deeper. The path of truthfulness that he had adopted from the very beginning remained the Royal Path for him. He recounts the days when many temptations were placed in his way to change this facet of his character but he did not falter and suffered at the hands of those who matter because they did not see eye to eye with him. He never wavered or flattered where the interest of his country was concerned. He even bluntly and

courageously criticised the gluttonous and the self-seekers, including the most high personages. He feels happily proud that his Royal Path led him to ultimate triumph.

Released from Service, he returned to India and made for himself a place as an enterprising Muslim industrialist in H. E. H. the Nizam's Dominion of Hyderabad Deccan (the biggest State in undivided India which was the cradle of Muslim civilisation and culture) in the face of the grimmest of difficulties and worked hard through the lean days of the Second World War and after. By nature, he always chose challenging paths and turned "impossibilities" to mean only "difficulties". His personality is a living proof of it. He has the rare capacity of firing the imagination of those who come in contact with him and enkindles an intense desire in the young men to do something worthwhile in life. He places very high hopes in the younger generation and endeavours to encourage them in nobler pursuits.

Though always aloof from active politics, he is endowed with a keen political perception. He had rightly calculated that once the British left the sub-Continent, Pakistan would be the only stronghold of the Muslims. His stand has been amply vindicated by what happened after Partition.

He has lived a happy married life and is blessed with five active sons and four vibrant daughters. Though he does not roll in riches, but at considerable expense he managed to see his children educated well. Enjoys good general health, is widely travelled and is the author of (i) The Fresco Paintings of Ajanta (ii) Communism, Islam and the U.S.A. and (iii) Standardisation in Paint Industry. Is a good speaker and has the strength of penmanship, combined with devotion to Islam and a high sense of patriotism.

SOME APPRECIATIONS

COMMENTS BY LEADING PAKISTANI AND FOREIGN PERSONALITIES

on

"MY BELOVED PAKISTAN" (Memoirs,1946-66)

By **Mr. RAHIM BUX KHAN**

1. **Mr. A. K. Brohi, former Central Minister, High Commissioner and Lawyer.**

"I must say (it) is a magnificent contribution to our national History. I ought to compliment you at your worthwhile effort in having presented to the people of Pakistan, in the shape of personal memoirs, something of the country you love. I have no doubt that the BOOK WILL BE READ IN PAKISTAN WITH A GREAT DEAL OF AVIDITY. All Pakistanis throughout the world could introduce our country to their friends by *presenting* to them copies of your ***book***. After all, being a *lover's tribute*, the book is **bound to** be far more effective in introducing Pakistan to **foreigners** than ponderous volumes written by unfeeling **hearts.**"

2. Mr. **Abbas Khaleeli**, CSP (**retd.**); **Managing Director, A. C. E. Ltd**

"It is a HUMAN DOCUMNET" ... "Few can claim to have travelled so widely to such **good purpose**, winning *friends* for yourself and your *country* **everywhere**."

3 **Maulana Fazlur Rahman Ansari, Director, Federation of Islamic Missions.**

"Your Book is not only an **autobiography**—the story of a *glorious struggle*—but also a valuable **diary** of events relating to Pakistan and international affairs. As **such** it must be cherished even by those whose sole interest is **historical**. The grace and lucidity of expression and the balanced presentation of facts and events are admirable."

4. **General Joseph F. Battley (retd.), California, U.S.A.**

"...great story of a real patriot and dedicated man...I only wish every person in each country-man and boy especially-could read it."

5. **H. E. Hiroichi Takagi, Japanese Ambassador in Pakistan.**

"I have been very much impressed with your keen observations on the past political events......"

6. **Mr. G. Ahmed, HQA, former Pakistan Ambassador to USA.**

"The Book should also prove to be a valuable contribution to History."

7. **Dr. Nazir Ahmad, ex-Chairman, Pak Atomic Energy Commission.**

"my sincere compliments on bringing out this book which I am sure will interest the historians of Pakistan."

8. **Mr. Hatim A. Alvi., Leading Businessman.**

"...this in itself would be a distinct service to Pakistan, as compared to the publications that have literally gushed forth in India, during the last 20 years, Pakistan's contribution is almost nil."

9. **Mr. Hadi Hussain, CSP (retd.).**

"It is an informative and thoughtful piece of writing, giving intimate glimpses of Pakistan during its formative years, not only in the sphere of industrial development...but in other spheres also. ......The book is a well written......valuable contribution to the literature on the contemporary history of Pakistan.

10. **Mr. Qudratulla Shahab, S.Q.A., C.S.P., Secretary, Min. of Education.**

"...I find it of absorbing interest both in style and contents. ......a facile pen moving with eloquence and a fervent spirit of adherence to the call of Islam and the country."

11. **Mr. M. F. E Khan, Retd. Director of Inspection.**

"...it reveals some untold and so far unacknowledged story"

12. **M. A. Rangoonwalla, Leading Industrialist and Businessman.**

"...I found it extremely interesting...I think the book is as charming...(others also) should write such interesting notes which can be of interest to others particularly the younger generation."

13. **Maj. Gen. M. Akbar Khan, Retd.**

"You have definitely blazed a trail for the soldiers...Jazak-Allah".

14. **H. E. Juan C. Dionisio, Ambassador of the Philippines.**

"...having acquired greater and more intimate knowledge of the history of Pakistan, I can appreciate, why you gave your book that title. I think it expresses accurately what every Pakistani feels about his country."

15. **H, E Hakim M. Ahson, Pakistan Ambassador in Iraq.**

"You have rendered a distinct service to Pakistan by recording the march of events in a chronological order and pronouncing your verdict on men and matters."

16. **The President of Azad Kashmir.**

"The book is most useful and contributes much towards nation building programme."

FROM : Field Marshal
Mohammad Ayub Khan, N.Pk., H.J.

No. 5736-Press/67
President's Camp.
Pakistan.
MURREE.
11th July, 1967.

Dear Mr. Rahim Bux,

Thank you for your letter dated the 4th July, 1967 along with which a copy of your book "My Beloved Pakistan, — Memoirs : 1946—66)" was enclosed.

It would take me some time to read this book, but from a few of its pages that I have glanced through, it should provide considerable interest to an average Pakistani. The reader would not only be impressed by the way you carried out your struggle in re-establishing yourself as a successful industrialist after migration to Pakistan, but also your sustained enthusiasm as a patriotic citizen of the new country, which by God's grace epitomised the aspirations of the millions of Muslims of the sub-continent.

Your references to the Father of the Nation and the late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan are indeed very interesting. You have also alluded to the difficulties faced by Pakistan and the efforts put in by the new regime in building up the country. I am grateful to you for making laudatory references to my work as President. For my part, I feel that I am fortunate to have an opportunity to serve my country to the best of my capacity. I am also grateful to my many Pakistani colleagues both in Government administration, the Services, technical and educational experts in giving me unstinted support in the stupendous task of building up Pakistan. We are well satisfied with achievements so far and are confident that Inshallah, we will march on the road to progress and achieve our objectives.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
Sd /........
Mohmmad Ayub Khan
(PRESIDENT)

Mr. Rahim Bux Khan.
Buxly Paints Limited,
P. O. Box 3630,
KARACHI-16.

—TRUE COPY—

REVIEW : DAWN, KARACHI
October 15, 1967 (Sunday).
"AN INTERESTING AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

MY BELOVED PAKISTAN (Memoirs 1946-66) by Rahim Bux Khan ; published by Trade and Industry Publications Ltd., Karachi. Price : Rs. 10/-.

As the very name suggests the book under review is not merely a repertoire of the author's life but a historical document.

It is the success story of a man of imagination and enterprise whose faith in the destiny of Pakistan has not only led him to triumph but also helped him kindle an intense desire in other young men who came in his contact to do something worthwhile in life.

His patriotism and zeal for constructive work has won admiration from no less a person than the Head of the State, President Ayub Khan who while acknowledging the receipt of the book, wrote to him on July 11, 1967.

"It would take me some time to read this book, but from a few of its pages that I have glanced through, it should provide considerable interest to an average Pakistani. The reader would not only be impressed by the way you carried out your struggle in re-establishing yourself as a successful industrialist after migration to Pakistan, but also your sustained enthusiasm as a patriotic citizen of the new country, which by God's grace epitomised the aspirations of the millions of Muslims of the sub-continent."

"Your references to the Father of the Nation, and the late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan are indeed very interesting. You have also alluded to the difficulties faced by Pakistan and the efforts put in by the new regime in building up the country. For my part, I feel that I am fortunate to have an opportunity to serve my country to the best of my capacity."

Divided into 29 chapters, the book gives a panorama of the universe and the denizens of the earth in a trenchant style. It is also the saga of Pakistan — the story of trials and tribulations, success and failures, hopes and frustrations of the hundred million Pakistanis.

Though highly personal, the author's impressions of the life he saw during his sojourn in European countries, and the United States make an interesting reading. He represented Pakistan in numerous world conferences and well portrayed the image of his country in foreign lands.

The author is an interesting story-teller whose wit, combined with the lucidity of his expression make a deep impression in the minds of the reader. Chapter VII entited : "Help for Pakistan" is of particular interest in this connection.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

KHAN RAHIM BUX KHAN (born 1895) is an outstanding person. Such men of integrity and character are rarely found and seldom appreciated in this age when self-aggrandisement is the order of the day. Besides being outspoken, he has also the courage of conviction which has stood him in good stead. Soon after Partition, he migrated to Pakistan—his beloved new homeland. Apart from his material assets, he also brought with him his rich know-how and industrial experience which was no small help in the industrialisation effort of this new-born country. On top of it all, his will to serve the country with zeal and singular devotion was certainly a source of strength to Pakistan in early days. Mr. Khan is thus a person of whom Pakistan can be justly proud.

Unlike many who were just nobody before the establishment of Pakistan but have now sneaked their way into the world of trade and industry, some rolling in unbounded wealth, Mr. Rahim Bux Khan was *somebody* even before Partition. He was the first Muslim paint-manufacturer of the Sub-continent, at Hyderabad Deccan (1933), setting up a small industrial nucleus in subsequent years.

Mr. Khan had to start almost from scratch, like the country itself. He set up Pakistan's first paint plant in 1949 in the most trying conditions and, by 1957, added two more, including one in East Pakistan. Then he carried Pakistan's industrial pride overseas, by establishing a paint plant in Beirut, with Lebanese partnership. He has interests in the mining field too, and has established Asia's first "Micronising Industry" in Pakistan, based entirely on local minerals.

With his unmistakable solicitude for the well-being of Pakistan, with his abiding FAITH in the Nation's destiny and with such a creditable performance in the field of trade and industry, an account of Mr. Khan's eventful life certainly makes interesting reading. The reader will be thrilled to read the versatility of his zestful contributions to the Nation ; be it an account of his noteworthy help in the formulation of Standards Specifications, or his efforts in spearheading the cause of paint industry by gathering them under one banner, or of promoting scientific research by heavily financing a research institute building, or be it the endeavours for the preservation of our social and religious values or even the trying and taxing task of financing scholarship schemes both for Pakistani and foreign Muslim students. No less important of his contributions was the exceptionally novel mission on which he was detailed soon after arrival in Pakistan (see Chapter IV) by the government of the day in connection with the first Kashmir War. It is a strange account of patriotic deeds, at great cost and hardships.

But, in the blazing trail of achievements, his missionary zeal in portraying the image of Pakistan in foreign lands deserves an emphatic mention. He literally *represented* Pakistan in numerous international Conferences and Delegations, including the one to West African countries in the year 1962, which he himself led—the first-ever to that area where, apart from promoting trade with that area, he went to the extent of offering, and then implementing, a number of costly scholarships for the students of Nigeria, Ghana and Sierra Leone to study in Pakistan and thus earned sincere gratitude. The patriotic traits left in the wake of his 'ONE MAN DELEGATION' (1960) to the countries of the Middle East, UK and USA were impressively revealed to me when I led a Trade Delegation from Pakistan to Iran the same year (1960). (I also have the distinction of being the first senior Vice-President of the

Federation of Pakistan Chambers of Commerce and Industry). Everyone among the Iranian businessmen and industrialists we met, had a word of praise and sincere admiration for Mr. Rahim Bux Khan who, I discovered, had done a lot of diplomatic and commercial 'paving-work' already and which proved a boon to the further strengthening of trade relations between Pakistan and Iran. I am sure he has done the same in all other countries which he visited. I was so much impressed by Mr. Khan's work that I made a specific mention of this fact in my Report to the Government. The work done by him in introducing Pakistan in America from the years 1953 onwards is singularly unique. Prompted by the element of self-respect in his patriotic zeal, he also announced and implemented a Gift of Paints for the American chancery in Karachi. An event without any parallel in history, this made Pakistan's name ring out with respect in the concerned avenues. The Americans called him "An Ambassador of Goodwill".

"MY BELOVED PAKISTAN" is, therefore, the success story of a man of extraordinary imagination, enterprise and initiative. But the book is not important simply as a Memoir. It is also a historical document. There is a powerful and poignant view in this book of places, people and events, laced with the author's inescapable fascination with his new homeland—Pakistan, where he came not only to share its fate but also to enrich its life and literature. His beautifully woven prose, its spots of colour perfectly placed as in some semantic English tweed, make the entire book a fine specimen of workmanship. He gives a panorama of the universe and humans which is highly captivating. He has written the saga of Pakistan—the story of the trials and tribulations, successes and failures, hopes and frustrations of the hundred million people of this country, with open-eyed clarity. The strength of the book, in short, lies in the description of events, and even more so, of the people and their reaction to them. Though highly

personal, his impressions of the real life he saw during his sojourn in European countries, the UK and the United States, make an interesting reading. His descriptive and narrative power is at the highest when he relates to us about the "History's Quietest Revolution" (Ch : XIX).

The Author is a superb storyteller. The book, in fact, is a series of sketches, delicately yet forcefully drawn. He is a brilliant wit, almost hypnotically successful in business, yet known as a man of letters. The writing of these memoirs has taken him years and thus has been a labour of love. He wishes this written record to beacon to the young men of the day the path of those glories to which Pakistan is destined, but many of which have yet to unfold themselves. In his book, Mr. Khan has shown that he can think, feel and write with intelligence, backed up by facts. It is to be hoped that this fine piece of work will be widely read and admired.

Ghazi Naseeruddin

PREFACE

I have the privilege of knowing Janab Rahim Bux Khan Saheb for well-nigh thirty-five years. I came in contact with him when I was Publicity Officer of H. E. H. the Nizam's Government in Hyderabad Deccan. When later I myself became an industrialist in 1941 I had greater occasion to watch and admire his pioneering efforts in establishing important industries there with a view to developing economically this Islamic State which was in the throes of a self-sufficiency programme during and after the Second World War. He soon emerged as a dynamic, top industrialist and made a mark in society with the impress of his personality, social charm and organizing ability.

His decision to offer his valuable services to the building up of Pakistan, economically and industrially, so as to make her a viable and self-sustaining country was no doubt of a far-reaching importance as will be proved by a careful perusal of this book : *My Beloved Pakistan.* The merit of these Memoirs lies in the inspiring narration of a hard and nerve-racking struggle to achieve a noble aim. The spirit of dedication and singleness of purpose which characterized this uphill task should serve as a beacon-light for the coming generation who has to bear the onerous responsibility of carrying Pakistan to greater heights of glory in all fields of endeavour. The patriotic zeal which animated every aspect of the author's activities has blazed a trail for those who have to develop a burning love for the country.

Another merit of the Memoirs consists in their being interwoven with the description of events of national and international importance. This is a novel and useful feature which has made it more than a memoir—a book of reference on contemporary history covering the formative period of this greatest Muslim State of the world.

All this labour taken by an industrialist to record the saga of his struggle, which is really admirable, will be rewarded if the book is read and benefited from on an extensive scale, particularly by our educated youth.

Dacca—1. East Pakistan, 4. 11. 68.

Aziz Ahmad Bilyameeni
Prop. & Managing Editor,
Weekly "Young Pakistan"

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FOREWORD

I dedicate this book to the President and the people of Pakistan......and to my countless friends around the world. Perhaps as they go through its pages, they will understand better our mode of life, our struggles, our efforts at development and our dreams. With Partition our greatest dream came true and thousands and thousands of Muslims like myself came here, giving up our homes, our cherished possessions and our wealth—in order to populate and help this new land of ours......**Pakistan, Land of the Pure.**

The years have rolled on. Where once there was arid ground, green grass grows ; where once there were only cardboard huts, good clean houses stand ; where once there were no schools, scholastic institutions flourish and the voices of our children chant their lessons, their songs and their joy in education, not possible before......our children, the hope of the future, the leaders not yet ripe, the youngsters who one day will take our place. So much has been accomplished in these few slender years, years of hunger, years of efforts and in the end, successful years—that have brought recognition to our struggling homeland, that have brought peace as we desire it, because each one of us, industrialist, businessman, trader and humble citizen has done his best. I too have poured my heart and soul into this land... **THIS LAND THAT I LOVE** for which I would lay down my life.

Wherever I have wandered throughout worlds at war and worlds at peace, I have found an interest in peoples of all creeds, all races who, when enlightened about us, have become more interested, more desirous of offering economic aid, and as time passed on we have been able to repay

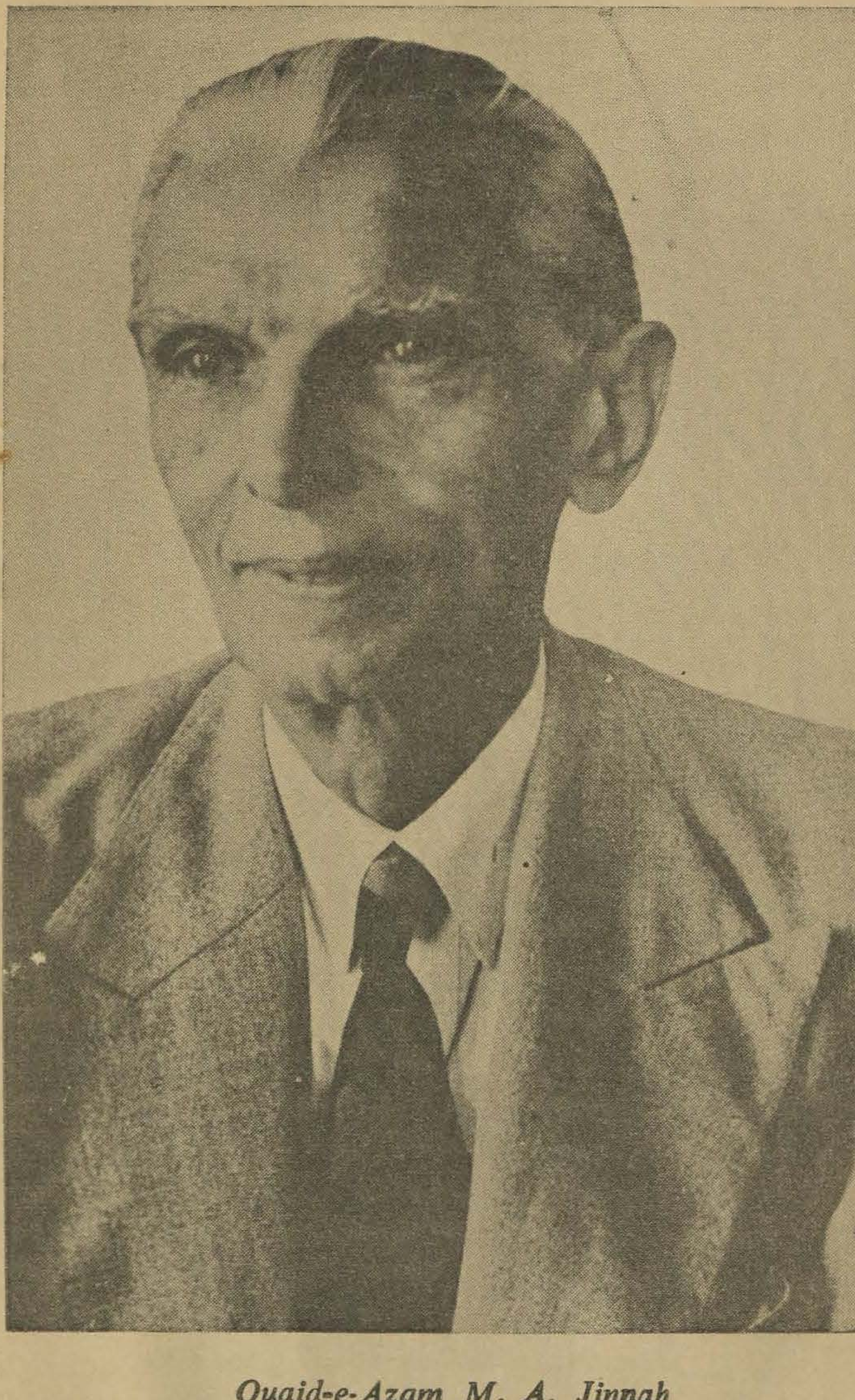
them. In my own way I have contributed assistance to countries of lesser mileage, lesser advancement, knowing full well that the youths of new republics have profited by the training and interest I have shown in their welfare.

From the first moment I encountered our own revered statesman Liaquat Ali Khan, that most noble personage has had an influence on my thinking......that most beloved martyr who sacrificed his life for us did not die in vain. His good work, his trials and tribulations have been as a banner for us to follow—carried on by our esteemed President, Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan—our leader and a man amongst men, a man whose humanity, whose character and forthright ways have endeared him not only to us, but to the hemisphere in general. My admiration for him is limitless. If in the pages of this book you find sustenance and knowledge, and gain an understanding of our past and future problems, my own endeavours will not be fruitless and my words are for each one of you as a prayer—a prayer for peace within all our walls. I have written this in peace as it rules the day with reason in my mind.....

بنتے ہیں میری کارگہ فکر میں انجم
لے اپنے مقدر کے ستارے کو تو پہچان
(اقبال)

RAHIM BUX KHAN

Buxly Mahal
Karachi-5, Pakistan.
1st March 1967



Quaid-e-Azam M. A. Jinnah

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

CHAPTER I

THE IMAGE OF PAKISTAN

MUSIC is said to be the food for soul. I was having that delectable soul-food on the auspicious day of May 16, 1946, as it poured forth from the small radio-set on my house-boat, floating on the Dall Lake of Kashmir (one of the most beautiful lakes of that Valley) where I was vacationing with my family, when it all ended at the news-time and there were some important announcements. These were the news that changed my life-plans.

It had so happened that to end the deadlock on the constitutional future of the Indian Dominion, which had become grimmer after the unsuccessful Cripps Mission, the British Government had sent a three-man Cabinet Mission, composed of Sir Stafford Cripps, Lord Pethick Lawrence and Mr. A. V. Alexander. This Mission came to India on the 24th of March, 1946. It had discussions with the Congress Party and with the Muslim League—the two major political parties of India. With the Muslim League, it discussed their demand for a sovereign Muslim State—Pakistan, to be carved out of the sub-continent of India, composed of Muslim majority areas ; a state which would be of the Muslims, by the Muslims and for the Muslims. The Mission held unfruitful discussions with all the political parties of India. (The Sikhs of the Punjab had a party of their own, too). To find a workable formula, out of an apparently unworkable situation, the Mission rusticated in Kashmir for sometime and came back to Delhi in early May ; they had formulated some plans and had some views which they profered before

the political parties. These were known as the Cabinet Mission Plan, which were being announced that day on the Radio.

The announcement said that the Mission had proposed grouping of the Provinces, so that the Muslim majority areas were to be welded in groups. Altogether, there were to be three different groups, according to majority-population formula. This was not "PAKISTAN" coming true, but, to my mind, it was the disguised first step towards the realisation of that cherished goal of millions of Muslims ; to me it did not seem far away. My feelings were further strengthened when the Muslim League Executive agreed to accept the Mission Plan as such. No doubt, at the face of it all, the Mission had rather bitterly criticised the "PAKISTAN IDEA". But, as events proved later on, this Group system had the germs of PAKISTAN in it.

The moment I heard this announcement, I clearly visualised my as-yet unborn land......PAKISTAN, the country I would go to, with my family, as soon as it came into being. Our own land, where Muslims like myself could dwell, in harmony ; our own Nation, united as one family.

Earlier that year, before arriving in Kashmir on this house-boat excursion, I had submitted (as an interested industrialist) a few schemes and practical ideas to His Exalted Highness the Nizam's Government of Hyderabad Deccan for some industrial projects, which were sanctioned. I had hoped that my proposals would come to pass, whereby I would travel to Europe and to the United Kingdom to select suitable plants for the proposed industries. However, now that I had definitely made up my mind to move to Pakistan, whenever it came into being, I did not press for the implementation of these industrial projects in Hyderabad, on my return from Kashmir.

For this reason, I sought an appointment with a relative of mine, Maulana Zafar Ali Khan, who was a Member of the Imperial Legislative Assembly of India, in order to hold a meeting with Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan,

Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar and Mr. I. I. Chundrigar. Not much information was forthcoming about how Pakistan would emerge from the patterns involved. In my meeting with Mr. Chundrigar, he showed all evidence of sympathy towards my plans of settling down in Pakistan. He promised all possible help in course of time. Sardar Nishtar, however, spoke poetically about the wonder of our new country-to-be. He too promised all encouragement and help. But, speaking with the revered Liaquat Ali Khan, who had invited me to tea, I discovered every minute detail under discussion. That noble soul answered all my questions to the utmost satisfaction. He said, "You must go to Pakistan with other important businessmen to start it off... build it up with industries and make it strong with a firm foundation."

Smilingly, I sought a clarification on the claim made by the Hindu and Sikh leaders in the area which was to become Pakistan that they were going to drain the economic resources of their present home to such an extent that if at all and whenever Pakistan came into being, the young country would be left absolutely denuded of all economic resources and so truncated that as a consequence (of these mischievous designs) Pakistan would have nothing to justify its existence, and would fail and pass away within three months or so of its birth. And that, they had further suggested that those very people who were planning this separate, independent Muslim State would eventually die in the Desert of Sind and add their bones to the remains of their ancestors who had invaded Sind, centuries ago.

Liaquat's solemn and profound reply made me realise his unshakable faith, his courage in the face of overwhelming odds and, above all, his rare political vision. Like all other great men, he was a man with a dream, which he believed in......a dream he knew would come true, in which destiny would play a part, so that the Muslims of India would have their own land, free of caste, free of

foreign rule and free to live their lives, guided solely by the Holy Quran and Sunnah. I shall never forget his words :

"Do you recall," he said to me, "the history of Islam was always made on deserts where the wishes of Allah came to pass......where the followers of Allah recited the Kalima-e-Tawheed while struggling with but small forces to conquer more powerful races and lands. Thus, if Pakistan made an attempt, a start in its infancy on the Desert of Sind, the day would come as it grew and grew—in strength, in potency, in might and with authority—to such an extent that it would be a country among countries, distinguished and admired throughout the civilised world. A nation, individual to be considered, with esteem everywhere".

Though Liaquat Ali Khan lived for this alone and died for this country, he did not die in vain...his predictions all came true.

Reassured, I returned to Hyderabad.

The Departure

Shortly after my arrival in Hyderabad, word came that I may have to leave for Europe in connection with procurement of industrial plants mentioned earlier. I started my preparations.

I was in acute pain the day I left for Bombay in July, 1947, but considering it a sacred duty, I tried to ignore my bad physical condition which was later on discovered as gall-bladder trouble (in 1953).

Restrictions on foreign exchange were non-existent in those days and I had plenty of Sterlings with me in the form of bank drafts and travellers cheques to take care of all the expenses during my tour of Europe, and to make advance payments towards the purchase of machines and steel that would be needed. After spending a couple of days in Bombay where I made arrangements for my onward journey, I flew to Karachi to catch the KLM plane for Europe. Here I spent

three nights at the Palace Hotel, the only really fine hostelry that Karachi possessed then. During this brief stay, I made acquaintance with Mr. Ayer, a Hindu gentleman from Madras, who was staying in the same hotel. Through him I was introduced to another Hindu gentleman from the Punjab, a Mr. Malhoutra. I invited both of them to lunch with me. The conversation at lunch ranged pleasantly from social to political subjects and Mr. Malhoutra impressed me as a very frank and sincere person. We talked about conditions in the Punjab and other territories where Muslims were in majority. When we were parting, I asked Mr. Malhoutra to visit me in Hyderabad because it was so close to Bombay and I extended a permanent invitation to this effect. He seemed to be greatly touched by this and embraced me. In embarrassed tones, he stated that while I had been so considerate and affectionate towards him, he also had a deep feeling of love towards me and expressed his deep gratitude after this luncheon.

Mr. Malhoutra said though he would very much like to meet me in Hyderabad but he did not know whether the impending changes would ever allow him to do so. He said he was aware of the numerous secrets which were perhaps unknown to me, because I seemed to be living in a different world. He hinted that he dreaded to think of coming events, when neighbours who had lived together for centuries like brothers of one family with love in their hearts, would be setting fire to each other's dwellings, burning all their worldly possessions, dishonouring their females, killing their children and the old and the helpless, besides murdering their able-bodied men without any rhyme or reason, just to be cruel for the lust of it. He did not know where the world was drifting to. On account of the impending partition, he said, India was losing all values of life which were once dear to her and which had upheld the dignity of humanity so far. These were very alarming revelations, and I told him that these things could not happen. I could not believe it. But

he warned me that there were already strong rumours about these cruelties coming their way. As we all know now, they *DID* happen immediately before and after partition, which shows that a section of the population had been planning their evil deeds, while the other section, not knowing what was in the offing, was taken unawares and suffered the most.

I was worried over all that Mr. Malhoutra had stated but the topic soon passed off my mind, as I became air-borne with other passengers on our flight to Baghdad. However, we had to return to Karachi after remaining aloft only 45 minutes, because of a severe sandstorm, and spent another couple of nights in the city. Then, the plane did not take off on schedule because of engine trouble. An unusual incident occurred, which I remember still. During our six hours' enforced stop, waiting for the engine to be repaired at the airport, I took note of the friendliness among the numerous people of different nationalities. The various groups chatted amiably together as if they were a large family. However, as we were sitting on the wide platforms in Karachi's airport building, looking at the runway and the plane we were to embark on, an elderly lady travelling with a grown-up daughter turned to me and openly objected in a most embarrassing way to my simple and courteous conversation with a group of Americans. She calmly remarked that I ought to find better company than Americans. She actually inferred that I was wasting my time sitting there, talking to them because my words were related to scientific and philosophical subjects. She even had the audacity to say that Americans were upstarts and a most useless class of humans.

Upon hearing this, my casual American companions laughed but I became embrrassed all the more and argued with the old lady that probably she may even not be alive today, had not these Americans come to the aid of England during the 2nd World War, and instead of being resentful, she should be more appreciative ; she

had no reason to be otherwise. This, however, did not soothe her vehemence. She became furious and told me I was a mad man to sit and talk to her in such a way, since (in her opinion) I did not know the reality of the American mind in offering the "aid" to England. She went on to say that it was only because the United States wished to save herself from the fury of Hitler, who, had he the chance, would have reached and over-run the U. S. A. England was merely the scapegoat for Hitler's howitzers and thus people think that the timely help rendered by Americans was out of the goodness of their hearts, when actually it was their price-tag to England for shielding American independence ! and shielding them from Hitler ! !

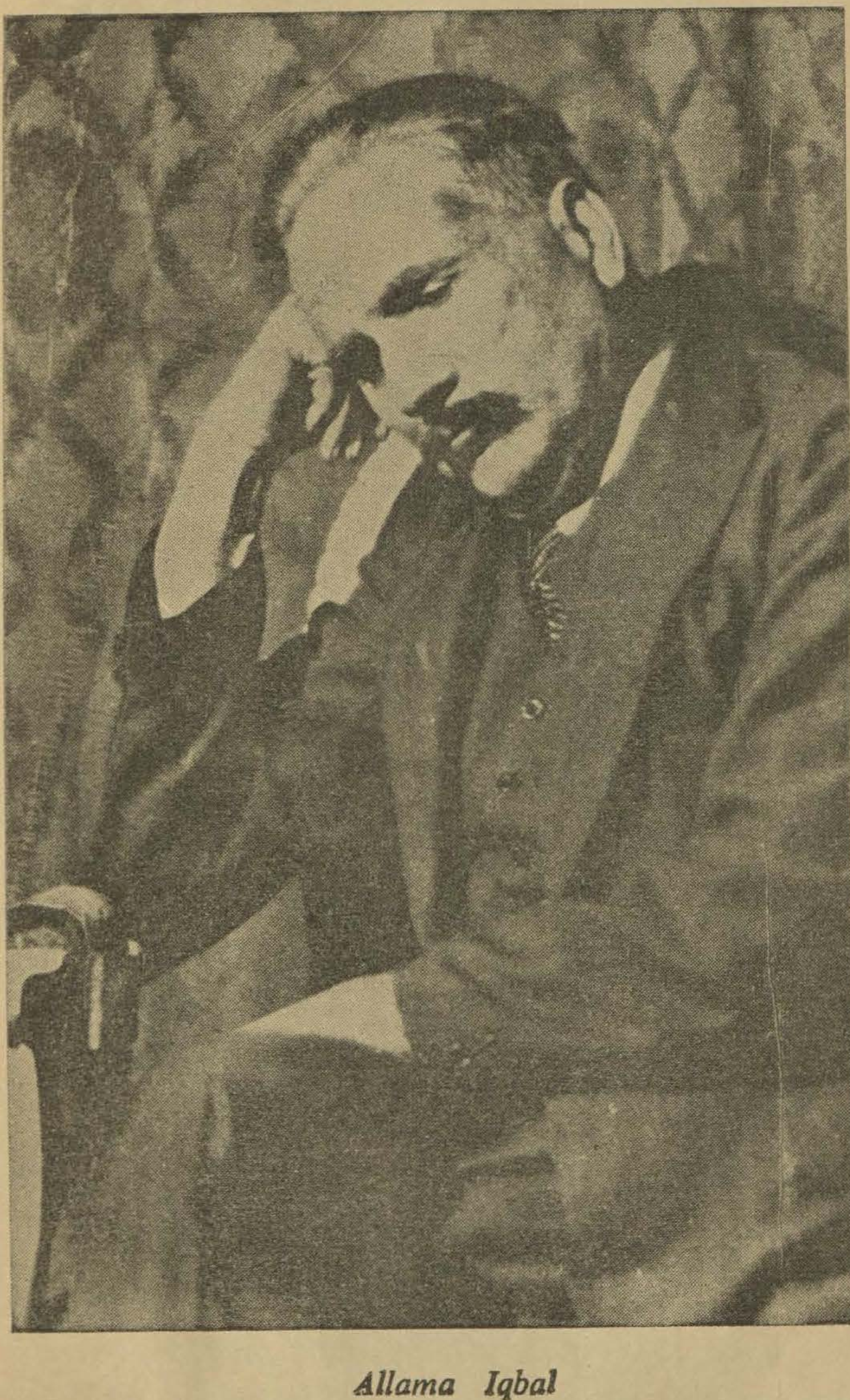
These were strange words coming from this old lady who happened to be of all things a Scot from the British Isles. Her fury was rising so I left her there to settle her differences among the Americans she was slighting...... wondering what bitter pill she had swallowed to cause such rancour.

The plane was now ready and the captain of that KLM liner, after some large argument, agreed to make a direct flight to Amsterdam, instead of breaking the journey at Baghdad, because we had already lost so much time. It was then I was reminded that the longest air-trip I had ever made before was between Hyderabad and Delhi. But never before had I gone overseas *by air*, although I had taken a sea journey to England back in 1916. It had so happened that I had stood *Second* in the whole of the Punjab University in Commercial examinations and had also appeared in the examinations for Senior Cambridge and the London Chamber of Commerce, but not having yet heard the results of the latter two examinations (because the steamer carrying the answer papers was reported to have been sunk) I planned to proceed to England to find out the results for myself, or to reappear for these exams, if necessary.

Through the help of Kanwar Dilip Singh (a Judge of the High Court) who was Adviser for the British educational institutions in Lahore, I managed to reach England where I succeeded in passing the two exams ; then I made up my mind to proceed with my law studies, but unfortunately owing to the War, which was on in its full fury, at that time I could neither count upon any funds from home nor could I find any other lucrative ways and means to continue my studies which left me in a very helpless position. Owing to my lack of experience I could not determine any method which would enable me to earn a living and carry out my aims at the same time. I was disappointed, and felt lost. So, I enlisted in the Army. This opened up new chapters and advantages in my life and thus I became a member of the British Expeditionary Force which went to France. A few days later we were transferred to the German East Africa, where I spent almost one year and was attachnd as a Civilian employee with the Railway Department. I showed a keen interest in all the work that I was entrusted with, and carried out my duties with enjoyable enthusiasm, knowing I was doing my very best.

* * *

So, on the smooth and comfortable route of the KLM plane, we reached the frontiers of Europe. *Thus began my historic tour*. The flying weather was excellent, and over the Continent I was overwhelmed at the sight of the beauty of the landscape below ; I was impressed by the thick poppy fields in Holland, whose myriad colours resembled a Persian carpet. The tulips enchanted me. I was greatly impressed with the humming activity of the scenes below me, where life appeared to be once more returning to normalcy, so soon after the horrors and devastations of the second World War. As far as one could see, all the land was tilled and Nature was clothed



Allama Iqbal

in greenery, produce, and flowers, and little lambs were gambolling......I could not help but remember the famous verse of our beloved poet, Allama Dr. Iqbal :

فردوس جو تیرا ہے کسی نے نہیں دیکھا
افرنگ کا ہر قریہ ہے فردوس کی مانند !

"*None has seen the Paradise of yours, though ;*
But every hamlet in the West presents a Paradise, verily !"

Thus I knew that these very Europeans, who had suffered such agonising losses so recently were determined to uplift themselves by hard work, pride and in the spirit of ambitious survival. Their tiny figures below me on the good green earth looked like dancing dolls. My heart rejoiced in their splendid come-back.

After an hour-long stay in Amsterdam, we left in a BOAC plane for London, arriving to find ourselves in an exceptionally clear day. After clearing the Customs, I boarded the airport bus to the City Terminal, chatting awhile with the other passengers, each feeling pleasure at the thought of the loved ones who would be waiting there to greet. I was happy, too, in the knowledge that my dear son Nasim (my second eldest) would be waiting for me also. There was joy in my heart as I alighted from the bus, to be greeted by him as I came down. We embraced the way only a father and a son could, after a long absence, though I could see that my son had been very much perturbed. The reason for this was the plane's delay and its rather late arrival and also because the telegram I had sent him notifying him of the change of time, from Karachi, had not reached him. He imagined an accident and was upset until we were in each other's embrace. We drove to my good friend Mr. Gibson's house, with whom Nasim was staying. Mr. Gibson, a scientist, was once a prominent member of the Indian Forest Service, holding a high post in the former Punjab, and had done very useful work on Lac research. He had also been elected as President

of the Oil & Colour Chemists Association of Britain, an organisation of which I, too, was a member. There were many things we had done together and there were many memories. Because of the related trades and fields between Mr. Gibson and myself, and because of our mutual interests, I bade my son Nasim to remain under his kindly guidance and care in England. Nasim was studying there and taking a course in the Chemistry of Plastics and Paint Manufacture. He applied himself diligently to his chosen profession, and I was very proud of him.

Once in England, I had to abide by the existing post-war regulations and appear at the Rationing Office for a Ration permit. Since the War, there was still a great deal of shortages of every kind, especially in the food and clothing needs. Many people suffered hardships but the British (like the late Sir Winston Churchill) "never say die". The way they managed was extremely admirable. At times with the small amounts of food available, they managed with grace and aplomb. They still were warriors and knights as in the days of the brave King Arthur. I admired their courage and feats of endurance.

A few days later I encountered the Prince of Berar, Prince Azam Jah of Hyderabad, in London and I learned that though he had the interest of Hyderabad State at heart, he lacked that determination and judgement, characteristic of the popular monarchs. His renowned sire, the Ruler-Monarch had a natural air of Royalty and Kingly dignity. But the Prince, the heir to the throne, did not possess it and I felt sorry for him.

On the 29th of July, 1947, I had the pleasure of attending the first meeting of the Oil and Colour Chemists Association. It was also my first opportunity to attend a professional conference in a foreign country and I found it an inspiring experience which left behind unforgettable memories. There were many dignitaries I met and high personalities of the paint and oil trades in Britain, including Dr. L. A. Jordan,

who arranged to fix a date for a special meeting of the Association, where I would proudly read my subject on the "FRESCO PAINTINGS OF AJANTA" which I had written and composed in Hyderabad Deccan, just for this occasion. London in that period suffered from actute hotel-room shortages. It was only with great difficulty that I was able to secure a comfortable and pleasant accommodation at the Green Park Hotel. So much happened in the following days and during the first week of August. I met my fine old friend the Diwan of Junagadh, Khan Bahadur Abdul Qadir, CBE, who invited me and my son Nasim to lunch at the Savoy, where he was staying with his family. It was at this same famous hotel that I met Colonel Sher Ali Khan, younger brother of the Nawab of Patodi, and Colonel Bashir of Hyderabad. This was an esteemed gathering of the Indian Royalty, and other dignitaries. Together, we discussed the impending changes taking place in India....and what would happen afterwards in the wake of Partition of the Sub-continent—that renowned land of Asia. These were historical gatherings to each and every one of us, indeed !

I spent a few more days in London, then commenced preparations for a tour of the Continent. My travel agents were to prepare a special itinerary for me and while they were doing so, I contacted diverse houses of commerce and factories, seeking information for the machinery required for the proposed Woollen Mills in Hyderabad. I also sought information for the many projects I had in mind.

CHAPTER II

THE REALISATION

My cherished desire had always been to see the British Parliament in session and so I requested Mr. Gibson to arrange it for me. My friend, the Diwan Sahib of Junagadh also had the same desire and it was fulfilled through the good offices of Mr. Gibson, on August 6, 1947. Due to indisposition, the Diwan Sahib could not attend, but on his special request, I was able to take his wife along with me whom I escorted from the Savoy. We were received at the Parliament House by Mr. William, just in time to watch the procession of the Speaker. I shall never forget the atmosphere of splendour surrounding the event. We were led to seats in the Dominion Gallery for three people only. The third person was a Minister from Canada—a spectator like ourselves.

I was truly impressed by the stately dignity with which the proceedings were conducted and its air of magnificence. At that particular period, the Labour Party was in power with Mr. Attlee as Prime Minister. He was being subjected to scathing criticism on a certain problem. It is my impression that the Tory MPs were more well-informed than others, and very learned, having come from the cream of the society. One could recognise this difference immediately from the speeches of the two groups and the way they conducted themselves. Nevertheless, it was worth both seeing and hearing.

After several consultations with some of my friends I decided to delay my departure for the Continent for a few days, in order to ensure that my son Nasim would enter as a

trainee in a prominent paint factory to learn more about paint manufacture. This was to be practical training from the bottom up, so that he would know all about it, after the fine progress he had made in the line of plastics, obtaining excellent experience on that subject. Once again, through the good offices of our friend, Mr. Gibson, together with Dr. Jordan and a Mr. Woellwarth, a meeting was arranged at the latter's office in Broad Street where the noted Mr. Walton of M/s. Walton & Smith of Haltwhistle, also met me. At his establishment, Nasim was to stay and work in order to acquire the necessary practical training. I was to accompany Nasim to Haltwhistle at the specified date. Accordingly, we left by train for Carlyle. This was my first long journey into the English countryside and the scenery was placid and lovely ; picturesque in the extreme. We reached Carlyle and stayed there for the night. In the evening we toured Carlyle's historic Castle. The next day we left in a Rolls Royce limousine, provided to us by the courtesy of our host (Mr. Walton) for Haltwhistle, a distance of 30 miles from Carlyle. Upon arrival there, we were graciously received and entertained by our hosts. Later, after being shown round the factory and its many departments, I was also shown the first Resin Plant. I learnt that Walton & Smith were amongst the 12 leading paint manufacturers in Great Britain.

After a delightful luncheon we were escorted on a sight-seeing tour and visited the famous Roman Wall, 8 miles away. The Wall is about 8 feet thick and has an equal height. It is understood to be approximately two thousand years old and still it is in a fine state of preservation. In the same environs, we saw other remains of Roman influence and rule, including the Roman Baths (public) and the roads. Some of the roads were still in good condition and were used by the general public. At eventide we returned to our hotel in Carlyle, and on the following day we enjoyed seeing the beautiful and world-renowned Lake District—which included a visit to the his-

my preparations were made and from London I carried with me several letters of introduction to great business and industrial houses in each country I was to visit. On the 18th of August I boarded the train at Victoria Station for Dover on the English Channel coast. There I boarded a steamer for Ostend on the Belgian Coast. Passing through the Customs, all the throngs of passengers, mostly European, were very quiet and orderly in a manner of school children on parade. With simplicity and dignity we were all passed through. From Ostend I went by train to Brussels and stayed there ten days (longer than I expected) on the advice of my business contacts in order to finalise my business and other negotiations with them.

Monsieur Lorphevre was the first gentleman to greet me in Brussels for our new enterprise in the business world. I gave him the letters of introduction from England. He was most amiable and extremely helpful to me as a stranger (though I did not feel a stranger for long in his presence). He was instrumental in arranging interviews for me with several Belgian entrepreneurs in the steel, glass and other manufacturing lines. Due to his advice, I took a short trip to Antwerp and met other businessmen there. While in Brussels, I contacted many people who promised to collaborate with me in the import and export of jute bags, gums, setting up of a shipping enterprise and that of a glass Company. Each of these led to other enquiries and I noted them all. Together with Monsieur Lorphevre, I signed an agreement to actively participate in the import trade between Europe and Indo-Pakistan.

My peace of mind was very much disturbed during all these business visits by continuous news from my part of the world about further killings. I tried not to let it affect the business I was promoting for my new land, but it did affect my soul which was torn in anguish at the cruelties I had heard about. Lorphevre, that worthy gentleman, made it possible for me to keep

busy by assisting me in meeting the Chairmen and Directors of numerous industrial establishments with whom many subjects of mutual interest were discussed. There appeared countless prospects in the glass, steel and other industries and there was considerable interest in those circles for setting up plants in Pakistan. It was a fruitful visit of intense coordination and cooperation. On August 27, I flew for Lausanne. Here I met that famous and beautiful Atiya Begum. She appeared sorrowful and nostalgic about the sad state of affairs in India and made a lot of enquiries as to what was actually happening. To us, so far away, it seemed almost unbelievable, though we knew it in our heart of hearts to be true. Atiya was the beloved wife of the renowned artist, Fayzee Rahamin. He passed away in 1964, forgotten and forlorn—he who had poured his art, his talents and dreams into precious pictures on the canvas for all the world to see. This fickle world which abandoned him and Atiya in time of need.

Though I continued my trip by visiting Switzerland, partly for pleasure on holiday, I also utilised my time by looking over watch factories in Switzerland—the watch centre of the world. Here I discussed the possibility of erecting a watch-making or assembly plant in Pakistan. The prospects were extremely promising. Here too, I met other famous people from India : personalities of their era like Dr. Ghosh of East Bengal and Mr. & Mrs. Lal (Mr. Lal later became Chairman of the Indian branch of I.C.I.), and Seth Walchand Hirachand, the multimillionaire industrialist of Bombay.

From Switzerland, I travelled by train to Italy, enjoying the panorama of the lovely countryside en route. In Milan, I explored the possibility of setting up textile mills and other kinds of mills. The scope was enormous. I chanced one day upon some displaced Albanian students (Muslims) who expressed great eagerness to settle down in Pakistan. At that time, I did not know much about Pakistan Government's policies, so I could not hold out hopes for their

plans, though I did promise to supply them with information in regard to the matter. Unfortunately, as often happens abroad, I lost complete contact with them.

My next stop was Florence, that beautiful city of Art and Culture where I saw the famous Statue Galleries of the Florence Cathedral. Its exotic composition is known and has been described all over the hemisphere by several artists and authors ; it would be vain for me to further describe them. Then, by train to Rome was an adventure of delight—of great delight indeed in the early autumn sweetness of Italy—a memorable visit I shall never forget, painting my mind with pictures of hamlets where contented country-dwellers stuck to their farms, growing the fruits of good earth, their fat and adorable bambinos trailing beside them, envying no man and glad for their own, knowing their life to be Nature's life in the peaceful countryside ; this life of God. How shall I describe such simple beauty ! It left marks like precious jewels on my mind. My brain was enriched by the experience of passing through those fields of flowers, of golden corn, apple blossoms and the entrancing perfume of growing peaches, yellow apricots and content.

CHAPTER III

INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS AND LECTURES

WORLD WAR II was over and the once powerful political and military powers that were Germany, Japan and Italy were no longer front-page news. Great Britain and Europe were striving to repair both their physical and mental wounds and the battle for supremacy lay ensconced like cold war between the Soviet Socialist Republics (Russia) and the United States of America.

With her great material wealth, the United States, which had kept out of the War on its home-front, (for a major part of the War), while giving of her manhood, youth and arms to assist the Allies all over the world, felt that her production and aid to all those in need, entitled her to be a world-leader among the civilizations of the earth. Russia felt the same way ; her claim to fame lead into many fields, the most notable being the 'Doctrine of Socialism', that would be a ready cure for all ailments and the basis of all cultures, for all people. For more popular reasons, the citizens of Europe had faith-supreme in the American Government. True, the Soviet Union was first in the race with her satellites which portrayed the foremost advance in science ; nevertheless, between these two mighty countries there was no other rival. Both are aware of triumphs while bestowing favours on smaller nations in an effort to win the race for supremacy.

England has never stopped attempts to maintain her pride and her dignity. She is still, to each Britisher,

"The Land of Hope and Glory—Mother of the Free". Each one, born beneath her flag, extols her. But, since the liquidation of her once, far-flung empire, specially in the Indian sub-continent, a great nationalistic movement has taken place in her former domains in Asia and Africa, following the value of discoveries of their own immense resources ; and now stout little England finds it hard to regain the status equal to that of the days when she was always Great Britain ; the Sun never set on the British Empire !!

For myself, in the midst of these former war-torn lands, I completed my negotiations with various plants and factories and made arrangements to return home. This was not easy : passages from Europe were not always available, but back in England, at London once again, I was pleased that Dr. Jordan had arranged for a date for my lecture/ address at the meeting of the Oil & Colour Chemist Association, at Mansion House, Portland Square, London. There I had to read my paper on **"THE FRESCO PAINTINGS OF AJANTA"**. To make the lecture a bit more lucid, it was decided that we acquire some colour prints of the Caves for exposition after the lecture in a lantern slide exhibition. We all tried hard to obtain them without success. However, great was my pleasure on the 26th day of September, 1947 when I delivered my well-prepared lecture, dwelling at length on the subject. Prominent scientists and dignitaries besides members of the OCCA and others of the general public attended and listened with intense interest. At the end of the lecture, many questions were asked and discussions which followed led to further interest about the possibilities, that in view of the monumental value of the Art Treasures of the Ajanta Fresco Paintings they should be made air-conditioned to preserve their original and natural beauty. I thought this suggestion was excellent but not feasible because the cost would be too high, and it was not in my orbit to express such an opinion and desire.

Indeed this was a matter for the government concerned.

The experience was nevertheless exhilarating to me. For the first time in my life I had spoken before a large gathering of important people in a far-away foreign land, and on a subject of technical details of a work of art more than 2000 years old. My lecture brought to light the freshness of this ancient magnificence ; and indeed I was very proud to explain the secret which lay deep in the pigments and the medium which had been used. My words were concluded with further details on the adherence of the said pigments and related chemicals on the solid rock (revealing the great intelligence of masters of art of other eras). For a finale, Dr. Jordan, as Director of the Paint Research Station at Teddington, made an illuminating speech about my talk and myself. Later he wrote a foreword to my lecture published in the OCCA journal which was made into a booklet soon after. The occasion became a happy affair in my memory.

Now the time had come when my son Nasim was accepted as a trainee in Paint Technology by Mr. Walton at Haltwhistle, with the condition that I pay all his expenses for the duration of his stay. Naturally, I agreed. This became a fine opportunity for Nasim to really learn the practical side of paint manufacture, so dear to my heart. The paint line, source of my ambition, livelihood and that of all the hundreds of people I now employ.

Parts of my numerous missions were now concluded and I finally secured a seat on a seaplane from Poole Seaplane Station on the 1st of October 1947, which meant overnight stops at Augusta, (Italy) Cairo and Behrain. I reached Karachi on the fourth day of October in that auspicious year, after having enjoyed my first seaplane trip (a little slower than the regular plane service, but more thrilling). Due to heavy operating expenses, this mode of travel was later discontinued on the England-Australia route.

My beloved dreamland—Pakistan—in its infancy, at three months of age, was in dire straits. If not for the intense determination of its new citizens, it could not have survived. The young and struggling Government was alone, face to face with immense problems, no offices or buildings to work in, no paper for reports and hardly any dwellings for office-workers. The situation was tragic. Pakistan was alone, and one could say, almost friendless. Desks, chairs, common needs and human needs were conspicuous by their absence. Officials sat on the cold hard ground, working, planning, hoping and struggling without the simplest tool of their requirements. Files and tables there were none, and the majority of these good souls, refugees from India, stout-hearted Muslims did not give up the ship. They worked almost on empty air, even using common toilet paper rolls for reports, when nothing else was available to make their efforts come to light ; so great were the shortages. I stayed in Karachi until the 9th of October and met many of the hard-working officials who never complained in spite of the lack of many ordinary amenities. They were Dr. Anwar Iqbal Qureshi, Mr. Khuhro (Premier of Sind), and Khan Bahadur A. G. Khan among others of note.

Each of them urged upon me, before my departure, to return to Karachi immediately from my present home, so that I could add my own fine industry to assist the new-born country. They promised me all possible assistance in setting up my plants. At that time I also tried to meet the Finane Minister, Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, but due to his many preoccupations, I could not. However, I was able to contact him on the telephone and speak to him. He advised me to come back to Pakistan without delay. As a result of this talk with him and my other meetings with high officials I resolved again, as a true Muslim, to sacrifice my secure mode and position in Hyderabad, and devote the rest of my life and energies to strengthening Pakistan through industry. So, before I left

Karachi, I tried to find a house, big enough to accommodate my large family when it arrived in Pakistan, but this was without success. I then left on the 9th of October for Hyderabad, by air. Several of my friends, including Mr. Mohammad Moosa (known to me from the Junagadh days and who later became the Chief Engineer of Sindh) had tried their utmost to find a house for me.

Once back in Hyderabad, I submitted the reports of my overseas activities on the just concluded industrial mission and I also made known to them my resolution to make Pakistan my permanent home. I was fortunate in being able to dispose of my home and moveable property in Hyderabad in good manner. I flew back to Karachi two weeks later to finalise arrangements for moving over my family there. Accommodation problem in Karachi was, however, still very acute. The once small city of Karachi, with a population of three lakhs, emerging as the Capital of the country and an industrial centre, was now overflowing with over a million homeless and destitute people, who had left everything they owned, in flight from India, because of the holocaust after the Partition. This had added to the heartaches of Pakistan whose means were woefully unequal to the situation arising from the tremendous influx of poor and denuded refugees. The strain on the city of Karachi itself was enormous. In spite of incessant efforts, I did not succeed in finding a house that would even be barely suitable. I visited the Provincial and Central Governments officials, in the meantime, with the outline of my industrial plans. These were, however, received with a sympathetic ear and help was promised to me.

I also attended the big congregational prayers of Eid-ul-Azha (my first Eid in Pakistan) at Karachi, where the noble Quaid-i-Azam spoke to the gathering, counselling each member of the audience to have patience and dedicate themselves to the cause of Pakistan. Every moment more news of Muslim massacre in India came through. It was heart-

breaking for Pakistan Government thus to maintain peace and communal harmony in the new land ; the disturbances, riots and thoughts of revenge disrupted everyone and the Quaid said that we must have restraint and not give way to feelings that were not in keeping with the principles of Islam ; that we should not resort to killing human beings even though the Sikhs and the Hindus did. Those were inhuman and uncivilised acts which the Quaid's Government would not tolerate here in retaliation, and would protect the honour and lives of the non-Muslim minorities. The world knew that he was true to his word.

I again tried for a house but in vain. I, however, purchased a new car for over ten thousand rupees and left the matter of the house in the hands of my friend Mr. Moosa and flew back to Hyderabad to bring my family to Pakistan.

Although it was gratifying to think of permanent settlement in Pakistan but saying good-bye—for ever—to our once beloved home (Hyderabad Deccan) was tragic in itself. There is always sorrow in parting and it was there, even though now I was leaving an unsafe territory. I had finalised my house deal and all other things connected with our departure to the point of chartering a plane. That was the time when the Kashmir War broke out, so that the plane charter was cancelled by the air-company because all civilian planes had been requisitioned by the Indian Government for military duty in Kashmir. We were obliged to travel by train to Bombay. Outside the peaceful environs of Hyderabad, murder of Muslims continued unabated and we were advised by the amiable Railway authorities of Hyderabad to travel incognito in reserved coaches. We reached Bombay in 24 hours of departure from Hyderabad and managed with great difficulty and through the aid of a Pakistan Government representative (in Bombay) to secure reservations on S. S. SHERALA of the P & O Lines, which sailed for Karachi on the 12th of

November. Countless refugees were also on board, without tickets, because they just could not purchase these. Their helpless condition was heart-rending, as was also their poverty. They had to run for their lives and honour, in whatever they stood, to escape being slaughtered.

With tears of joy and sorrow, we arrived in Karachi. The refugees were sobbing their hearts out for those of their near and dear ones who had perished and the families which could not come with them. We ourselves will never forget reaching the safety of Pakistan, though we were still without a home. It took us a full fortnight to finally manage to secure the allotment of a small house.

Shortly after arrival, I commenced working on my plans for various industries including the paint industry, and together with Mr. Moosa I made a trip by car with some other engineers to the districts of Thatta, Hyderabad and Dadu, where we saw the mineral deposits. I compiled reports on these trips to form the basis of my industrial schemes. I submitted these preliminary plans to several authorities in due course.

CHAPTER IV

THE RUMBLING ECHOES

A touching incident happened at the Karachi Railway Station on December 7, 1947, while I was seeing off my daughter to Lahore, where she was going for further education. A reserved coach in the train was occupied by some unauthorised persons who, in spite of many entreaties by some important Railway officials and even the Police threats, refused to vacate the coach and were scuffling with the Railway authorities and with the Police, while still remaining in their seats, so that the train was delayed by 45 minutes. Suddenly, a young and impressive-looking man came in, took over command, and said sternly to the unauthorised passengers: "Unless you all go out peacefully within 3 minutes, I shall open fire."

Immediately, the unauthorised passengers rushed out, and the passengers for whom the coach was meant and who were all serene and quiet, entered the coach, in a disciplined manner with their bag aud baggage, and occupied their seats. The young man then told the Station Master to accommodate the displaced passengers as best as he could in the other bogies of the train. This was done with only a few left behind and the train sped on. The young man also went away.

Later on I learnt that the special passengers of that reserved coach were going to Kashmir, with their own arms and ammunition, to reinforce the small number of Freedom Fighters against the Indian aggression. The autho-

rity displayed by the young stalwart was the means of their getting away. After a few days, a chance meeting brought me in contact with the gentleman and cheerfully I praised him for the courage he had displayed at the Railway Station which I had witnessed so closely and with which I was impressed. This led to a long and delightful conversation over a cup of tea, and when he discovered that I had just migrated to Pakistan from Hyderabad Deccan with my family, after concluding an extensive tour of Europe recently, he invited me to dinner on the following night where he wanted to introduce me to some of his friends, mostly Government servants. As till then I had also not met any people in the Government, I was keen myself on such meetings, which would enable me to further my industrial plans. I was also eager to find work for many of the displaced technicians from Hyderabad Deccan who were meeting me almost every day since my arrival, asking for help in securing jobs for them, since they had no other approaches of their own for this purpose.

At the dinner party the next day, there were several important persons including three or four Secretaries of the Sind Government, a Divisional Commissioner from the Punjab and also the President of the Azad Kashmir Government viz. Sardar Mohammed Ibrahim Khan, as also another person of Turkish origin, who was addressed as "Prince"...... I was told he was a distant relative of the two Turkish Princesses who were married to the two sons of the Nizam of Hyderabad, but I had not met him before.

This was a lively group of young men and I being the eldest in the party, they all showed me due deference. The conversation drifted from one subject to another. The President of Azad Kaskmir appeared to me like a clay doll boy, immaculately clad, a well-chiselled face with radiant cheeks, but a little pensive, perhaps on account of the burden of responsibility which rested on his shoulders. His conversation reflected intelligence, knowledge and

political maturity at this young age. He is a Barrister-at-Law and was a practising advocate at the High Court of Srinagar when he was called upon to lead the destiny of the oppressed Kashmiris.

The people at the gathering were anxious to hear from the Sardar about the real state of war in the Valley and of other happenings there. He gave a very lucid but hair-raising account of it all. He said that the Freedom Fighters who were mostly Kashmiris themselves and volunteers from the tribal and other areas of West Pakistan, were fighting with their out-dated guns and other home-made arms and ammunition. But even these were woefully short in supply. Besides, most of the Fighters were untrained in modern warfare. The Sardar added that some retired veterans of the Army had also gone to the aid of the Fighters and were providing the latter with elementary training in the tactics of the type of war that was being fought in Kashmir and this had proved beneficial.

He further said that the main combat work was being done by the Fighters themselves but that the small groups of these veterans and the detachments of Pakistan Army were providing the Fighters with strategic direction and planning without which it might not have been possible for the Fighters to bag so many gains. But, Sardar Ibrahim added, the situation was fast growing into a precarious one, whereby the imperative need for more arms and ammunition appeared more and more urgent. It was his view that unless arrangements were made to procure supplies of even rifles and bullets, at a quicker pace, things might get out of hand and it might become difficult to consolidate the gains so far made. It was, therefore, very essential that someone immediately went abroad for this purpose.

Some of the guests requested me also to relate to them the prevailing conditions in Europe and how things were progressing after the Second World War; whether the economy was on its way and reconstruction

was going apace in the countries I had visited. I gave them a brief account of everything I had seen. I reached home very late after the meeting had dispersed by midnight, though quite pleased with their searching questions and with ample thoughts in my mind reflecting over the holocaust in Kashmir and the barbarities which were still being perpetrated on our brethren. Naturally many other similar things pained my mind so that I lost my sleep for the remaining part of the night, thinking how best I could contribute to help Pakistan at this critical moment.

Three days later, I was informed by my friend Mr. Mohammad Moosa (who lived on the ground floor of the same house as mine) that the Secretary to the Premier of Sind had informed him that the Premier desired me to see him on some urgent business the next day at noon. I kept the appointment and was ushered in Mr. Khuhro's office promptly. Here I may mention that I had met Mr. Khuhro before also, in connection with my industrial plans, and had found him an amiable and straightforward person.

After the formal courtesies, Mr. Khuhro told me that he had heard a day before about my recent tours in Europe and said that Pakistan needed my help in purchasing a few items of importance immediately and this work, when completed, may also provide employment to some of the displaced technicians from Hyderabad Deccan, of whom I had spoken to him casually on a previous occasion when discussing my industrial schemes with him. These men, it may be mentioned, were well-versed in the production of certain types of equipment which Pakistan needed. He further advised me that he had very large sums of money at his command, which had been collected through public contributions. He desired that I should proceed to Europe immediately for which he was prepared to place all the funds at my disposal. I was required to bring some equipment and a workshop so that we could also go in the production of that equipment, with the help of technicians mentioned above.

I told Mr. Khuhro that I needed time to reflect over the whole situation, specially so because I had not yet settled down in any form, and because my family members were scattered, some of them being at such distant places as Hyderabad Deccan, London and Lahore, and because I still had property to dispose of at Hyderabad Deccan. Returning home I consulted my wife and my friend Mr. Mohammad Moosa, who were the only two trusted counsels available, and I myself pondered over the whole matter in the meantime. On the one hand, it was a rather tricky job, fraught with great dangers, because if India came to know of it, she could play any dirty game with me in Europe, and further, it involved other international risks, in addition to being a work of great and burdensome responsibility. On the other hand, Pakistan needed urgent and quick help, and she needed it for her very life which was in danger, so soon after her birth. The non-delivery of our share of arms from the Division of Assets at Partition, had also aggravated the situation so much that our Army personnel were made to march to Pakistan without arms. I saw that here was my first most important opportunity to serve Pakistan in her hour of great need and time of peril. Industrialisation, which was my primary concern, and for which I had come over to Pakistan, was no doubt important in its own place, but this rescue work was of still greater importance. It was an agonising decision to make and I was on thorns all through the night, until at last I made up my mind and went the next morning to see Mr. Khuhro to tell him that I WOULD GO. All aspects of this question were then considered and I gave Mr. Khuhro my three conditions, before I accepted to undertake this mission to Europe. Firstly, I would not touch the public funds. Secondly, I would fly to Europe or wherever necessary, only to select the necessary arms, ammunition and workshop equipment but that some technically competent person should, on receipt of necessary information from me, go to Europe to inspect

the goods and then make payments on the spot ; he should also make arrangements to bring all that to Pakistan. Thirdly, I should be given a letter of authority by the highest authority in Pakistan to work on their behalf and that this should be done preferably with the full consent of Quaid-i-Azam or Khan Liaquat Ali Khan. Mr. Khuhro replied that to seek the concurrence of Liaquat Ali Khan would be difficult as the latter was away, but that he would seek the consent of Quaid-i-Azam and then give me the necessary authority himself, on the conditions that I had put forth. In the meantime, he advised that while all the points raised by me would receive his attention, the Secretaries of different departments would meet me individually and then collectively to give me their requirements of various types of other equipments required by their own departments, so that I could take a note of all these. For the purpose of correspondence, I was advised to remain in contact telegraphically with his Personal Secretary, who would deal with the matter promptly.

Many meetings then followed with the President of Azad Kashmir, in company with the Commissioner of Rawalpindi, and separate meetings with the Secretaries of the many departments concerned, as well as with the Chief Engineer of Sind. Everyone gave me his own requirements of things. The most important and the vital necessity was to equip the Freedom Fighters in Kashmir.

Our country had been invaded by the outnumbering Indian Army, supported by their Air Force. The invaders, in spite of their heavy armament, artillery and good training, were proving to be no more than a herd of jackals, crows and vultures. They were losing heavily and were unable even to face our untrained and ill-equipped Freedom Fighters who were inflicting heavy casualties on the Indians, just as hounds would seek out their prey from their hiding grounds. The Fighters, with their old muscats and breach-loaders, had brought down Indian Air Force planes

like pigeons and crows from the skies. From every front, the Indians were beating a hasty retreat—a flight in terror to places of safety. Of course, there was the invisible Army of Allah to help us. It is a conviction, an article of Faith (IMAN) with every Muslim that in any fight waged for the survival and glory of Islam, the invisible—and the invincible—Army of Allah comes to the rescue of Muslims; and there it was. But we needed some equipment to consolidate and expedite our gains and drive away the Kafirs as fast as possible.

The result of these meetings was a decision whereby I was to leave for Europe as soon as possible and in a most quiet and discreet manner because of the very secret nature of this mission. I was, however, advised to avoid making any contacts in London, but to make these only in Europe.

Accordingly, I flew to London on 20th December, 1947 and from there proceeded to Brussels where I obtained visas for Czechoslovakia (a difficult process in those days). I stayed in PRAGUE for a fortnight and cabled some offers to Karachi which, however, were disapproved. I, therefore, went to Switzerland, spending a couple of months in digging out other sources there as well as in Belgium and Italy. I selected Switzerland because of its central situation since I knew I could direct my agents to go out in all directions and when Karachi gave their approval of the material, I was advised to proceed to London to meet the Government representative who had command of funds. I also saw the Pakistan High Commissioner, Mr. Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola in this connection several times. After a month of fruitless waiting I was asked to proceed back to Switzerland, where the inspection of the material was promised to be done.

MISSION UNFRUITFUL

Like a ball, I was tossed between London, Brussels and

Switzerland several times, on instructions issued to me from Karachi and from London, yet I never saw the inspector, nor the funds, but more blundering instructions started pouring in. I had given so much of my time, money, my energy and experience, plus the contacts I had made, but all I met with was frustration and disappointment. I got exasperated ; I had gone short of funds after all this travel and had become mentally tired and physically sick. So, I wired to Karachi that I was returning, without waiting for any further directives from any quarter whatsoever. On my return home I discovered that the Premier of Sind, Mr. Khuhro, had been ousted for political reasons and there was a change of policy. The matter was now being handled by the Central authorities. This was tragic for me, since it was the Premier of Sind who had been the main sponsor of this mission. This development gave me a clue to understand the background of all the delaying tactics that I had encountered.

From the very day of my return, there were several meetings with the officials concerned. A detailed investigation took place which, after my fruitless search, was naturally not at all pleasant even though the prices that I had striven to obtain were found to be very attractive and low and the delivery arrangements were good in comparison to those from the other two influential persons who had also gone abroad already on the same mission earlier, but who had done nothing, except cabling very high prices to Karachi and were still hanging about abroad. When this came to my knowledge I felt satisfied that at least I had done my own duty well, and proved that having no personal motives I had no axe to grind and that I was a man of action. This gave me a sense of relief and happiness.

To assuage my feelings the authorities concerned told me that the promised funds and the inspection were delayed because of pressure of work on the home front, apart from the formalities that could not be surmounted. In the face

of all this beating about the bush, I was again asked to return immediately on the same sad mission which had proved such a heartache. I, however, politely refused to comply, unless they deputed a competent official with sufficient authority to make on-the-spot purchases. It appears the matter was then considered at the highest level because a Cabinet meeting was held the next day and it was conveyed to me that a high-powered delegation had been formed to fulfil my demand and I was now required to accompany them. While I was still thinking of the next step, intense moral pressure was brought upon me from the higher-ups, including Mr. Khuhro. They all pleaded that unless I went out again, nobody else could undertake to do the work which now remained half done or not done at all. My patriotic spirit made me give in to their pleas and I went abroad again with the delegation. All my contacts were directly introduced to them by me, so that they could deal with them on their own. Thus I was pleased to have been relieved of the responsibility, and returned home within one month. Nevertheless, this mission continued to be a heartache for me for years afterwards.

As stated earlier, I had, at the very outset, declined Mr. Khuhro's offer to have the public funds at my command but had, instead, offered to bear all the travelling and other expenses from my own resources and it was agreed that at the conclusion of the mission, I should submit a bill for the out-of-pocket expenses to the authorities concerned for which payment would be promptly made to me. In agreeing to this, I felt I was doing the most honourable thing, trusting my own land and countrymen and offering courtesies to which I was accustomed all my life. This was a proof, I felt further, of my fidelity to our Islamic cause. On one occasion, I had to advance ten thousand pounds sterling as security deposit, to implement a certain deal on a specified date which deal was, however, later on implemented by the delegation and I did receive my de-

posit money back but I was not so fortunate in two other cases when lesser amounts of mine of similar securities were forfeited by the concerned parties because the commitments made by me were not implemented, and thus I had to suffer the loss which to this day still remains a loss, because these amounts I never claimed from the Government.

So, on my return, I submitted the statement for my out-of-pocket expenses, most carefully compiled. But this was rejected by the authorities concerned and even my repeated approaches produced no results.

یکے نقصان مایہ دیگر شماتت همسایه

(One is the loss of money and, over and above it, the jeers of neighbours).

I became a laughing stock of those around me, who knew of my mission. A number of friends also started taunting me, as the time elapsed, and I was driven to desperation and became sore. I, therefore, made an appeal to Khan Liaquat Ali Khan, who was kind enough to receive me in his office. I had to explain to him the whole case because it seemed that he knew very little about this mishandling of the bills. His attitude was, however, reassuring and I felt relieved. His personal enquiries in the matter made me realise his sincerity of purpose and the largeness of his understanding heart and soul which was combined with the nobility of exceptional character. He recalled our previous meeting in Delhi arranged by Maulana Zafar Ali Khan, before Partition. He was pleased to see that I was now living in Pakistan, making true my promise and my vow of serving Pakistan through my efforts in the fields of industry and trade.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan made enquiries about my numerous activities and he listened with intensity to all I related in regard to my secret mission abroad undertaken with the knowledge and consent of Quaid-i-Azam. This revelation appeared to embarrass him but upon showing the original

document of authority, given by Mr. Khuhro prior to my departure, Mr. Liaquat Ali expressed his deep appreciation for all I had done, admitting that I had rendered valuable services to Pakistan in her hour of need. He then asked me how he could help in the matter of my own industrial programme. I told him that after spending six months of my valuable time overseas and a great deal of my personal funds on this mission, I was truly running short of money. All I expected was that my claim for the actual out-of-pocket expenses should be paid back to me promptly. I told him that the bill had been submitted through the proper channels but it had not been honoured. Upon hearing this he paused in deep thought and said he would introduce me to the Governor of Sind, Mr. Din Muhammad, who would look into the matter and revive the case, in order to see that I was compensated for my expenses.

This consideration was typical of Liaquat Ali Khan, that gentleman of great kindness. We spoke further of the many secret aspects of the said mission and he was gratified with the knowledge of my work which he thought had been of momentous importance to the country. At his behest, I had a series of meetings with the Defence Secretary but these were unproductive. I realised that the same ideological differences which had caused the split before, between myself and some members of the high-powered delegation, still stood in the way. Several days later I was asked to meet the Governor of Sind at his official residence. I was received with delightful courtesy, and before I had a chance to say anything, he expressed his absolute satisfaction over the manner in which I had conducted the entire affair. He stated that at that particular time he was the Minister in charge of Kashmir Affairs and all cables sent by me from abroad were given to him immediately. Thus without knowing me personally, he had arrived at the conclusion that I was a person of integrity, imbibed with a spirit of self-sacrifice and service to Pakistan. He said he would



Mr. Din Muhammad

like to "*compensate*" me for the efforts I had put in, in any manner I would wish.

جچتے نہیں بخشے ہوئے فردوس نظر میں
جنت تیری پنہاں ہے تیرے خون جگر میں
(اقبال)

(*Let not donated Paradises be a shimmer to your eyes ;*
Discover your own, hidden in your nerve-racking toil.)

Replying that such compensation offered in that light did not appeal to me, as it was not in keeping with my principles to accept an offer which appeared to be a favour or a gift, I reiterated my desire only for the fulfilment of the request I had made to Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, which was for the settlement of the out-of-pocket expenses incurred by me overseas. That, and nothing more. The Governor said it might be difficult but that he would be glad to compensate me in other ways which lay in his control. He pointed out to me that as an industrialist I could select any evacuee industrial concern, which he would be pleased to allot to me, and if there was any difficulty about the financial part of it, he would even try to assist me in raising the funds.

It seemed time and again that it was hard for me to make people understand that accepting these kinds of offers was against my nature ; that it lacked dignity and the graciousness of 'right is right', with straightforward methods which mean everything to me. I thanked this gentleman-Governor for his interest and consideration but declined the offer he made, while making him aware that I was still able to find my own ground to grow through my own efforts, without the Government's assistance, no matter what efforts were involved. "This was my problem," I said, "inasmuch as I was making a fresh start in life, and the burden was mine alone, not that of my already harassed country." I think I made the Governor realise

that if things came my way without actually working for them, the pure ideals that I stood for would be trampled over and my staunch principles, which were my very life, lowered. I would only acquiesce to that which I had earned and had an honest right to. Any help or compensation in the manner it had been offered was of no use to me. All I was asking for was the settlement of my genuine claim for the out-of-pocket expenses on the Mission so much talked about. Nothing else would do, neither would I accept anything else.

MR. DIN MUHAMMAD was astonished at my words ; he could hardly believe what he had heard me say. He told me he had never before met a man of such steadfast high standards, and in his opinion such people, though suffering for their ideals, always came out on top. As for the claim, he said he would press for it too in the hope that the authorities concerned would eventually settle the matter to mutual satisfaction, but he was not so sure about it. However, he continued telling me of his regard and admiration while wishing me all the success in the world. Before leaving his presence, I knew at least that he had put my action in motion with the promise of his utmost personal attention.

Later on, I was asked to meet the new Premier of Sind, Mr. Yousuf Haroon, and other noted personages. It seemed the bill for my expenses became quite an issue between the Provincial and the Central Governments, but it had become an embarrassing situation for me since I was getting shorter of funds every day. Time was running out and I had yet to make a new start. So, on the advice of good friends I left the matter in the hands of a leading jurist, (who was a retired justice of the Federal Court), viz. Sir A. Rahman, whom I gave all my documents together with a large consultation fee.

It took Sir Rahman three months to record his findings. He reported that I had a strong case and that I could

also send a copy of his findings to the appropriate authorities, with a covering note of my own in this regard. He reprimanded me at the same time for having commenced it in a sentimental manner, rather than in a business-like way, out of my sheer enthusiasm. He further warned that if I wished a successful life in business, and industry, I should never repeat this again. He also said I was at liberty to take legal action but considered it better if, I did not, and took this episode as a lesson well learnt.

I sent a copy of these findings, with a covering note, to Khan Liaquat Ali Khan. Though I did not get to see him this time, but my letter did stir up the machinery of the Government. I was asked to visit several officers including the Secretary of Finance. More meetings followed with other prominent Sind Government officials and their mood this time was both serious and sympathetic, coupled with appreciation for what I had accomplished. Once more I was told that the Government would show appreciation in other ways than the needed money, such as the allotment of a large area of agricultural land in the Province of Sind, or by conferring a title of honour upon me at a selected time. Almost the Moon but NOT the Money because, somehow, they could not find a way to pay me and clear their debts.

I knew that other patriots had suffered similar losses but I was adamant in pursuing my claim for cash settlement. Yet, my friends pleaded with me to take some offering or whatever I get in cash. Thus, I told the authorities that I would consider the lease of a suitable plot of land at a later stage but requested that at least a part of my claim be settled in cash to help me in starting my industry. I was offered a cheque of barely a quarter of my bill which came about early in 1950, together with a letter of acknowledgement from the Chief Secretary to Sind Government, applauding my efforts. Thus ended this ordeal after two long years. Later on I wrote to many

of these same high officials about the plots of land I had selected, but absolutely nothing came out of it. It was like a closed chapter, sealed and forgotten and then I stopped all my association with them, knowing full well it was a pure waste of time. This was a lesson which taught me that true fidelity, honesty of purpose and noble intentions are seldom taken at true value. I was a square peg in a round hole, with these people. They were not used to my kind of honesty. Looking back through the years, I see it in the same perspective now as I did then......that though truth is uppermost, it is not always valued in the correct light. In my heart I knew that truth is mighty and will prevail. This thought sustains me every day of my life.

THE WIND-UP

The whole of the Kashmir episode appears to me a tragedy of climaxes and anti-climaxes. It was a war started in the most unconventional manner ; it was an undeclared war which Pakistan had to fight in self-defence, against naked Indian aggression which was sneaking, treacherous and the result of collusion and connivance of the erstwhile Masters of India. It was treachery of the highest international order, with the prime motive of usurping Kashmir, a predominantly Muslim State, and the secondary object of shaking the very foundations of Pakistan, which had just been laid in the most trying conditions.

As has been stated before, my own Mission was indifferently and callously treated by the authorities, so that even after five months spent abroad, I had to return without any immediate results. Five months in a war of such nature mean much, yet the Freedom Fighters were winning without the paraphernalia for which I had gone abroad. At one time they had reached the precincts of Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. Then, by the time the high-powered purchase Mission returned, the fruits of its labours were of no avail to anybody.

Suffering on every front and meeting defeat after defeat, India had gone panicky. She was making world-wide appeals to Big Powers to bring political pressure upon Pakistan to stop the war so that, finally, the Security Council passed a resolution, demanding immediate cease-fire in Kashmir. Simultaneously Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, made passionate personal appeals to Khan Liaquat Ali Khan for this purpose. The noble Liaquat acceded and the war ended.

Mr. Nehru, while pleading for a cease-fire, gave promises of holding a plebiscite in the Valley to decide about its future status ; this promise he gave to the Security Council and to Pakistan. We took these promises at their face value conveniently ignoring the lesson of History that a Hindu lives on treachery and in treachery nobody in the world excels him. That promise has never been fulfilled.

When the cease-fire was accepted, many veterans and big Generals in our Army showed their great remonstrance ; they pleaded that the cease-fire be delayed at least for a few more days so that they could conquer some more strategic areas. Much ground work of military importance had been done by that time and these Generals were confident of decisive gains in the next few weeks. But, in spite of all these pleas, the cease-fire came about. Had it not been so, the story would have been quite different today. I remember a story of the grim determination and bewildering acts of heroism of the Freedom Fighters, which was related once by Sardar Ibrahim Khan. The Fighters had captured very heavy field guns and some ammunition from the Indians, who were made to retreat in a battle near the city of Poonch. For exerting more pressure on the retreating Indians, it was necessary to position a gun atop a high and steep hill. Within hours the gun was pulled up the hill by means of ropes and the sheer physical strength of the Fighters, who carried it mostly on their shoulders.

Apparently, the war over Kashmir seems to have been futile and the blood of thousands of martyrs gone in vain. The Kashmir sore erupted again in September 1965 when the very existence of Pakistan was also at stake. India launched a sneaky attack on Pakistan with full armed might but in less than three weeks, she came down to her knees, begging the world for a cease-fire, again; she begged for it before the same world forum, which had earlier believed in her false promises. Peaceful solution of the Kashmir problem was again promised and cease-fire was therefore again demanded by that body known as the UN, which is practically powerful in pressurising smaller nations because it is, in its very composition, a tool of the Big Powers and an instrument for implementing their 'global policies' ; it is however powerless in perpetuating peace.

Whether a solution would ever come to the Kashmir problem through the U. N., short of a war, is anybody's guess.

CHAPTER V

BRIGHT PROMISES IN THE FUTURE

THIS WAS at last the time my mind was free of entanglements, and I was determined to concentrate on building up my life for my family's sake, even more than for my own. I was at last going to set up, in a building I had hired in the Industrial Trading Estate area, my new paint plant, and commence from the proverbial scratch, the way my infant country had done. Although I had brought Rs. 5,00,000.00 (five hundred thousand rupees) with me from Hyderabad, barely one hundred and fifty thousand were now left with me because on the one hand, my financial resources were drained off on my children's education, the maintenance of my family and due to the heavy losses incurred on the Sind Government Mission ; on the other hand, I could not succeed soon in acquiring a plot of land for setting up the paint factory either. All this failure, in spite of the supposed-to-be great influence among the authorities who knew of my efforts for the benefit of Pakistan. The sympathy extended did not ring true, for nothing came of it : there was a patent absence of cooperation. Though these very people knew of the crying need for new industries in Pakistan yet my proposals and requests met with blank indifference. Thus, I approached the business-heads of the Sind Industrial Trading Estates (popularly known as SITE) in Karachi for allotment of a site for my new industry. Not a single industrial establishment existed

in that area. A plot of land with just a mere skeleton-shed was rented to me and on April 11, 1949, I took possession of same after a good deal of disturbances, and commenced making arrangements for the importation of the needed machinery and equipment for the paint and varnish industry. I felt this would be an excellent source of benefit and prosperity for my new land. It is a matter of pride now that this plant was the first paint factory in Pakistan to be created after Partition. This plant also served as a nucleus of the other units which I later on set up in both Wings of the country, and overseas.

As a result of my desperate efforts in making a new start in industry and because of the numerous contacts I was making with all the officials and the related departments, in the endeavour of my industrial schemes and proposals, I was offered a clue to an abandoned paint factory in Lahore. Mr. Khaleeli, the Industries Secretary told me I should pursue this matter in Lahore where it was being handled by an honourable Judge of the High Court. Thus it was that I proceeded to Lahore...on the tragic day that Pakistan lost her creator—the noble Quaid-i-Azam. My heart ached in sorrow but my consolation lay in the fact that I was fulfilling his desires and aspirations by my efforts in commencing industries so badly needed to help Pakistan grow into a strong, independent and self-supporting country.

I met the Judge concerned in his chambers at Lahore and explained the object of this visit, as also my plans and aims. He appeared to be impressed with my experience, knowledge and ideas as well as with my request to finalise the auction of the paint plant which was to take place the next day. He was aware that I could not stay in Lahore for a longer time and he agreed to do so. I was the highest bidder at that auction ; I fully expected this business matter to be completed that very evening the way the Judge had promised. However, he advised me later

that he would not finalise the deal that evening. So, I departed from Lahore but left my son to take care of the matter. In spite of these combined efforts, the deal was closed a few days later, in favour of a Lahore person for a nominally higher bid made in my absence. I felt very disappointed about this, NOT because I had lost, but because it did not appear to me a right course to have diverted from the promises made to me earlier.

When I had seen this factory before the auction (as was advised by the auctioning Judge) I discovered it to be in poor condition as far as the equipment and machinery were concerned, but there was a fair amount of raw materials and resin-stocks, which could be used, and a gentleman there who knew about it said that since paint was my line, I was the most suitable person to take it over to run the factory successfully. I mention this incident because in spite of the warm-up, the official attitude behind it did not live up to my expectations. So I decided to start all anew from the bottom up in my own way and this decision took shape at last in true form as "THE BUXLY PAINTS WORKS" the construction of which was commenced early in 1949 and ended before the last days of December, the same year.

From the very moment of my return from the second phase of my secret mission to Europe, I had been carrying on my industrial pursuits with the various Government officials in their respective departments, with fervent hopes that the promised facilities would be forthcoming so that I could start on my schemes. With the exception of smoothed over, half-hearted attempts here and there, no concrete results were forthcoming in the way of practical assistance with regard to land or other amenities. After the fiasco of the auction and a great deal of running about, I was finally allotted a very dilapidated hume pipe factory building at Malir (near Karachi). Getting the occupation of it was another story, for it was inhabited by refugees

who were not authorised to use it, and by many other people. All my efforts to have them vacate the premises proved futile, because they refused to move out unless they had alternative accommodation, while those in charge of affairs did nothing about it. On top of all this, neither electric power nor water were available on the premises and there was no chance or likelihood of these essential requirements being made available in the foreseeable future ; yet I was expected to start an industry under such circumstances. I spent large sums of money and lot of time running about, not to mention the monthly salaries paid to chowkidars for many years with the hope (and prayers) that something definite would materialise. Nothing came to pass, so I later surrendered the said plot to the Government.

I did not remain idle in the frustration of these days. I had to earn a living. On the advice of my best friends I commenced import trade, and selected lines that were scarce which would also play an important role in strengthening the economy of industries and would thus, in turn, help the country. I started importing chemicals, glass and related items. This I did with the patronage of one of my fine officer-friends who knew me from Hyderabad Deccan days. I also became the Agency Representative for Rolling Stock and Locomotives from Hitachi of Japan, as well as for a Company in Aachen (W. Germany). I thus started a firm in Karachi under the name of RAHIM BUX KHAN AND COMPANY in partnership with an Englishman called Mr. Feldman, with whom I worked for some time but the partnership did not last long.

Though I imported quite a few commodities, I did not make the headway I had expected to, for industry was my main line of experience and trading was something relatively new to me. Therefore, with the encouragement received from my friend, Khan Bahadur Nizamuddin, Director-General of Railways, I made negotiations for setting up an Under-Frame (Wagon Chassis) manufacturing workshop

in the country, in collaboration with German manufacturers of Aachen. The Government favoured this idea since, following the partition of the Sub-continent, Pakistan's share of Railway Assets, which ought to have been transferred to her by India, was not made available to us and thus Pakistan Railways were not in too good a shape. India had not been honourable enough in doing this for known ulterior motives.

The German firm sent a Dr. Rohland to Karachi, and later on Mr. Richard Talbot, proprietor of that firm, also came in to help me map out the priliminary details for this scheme and to initiate discussions with the Communications Ministry. A few days before the visit of Dr. Rohland, my friend Khan Bahadur Nizamuddin passed away due to heart trouble and now a Mr. Croyton was attending to this business. There were several other important personalities also in the picture. Mr. Z. A. Khan and Mr. M. H. Zuberi of that Ministry expressed keen interest in the proposal in the early stages of negotiations. So I was very hopeful of this scheme fulfilling my anticipations as also that of my late friend, Khan Bahadur Nizamuddin. But I am sad to relate that matters did not come to a head because the response had turned cool and then faded away altogether.

In tribute to late Mr. Nizamuddin I must say that he was a noble person and a martyr ; he poured his whole being, his very soul and his life into the service of Pakistan. During his last days, his Angina trouble had taken a serious turn but he would not pay any heed to the entreaties and warnings of his doctors, which were conveyed to him through me in the hope that he would slow down. As his best friend, I pleaded with him to take rest, but he would not, until he was laid to rest. He poured himself out to the last, and thus sacrificed his life in a nobler way.

During the visit of the Talbots (Mrs. Talbot had also come with her husband) there was an interesting

development. In a friendly chat, the discussions turned to contemporary religions and Mrs. Talbot seemed to have some knowledge of the superior spiritual discipline of Islam. She also held the view that the hectic life of the industrial West, combined with the artificial separation of religion and science, had deprived an average Westerner of his spiritual strength. She expressed a keen desire to learn more about Islam and its spiritual discipline and asked me for some books to enlighten her on the subject (in English language) which I promised to procure for her before they returned from Australia, to which country they were going for a business deal.

CHAPTER VI

MORE SCHEMES : GOOD RESULTS AND OTHERWISE

Among the many lucrative schemes that I had presented to the Government of Pakistan, one was in regard to the fisheries industry to be located on the sea-coast and near the inland water resources such as the nearby Haleji Lake. I knew that the exploitation of these natural resources on an industrial scale would spell enormous benefits to the people of the area and the Government of Pakistan. This was my earnest desire too. I also felt that it would create countless job-opportunities and that it was not a capital-intensive scheme at that, either. These schemes fell under the jurisdiction of Mr. Khaleeli, the Industries Secretary, who was also very interested in them. Unfortunately, because of many other vested interests, these particular schemes did not come to fruition.

The mention of Fisheries Scheme brings to mind my previous experience in this line in the Junagadh State. It happened in my latter days in Hyderabad Deccan when I was invited by the Diwan of Junagadh State, Khan Bahadur Abdul Qadir, to visit Junagadh for examining prospects of the available indigenous resources with a view to making concrete proposals for commencing key industries, and also to recommend if there were chances for other suitable industries which could be started without too much

technical implication, so that thereby a beginning could be made for the benefit of the Junagadh State and its people. Actually, the esteemed Diwan had heard about me during his visit to the Hyderabad State where he had gone to attend a conference which Nawab Sahib of Chattari (the Prime Minister of Hyderabad State) had convened to consider the future of the the Indian Princely States, and to map out a programme for their economic and political advancement. Many Princely Rulers, Ministers of the Princely States and High Representatives of almost every region of India came to this Conference and it was then that I made aquaintance of Khan Bahadur Sahib.

Accordingly, I reached that rich in mineral resources and powerful Muslim State of Kathiawar Peninsula and after detailed examinations proposed certain industrial schemes which that Government took up for consideration. In the meantime I acquired the fisheries rights for the coast of Junagadh which produces extremely fine varieties of fish, including pomphret, always in great demand in Bombay and other big cities, where they fetched good prices. I managed to organise the export of fish from the seaport city of Verawal direct to Bombay by train and it proved to be a very profitable business. However, I was later obliged to give it up for the obvious reason that I did not wish to forego my secure and leading position in Hyderabad State by pursuing other interests in Junagadh or elsewhere. My industrial proposals to Junagadh could not be implemented because of various political reasons and the disturbances following the partition of India.

Time and again, in all these industrial schemes put forth by me—at Hyderabad, Junagadh and in Pakistan—I had been motivated by my ideal that our true emancipation lay in the exploitation of our numerous natural resources in creating industries based entirely or in part on such resources. This is my policy and my credo, which I believe in and have faithfully followed to this day. I believe

that dependence on imports should be avoided as far as possible by exploring the indigenous wealth so beneficial to the locale, which also offers employment opportunities to the native citizens of developing areas.

Driven by this great belief of mine, I felt that one of the most important things was to set up a steel plant, based on workable deposits of iron ore in Pakistan. Steel is a key industry for any developing country and has numerous implications of great value—economic, political and others. With this in mind, I invited a friend of mine from Germany, Dr. Walter Rohland, a famous consulting engineer, whose connections lay in the steel trade of that country. Apart from being important in this line, he had also been an Adviser to Herr Hitler. Early in 1950 he visited Karachi on my request when I took him around to the various Government offices to advise the Government of Pakistan on the exploitation of her iron ore deposits for purposes of erecting an economic sized steel mill. The proposals he made to the Government were never approved, due to the vicious circle of political underhand methods and other vested economic interests that were rooted in our national life.

I arranged for the good Herr Doctor to meet some Railway officials and on their advice he left for Lahore to inspect the Railway Workshops in order to prepare and submit a plan for a progressive manufacture of Rolling Stock (under-carriage frames) and railway wagon bodies. Unfortunately, these plans also did not take a concrete shape.

On my own I did exploit certain mineral deposits in the Jungshahi area (work on some of them is still continuing in spite of adverse conditions). Much headway could not be made due to absence of necessary amenities in transportation and similar connected themes.

During the days of these Railway negotiations I was playing a key role in negotiating import of coal from South Africa for the Railways. Coal was our prime need not just

for the industry but for our Railways also, which were run in those days only on coal. Previously, India had been the only source of supply of coal to Pakistan but they stopped abruptly to make supplies and now South Africa alone was the potential source for coal at economic rates. The cold attitude of the officials concerned and their rather slow way of making decisions ruined all these prospects.

Political discord and disharmony ruled the Nation in those days. One political group either looked down on the other or was agreeable because one was a remote kinsman or came from the same region. All matters were decided on parochial considerations. I myself experienced this as payments for the steel sold by me to the Government were delayed purely because I was taken by some high official to be a Sindhi or a Punjabi or some other sort of bias which did not always please the paymasters. There was no shame but many prejudices. Everything was raw, crude, unwashed and undressed and the spirit of the highest bidder (regardless of what corrupt offer he made) ruled the Nation. Strife was rampant. And the death of our beloved Quaid had let loose thunder and lightning when that revered soul was needed most.

It was a tragic day for Pakistan, the infant had become an orphan, with no good parent to take care, only evil spirits acting in pretence as kindly father. As mentioned earlier, I heard of the Quaid's passing away at Karachi airport when I was about to fly to Lahore for the paint factory deal. An airport official, assisting me from my car, told me about it while tears ran down his cheeks. I felt as if a bullet had pierced my heart. Everyone was in tears... "OUR FATHER HAD FLOWN TO A HIGHER LIFE"......and no one knew who would pull the reins. It was a great crushing responsibility ; though later events brought forth Liaquat who put his heart and soul to the task—a grim task.

A TWIN-TRAGEDY

Another tragedy followed the loss of the Quaid. Simultaneously with his death came the invasion of the State of Hyderabad Deccan by India. Pakistan was in no position either politically, militarily or economically to do anything about it and India over-ran that fair-sized Muslim Dominion of 92,000 sq. miles in 48 hrs. She had deployed her well equipped Army under the cloak of "POLICE ACTION". During this travail, hundreds of thousands of innocent Muslims (fighting on their own for their rights and for their lives) lost both beneath that cruel and invading force, entering as friends ! Hyderabad Deccan was the last bastion of true Muslim culture and a defender of Islamic values in India. That Government, during the benign rule of His Exalted Highness Sir Osman Ali Khan, the Faithful Ally of Great Britain, also known as the NIZAM VII, (the last of the Nizam Dynasty) had launched a well-organised programme for the educational, cultural and political uplift of Muslims in Hyderabad in particular and for India in general. Besides the great OSMANIA UNIVERSITY at Hyderabad Dn. which the last Nizam had founded, there were other educational institutions outside the Hyderabad borders, like the Aligarh Muslim University, the Jamia of Delhi and many other renowned scholastic Halls of Ivy which regularly received handsome grants from the Nizam, without which these institutions could not have been so successfully run. The NIZAM was a great believer in communal tolerance and there was always harmony between the Muslims and Hindus in his State. Communal disturbances were unknown there and Hindus held very high positions, the highest being that of the Prime Minister, held by Maharaja Sir Kishan Parshad, who ruled his office with a kindly hand and an understanding heart.

The Nizam equally aided several non-Muslim communal institutions, such as the Benaras Hindu University,

and other known colleges through regular donations of equally large sums of money. In the face of all this, the invasion of Hyderabad and its seizure was senseless and cruel. It remains to this day a further blot on the Republic of India.

CHAPTER VII

HELP FOR PAKISTAN

The assistance offered by Hyderabad State to Pakistan will remain for ever in the history of Pakistan whose Central Government was in great financial distress immediately after Partition because of the fact that their rightful part of the revenues had not been transferred to Pakistan by INDIA.

India withheld this transfer purely for ulterior motives. That country was anxious that the new State of Pakistan (whose downfall they had predicted would take place within a matter of months after Partition) should be crushed in every possible way ; this included withholding deliveries of her share of Assets from all sources of British India, as liquidated at the time of Partition and apportioned between the two successor governments. India was duty bound to do this as a matter of honour but she did not. Honourable conduct and India are two opposite things. Some of these genuine belongings such as military equipment etc. have not, to my knowledge, been transferred to Pakistan even to this day.

So great was the distress in the early years of Pakistan that the Government had trouble in finding amounts of cash to pay off her employees, much less could she afford to venture into any development schemes. Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, who had once been the Finance Minister of Hyderabad Deccan (during which time he had introduced many fiscal reforms) flew into Hyderabad Deccan to seek financial assistance from His Exalted Highness

the Nizam which assistance the Nizam gave whole-heartedly ; an amount running into several crores. The generous help thus received afforded some breathing space to Pakistan to overcome her monetary difficulties.

Recalling life in Hyderabad and what it meant to me brings back memories of my own early struggles in that State. After my arrival in Hyderabad, early in 1922, I encountered great antagonism from the "MULKI ELEMENTS" and from other vested interests who had a firm hold in the official world there. At each step forward I made, I had to face tremendous odds and difficulties aroused through petty rivalries of the many interested parties, who did not wish me to be successful. In spite of this, I flourished because I held fast to my principles of honour, fairplay and justice and thus I am thankful to the Almighty Who, in His Infinite Mercy, made me always to come out on top, because of my great faith in Him and myself..... a faith that never faltered :

"LET US HAVE FAITH THAT RIGHT MAKES MIGHT, AND IN THAT FAITH, TO THE END, DARE TO DO OUR DUTY AS WE UNDERSTAND IT......"

The great Persian poet, URFI once said ;

عرفی تو مه اندیش زغو غائے رقیباں
آواز سگاں کم نه کند رزق گدا را

(*Fear not the howling of your rivals. The barking of dogs does not impoverish the beggar of his subsistence*).

Those were yet trying days for me, surrounded as I was by a hostile atmosphere in the local Government pattern, whose small-minded intriguers were so powerful that for sometime, they were even successful in prejudicing the mind of a great person like Sir Akbar Hyderi. But truth wins out and when he really came to know of me and learned of the sincerity of my purpose, he stretched out his hand in friendship, took a keen interest in all my plans and

aided me. Nawab Fakhr Yar Jung, the one time Finance Minister of Hyderabad also extended his support and patronage. He was so kind as if I might have been his own young family member; that was the way he stood up for me through thick and thin.

FAKHR YAR JUNG was a man of noble integrity, principle and popularity who appreciated truth. He was a man I could take my troubles to, in moments of despair. He would go out of his way to help me and my cause. I shall for ever be grateful to him for his solicitude and understanding : my esteem for him and his sons remains with me as a treasured memory. His eldest son, Mushtaq Ahmad Khan, once the Chief Commercial Manager of the Nizam's State Railways, was later on appointed to the trusted post of the 'AGENT GENERAL' (=AMBASSADOR) for Hyderabad Dn, in Pakistan in 1948. At that time I was away in Europe on my secret mission. He held that post until late in 1953 and performed valuable work by his help towards settlement of displaced persons from Hyderabad Dn. in Pakistan.

After rising above the initial hurdles of jealousies and other deceits of official elements in Hyderabad I was successful in arousing in them an interest for setting up industries in the State. I had already erected a small industrial nucleus, near the city limits, spread across 150 acres and named it RAHIMABAD. My industries comprised five units producing paint, glass, wood seasoning, building material and a special process for earthquake proof buildings. I thus became the pioneer industrialist in Hyderabad.

More industries were also set up in that State subsequent to mine. These included glass, sugar, silk, woollen, and paper industries. But the other plans for industrialisation did not make headway, because of the Second World War. After the War was over, the State again took up some old schemes.

Among the non-Muslim groups in Hyderabad, including members of the British community, there was a Revenue Minister by the name of Mr. Grigson, whom I knew very well. He was a senior member of the British India Civil Service, loaned to Hyderabad Dn. for the Revenue Department. At the time of Partition, he had opted for Pakistan and held a most responsible post. We met accidentally in a chemist's shop in Karachi. I noticed that he appeared to be very melancholic over the sad state of affairs in Hyderabad. He proposed to me that we should salvage the best talent from Hyderabad State Services and form a "HYDERABAD ASSOCIATION" in Karachi, for the sole purpose of encouraging personnel from the three services of Hyderabad State, viz.

—THE HYDERABAD STATE CIVIL SERVICE,

—THE HYDERABAD STATE RAILWAYS SERVICE,

and—THE HYDERABAD STATE ENGINEERING SERVICE so that these three valuable groups would migrate to Pakistan since their knowledge and experience was very much required here.

Mr. Grigson emphatically stated that having served in the British India Civil Service, as well as in Hyderabad, he found that the Hyderabad State Servants were as good as their counterparts in British India, and in some respects even better. Therefore, he felt, if they came over to Pakistan and joined her Services, their experience would prove to be a boon. We decided to meet in the next few days to plan this matter of the Association, but tragically it was not to be, because Mr. Grigson died in an air-crash accident on the Pak Airways.

Some Other Events

The death of Mr. Grigson reminds me of other losses we suffered in another air-crash of the same airline, which happened in a Dakota plane on the Jungshahi hills. That particular Dakota was carrying on board many important people including some top generals of Pakistan Army

such as General Iftikhar and General Sher Khan. The latter was a key person and a valiant general of the Kashmir episode. At the time of the crash, he was carrying some most important documents of the Kashmir case.

Within 24 hours of this terrible loss, Pakistan endured more agony in the death of another important person, the Reverend Maulana Shabbir Ahmed Usmani, the most respected Muslim Divine of that era. This great man was instrumental in drafting out the historical "OBJECTIVES RESOLUTION" which was to form the basis of the future Constitution of Pakistan. The Resolution was subsequently passed by the National Assembly of Pakistan, during the year 1950. For this credit must also go to Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister, for the part he played in steering this important Bill through the Assembly. But Pakistan was unfortunate in losing Liaquat also, in the following year.

Some other important events of that time are also worth recording because of their significance. The first PAKISTAN INDUSTRIAL FAIR took place in late 1949. It closed its doors in January 1950, but not before it proved to the investors and entrepreneurs that this was a land suitable and ripe for all modes of commerce and industry.

Also in December that year, the first INTERNATIONAL ISLAMIC CONFERENCE took place in Karachi. Delegates came from the majority of Muslim countries to attend the conference and it was evident that a sense of awakening was imparted to one and all at the Conference; an awareness of the slumbering conscience, aroused from centuries of dormant and inactive life. The Grand Mufti of Palestine, ALHAJ AMINUL HUSSEINI, a revered figure throughout the Muslim world, made deeply moving appeals to all Muslims to chalk out a plan for a combined endeavour and for common political aims for unity with strength, so that they would emerge as a large and known force among the governments of the world.

CHAPTER VIII

A PIONEER IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

"VICTORY BELONGS TO THE MOST PERSEVERING", is an age-old adage. My victory came by ceaseless perseverance, for always I had selected fields of endeavour which were unchartered. Thus I became a pioneer in various industries in my new land, as I felt it was an honour for me in Hyderabad to have been the first industrialist who set up five factories, and also to be the first Muslim to advise some Muslim States in India on suitable methods for industrialisation, apart from being the first person to open up the first paint factory after Partition in Pakistan, in the now popular SIND INDUSTRIAL TRADING ESTATES. With the exception of the Valika Textile Mills (also a first after Partition) there were no other industrial units in the SITE area.

After I had obtained my plot in 1949, I imported the required machinery which I proceeded to erect. It took a bit of pioneering effort to get started against the already mentioned odds. SITE area in those days presented a barren look, absolutely with no means of transport to and from the City proper. Neither were there trained people available to employ, but by the grace of Almighty and my own hard labour, the construction work and erection of machinery were almost ready for operation by the end of 1949. My son Nasim, back from his training in England, assisted me in all my efforts and some progress was made.

Three months later that year, Khan Liaquat Ali Khan inaugurated the new Valika Textile Mills with great enthusiasm and fanfare. This was truly a historic occasion for Pakistan since it was the first textile mill to be opened after Partition. The foundation stone of the mill had been laid by the Quaid himself earlier. In my own case, in view of the unbelievable difficulties and the absence of the required ancillary type of services in engineering and related supplies, I was confronted with an uphill task in those young days. We had to create them, literally speaking, out of thin air. If it were not for the skill and knowledge of Nasim and our combined determination to get ahead, our task would have been almost impossible.

By the time our plant was complete, we started trial production on usual items, though it was my intention to commence with specialised lines in which my son had special training in England, but our plans did not make enough progress because there was no receptive market for these products owing to their originality in Pakistan. Synthetic Resins were also largely unknown in our country then. Our products mainly consisted of ordinary types of paints and some others. People were always inclined towards imported goods. They had pre-conceived ideas which had to be overcome. Gradually, they became aware of the fact that Pakistan had its own paint factory. We also had displayed at the first Pakistan Industrial Fair (mentioned earlier) where our stall enjoyed much success, giving us good publicity. People began to be aware of the first paints made in Pakistan ... BUXLY PAINTS ... A proud Name to remember.

Early in 1950, we were fully launched like a ship at sea and after being registered by the Directorate General of Supply & Development, we started 'Tender Business' for stores (paints, in our line) as needed from time to time by the various Purchasing Agencies of Government. It was satisfying to be on the list of 'Approved Contrac-

tors' but our experience in fulfilling their requirements was not a happy one. I had been a Registered paint supplier to the Government of India (before Partition). Supplies were made in accordance with definite 'specifications' and the business was smooth and rewarding. Although the Government of Pakistan also requisitioned their paint needs to 'Specifications' but ironically they did not possess the means which could form the basis of establishing conformity of paint supplies to 'specification.' Their laboratories were few and even those that existed, were ill equipped with staff ; nor were the apparatus or technical books equal to the demand and volume of work. Their paint testing depended on moods of the staff, in a Hit or Miss fashion, to the extent of countless disputes, especially with regard to supplies for Defence Establishments.

Fortunately, I had brought with me a complete set of Paint Specifications from India. With the aid of these I was able to solve numerous cases in testing where my paints, though manufactured correctly, had been rejected by the department concerned. To end such countless disputes I persuaded the Supplies Department into laying down some specifications and adopt some standards for paint testing etc. which job they undertook with my full cooperation and completed in due course. Upon completion of this arduous task, they acknowledged it officially and the said testimony is reproduced hereunder.

No. INS/Spn. III/9 (9)/51.
Department of Supply & Development,
Government of Pakistan.
KARACHI, the 14th January, 1954.

Messrs. Buxly Paints Works,
KARACHI.

Dear Sir :

I understand from Mr. M. F. E. Khan, Director of Inspection (Specifications) that you have helped him considerably in revision of our existing specifications for Paints, etc. He tells me that without your assistance he would not have undertaken this difficult task.

I am extremely pleased to hear of the cooperation you have so readily and voluntarily extended to Mr. Khan in his work and thank you, most heartily, for the same.

I do hope that the efforts will be successful and that the revised specifications will be acceptable to the Industrialists and the consuming departments. I also hope that your efforts will be continued till the object is achieved.

Thanking you once again,

Yours faithfully,
Sd/-
A. H. Khan,
Director General.

The same year we had a welcome addition to our staff, by the entrance of Mr. Imtiaz Ali Khan, B. Sc., AH-BTI, a qualified oil and paint chemist, who was a fine associate in his work and efforts to Nasim, and I began to look forward to the future with confidence. I resolved to make my company, BUXLY PAINTS, the pride and joy of Pakistan.

There is pride in aiming high and my pride was truly there, deep inside of me ; but, because of the past

losses and no profits to speak of from the past business-ventures, I had great financial difficulties and it seemed almost like making bricks out of water. The payments from Government sources were so slow in coming, due to official red-tapism that very often several months elapsed before any payments were in sight. To these methods I have never been reconciled. True, large orders still poured in which made heavy demands on my financial resources in fulfilling these orders and more and more business started coming in because of our prompt supplies and superior quality material. It was a hard grind and an uphill task every moment because banking and credit facilities were not easily available in those early days. Financing, as we know it today, was actually unheard of then.

Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, the Finance Minister, brought in a famous Czech-economist, Mr. Havelick to head the proposed PAKISTAN INDUSTRIAL FINANCE CORPORATION. I had met him once again in Prague, during my secret mission where he had promised to help me with Security clearances. We had known each other from Hyderabad State days where he was Head of the Bren Gun Factory. I was happy to meet him again, —though he was sad to hear of the unfavourable results of that Mission. So, the year 1950 was one of great and contrasting changes for me. While business was improving, I had the responsibility of important family events to take care of, and with it the pleasure of seeing my second daughter happily married to an Army official, related to us. Meanwhile my paint supplies to the Government widened my market and created new interests and contacts, such as the North Western Railway. Later that year, I visited Lahore to pursue this business with them and met with an unfortunate automobile accident. But the bed-ridden discomfort resulting therefrom was soothed and allayed to a large extent by the comforting visits of Maulana Zafar Ali Khan, journalist, poet and a leader of the Independence Movement,

who often visited me in spite of his own bad health, (due to his eye trouble). He was in virtual retirement those days.

Some large concerns including the Pakistan Branch of the Shalimar Paints of India, the British Paints and the I. C. I. (Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.) also evinced interest in my plant and made proposals for collaboration. I investigated their offers but did not feel that our association would be worthwhile, so I dropped the idea of joining hands with them, and decided to remain completely independent in order to be free to think on my own, the way I wish to.

My other business activities outside of Paints, were brought to a close that year. They did not suit my temperament. I was a paint-man, at heart.

That year I sought Tariff Protection for the Paint Industry. It was good luck to have an old classmate of mine, Dr. Nazir Ahmad, Ph. D., at the head of that Commission. After instituting full-fledged enquiries into the efficiency and capacity of the Paint Industry in Pakistan (by that time some other paint units had also come up, both at Lahore and Karachi) he was satisfied with the justification for such a protection and accordingly made his recommendations to the Government which were accepted and ultimately they granted 'PROTECTION' by banning all imports of paints into Pakistan.

POLITICAL AND OTHER EVENTS

In January 1950, the most historic visit of all occurred in the life of our new country. The august personality of our neighbour-Monarch, His Imperial Majesty Shah Reza Shah Pehlvi of Iran (formerly called Persia) came on his first official visit to Pakistan after its formation. Public enthusiasm and acclaim knew no bounds for this illustrious Ruler and his equally illustrious country. Pakistanis poured forth their goodwill and showered him with affectionate regard for many reasons : for the fact of

being a close neighbour ; for the fact of the thousands of years of cultural relationship between Iran and the Sub-continent ; for the cordiality between Pakistan and Iran ; and for the fact of being the first nation to accord recognition to this new-born Islamic land, immediately after Partition. Incidently, before he departed for his country, he performed the inauguration of the first new hotel, built by Karachi-born citizens. Declaring it open, the Shah himself held a banquet at this hostelry in honour of the Governor-General of Pakistan, His Excellency Al-haj Khawja Nazimuddin.

Khan Liaquat Ali Khan visited the United States in mid-1950 at the invitation of the President of U. S. A., Mr. Harry S. Truman. He introduced Pakistan as an emerging political force in Asia, to be thought of and known as a country founded on an Ideal, a dream realised. His stay in America had a valuable effect of diplomatic significance to the equal of a Charter that would go down in history.

Late that year, the Korean War started, causing some decline in American prestige and influence in Asia and Africa. Then, in November, a long and abortive coup took place in the mountain Kingdom of Nepal. This was a result of the political intrigues made by India in her expansionist political tendencies. On the Kashmir front, there were many events. Sardar Mohammad Ibrahim Khan lost the presidency of Azad Kashmir. This popular and young Kashmiri leader, while in office, had visited Europe and several other lands as well as the United Nations, where he unmasked the malicious designs of India and her unjust stand in the Kashmir case. Alas, he lost this honoured position as a victim of political whims. These were times to try men's souls. A mere word or slight difference of opinion would often (and did in his case) cost (an otherwise needed person) his office or position in life. My heart ached for the Sardar.

Pakistan also lost a great friend and a worthy Muslim scholar, when another old friend of mine, Professor Dr. Hamidullah of Hyderabad Dn. (who had settled down in Pakistan) left the country to live in Paris. He was well known for his theories on the Constitutional History of Islam, Islamic Laws and Teachings. We really lost an illustrious personage through sheer indifference and lack of patronage.

Last, but not the least, was the death of that proud and august wit and dramatist, the brilliant George Bernard Shaw. This was a World loss to English literature.

That year, Maulana Khawja Hasan Nizami of India also visited Pakistan and I met him in Karachi. He was a great Muslim divine who possessed rare powers.

CHAPTER IX

NEW YEAR OF PROGRESS AND THE ASSASSINATION

I was content in a small manner for the progress of 1951. It was the year when I undertook a tour of Europe and the United Kingdom to see post-war developments and to seek further business contacts.

With my own paint factory as well as the other paint units marching on, there was an idea growing that we should form an Association of our own to provide a united front for concerted action. This idea, blossoming into a desire, received the blessings of the Government. An upcountry paint manufacturer, entrusted with the task of promoting this plan, did not succeed as we expected. Thus I stepped in ultimately and succeeded in bringing together all paint units,—in spite of the fact that some were unwilling, others just shy and many even reluctant—beneath one wholesome roof, known as the ALL PAKISTAN PAINT MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, eventually founded in 1953. Active support did not come from all of them but I nurtured the Association through thick and thin, until finally—years later—by a Government decree, it was made obligatory on all paint units in the country to belong to the Association. All other industries were also directed to form their own Associations, if they had none yet, and/or to belong to one single Association by merging together where there were more than one. I may add here that I continued to be at the head of the Associ-



Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan

ation until 1960 after which I relinquished charge and placed the working control of it in younger hands.

A truly joyous event happened when my son Nasim was married in Lahore to Suraiya, daughter of Mr. & Begum S. M. Siddiq, Deputy Chief Engineer of North Western Railway (a distant relative of mine). I was so happy, for Nasim had worked so hard for me in erecting the paint plant. Then my third daughter, Sarwat, having completed her examination for entrance, tried in vain to gain admission as a medical student. I tried for her at Karachi and Lahore but failed due to lack of gilded influence. Therefore, I decided to take her with me to England so that she could clear all hurdles of entrance exams, which she did and I got her admitted in a London medical institution, with the help of friends and the Pakistan High Commission.

From London I journeyed to Belgium, meeting my old friend Mons. Lorphevre and several others, including Mr. S. M. Shafqat, of Pakistan External Affairs Ministry, who was then finalising arrangements to open our first Embassy in Brussels. From Belgium I went to Germany for business and visited many cities where I saw many gigantic industrial units ; the Bayers plant in Leverkusen ; the renowned DKW Assembly Works at Dusseldorf where one vehicle was being assembled every three minutes, complete and ready to start—and still the demand was greater than the supply ; the Hanomag Agricultural Tractor Works in Essen......tractors came rolling down the ailes every three minutes via the united efforts of their 7,000 employees. I completed Agency agreements with the MIAG-WORKS and at Aachen I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend Richard Talbot ; then at Dusseldorf I encountered the steel advisor, Dr. Walter Rohland.

One inspiring visit I made was at the brown-coal (briquette) pits at Knaspack. The scene could have been from a film of fire and brimstone, just watching wagons of

coal filled up automatically within minutes and trains leaving, piled high, every half an hour. As if goblins and witches were brewing and spewing flames and flying cinders, this ceaseless round went on and on like a flowing, winding stream, pouring and pouring. Later on, I saw the great Cathedral of Cologne standing in all its glory of gleaming sandstone, the Cathedral that still today grows in beauty with decoration and construction still going on a place of worship to last for ever.

Throughout my visit in Germany, the vast amount of rebuilding and new building that was going up was truly amazing. Everyone took some part with interest from the man in the street to the architect himself. All the cities shattered by the War were new again, even better and more grandiose than before. Out of past ruins shone life, vivid, sparkling, new hopes rising from ashes, and bloodshed turned into activity and shining results. In this atmosphere, I was impressed and inspired and saw other factories with goods suitable for Pakistan, where I concluded further agency representation. Dr. Rohland surprised me by throwing a reception in my honour, attended by the most prominent dignitaries and industrialists. He was anxious that my plans should be implemented, and I found a satisfying response in the German industrial and investment circles ; but I am sad to relate that due to very cold weather and severe strain, I was taken ill and suffered with bad health for many weeks after, until I returned home.

During my stay in Dusseldorf, I heard the tragic news of the assassination of our beloved Khan Liaquat Ali Khan, our sainted Prime Minister, our Man of the Hour. Flashed across the world on October 16th that year was the saddening news : LIAQUAT ALI ASSASSINATED. I was sick in bed that day and this shock left me overwhelmed with grief. More so, I was shocked for my country and the loss it meant to all of us in Pakistan. Our minority communities everywhere around the earth also suffered as if a family mem-

ber of their own had been snatched away. This was as if a stroke of searing lightning had hit each one of us ; an irreparable loss and anguish.

While in Switzerland, I renewed my acquaintance with Herr Bertschinger, Managing Director of the well-known HAMMERLI ARMS WORKS, who had been most helpful to me in the past. I was enthusiastic about starting a gun factory but he advised that I should, instead, start a first rate repair-shop first, which would serve as a training ground for a team of workers who would then be able to man the projected ARMS FACTORY. Something to really think about. Continuing illness forced me to return to London from a further visit to Paris and from there I left for Karachi by Air Ceylon, in the last days of 1951. On that flight I had the company of the two young sons of Pir Pagaro (of Sind) Mr. Nadir Ali Shah, and Mr. Sikandar Ali Shah. The institution of their father bears inspired and important politico-religious influence in Sind. Mr. Nadir Ali Shah has now succeeded to the Gaddi of his late father, as Pir Pagaro.

In those latter days, the Ford Technical Mission arrived to survey and advise on the technical education requirements. I was present when this Mission had a joint meeting with the high officials of the Sind Iudustrial Trading Estates Ltd. and some other leading industrialists. The Mission proposed the setting up of a pilot training centre in Karachi where supervisory staff could be trained for all industries. I supported this idea, feeling that it would fill a long felt need being beneficial to Pakistan's industrial growth ; but as this would take some time to materialise so I advised them that we should, as an interim measure, select some talented youth for training in various technologies in U. S. A. and that the Ford Mission should sponsor this programme. They appeared to agree and promised to further this plan.

Before the year closed, a joint meeting of a selected

few top people in the industrial and business world, and the high officials of the Supplies and Development Dept. took place. The object was to consider measures for exploitation of the mineral wealth of the country specially of antimony and chromes—the two precious ores which yielded a host of chemical products of great value to other industries. I was against the export of these ores at the prevalent low rates ; instead, I proposed their exploitation within the country by putting up industries based on these ores which would lead to immense economic benefits. I maintained that if we exported these on such low rates we would be losing valuable assets that we needed ourselves. No serious notice or action was taken with regard to this matter and this was a pity.

SOME MAJOR EVENTS

A "PROTEST DAY" was observed in Karachi on March 9 which meant closing of business, taking out of processions and demonstration, to express our sorrow and unhappiness over French atrocities in Morocco, which country was groaning under the French rule.

A WAR between Pakistan and India appeared imminent as India deployed powerful concentrations of her armed forces on West Pakistan borders. Their idea was to frighten us and scare Pakistan into submitting to the emerging Indian political leadership in Asia ; and perhaps also to pressurise us to resile from our just stand on Kashmir. But, Liaquat Ali Khan's bold statesmanship saved us from this impending catastrophe. Speaking from the balcony of his house to a large mob of demonstrators who had assembled there to demand quick retaliatory steps against India Liaquat Ali Khan raised his (now proverbial) "**clenched fist**" and declared in stern terms that Pakistan was prepared to fight to the last man. He disclosed that he had ordered large concentrations of our Army to be moved to our frontiers. Each Pakistani was in accord with this and every person smitten with the fervour of it, in case there should

be a war. Indians drove back meekly, and the war was averted. Thank Liaquat and thank the Most High.

After the assassination of Liaquat Ali Khan at Rawalpindi, on the 16th of October, Khawja Nazimuddin, the then Governor-General, climbed down to shoulder the onerous responsibility of Prime Ministership and Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, the then Finance Minister, was elevated to the office of Governor-General.

On the other fronts, Mr. Khuhro, the once ousted Premier of Sind, was once again, in that year, favoured and written in the good books of the Central Govt.

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CHAPTER X

SUCCESS, SLOW BUT SURE

According to a Quranic verse :
(53 : 39—40)

و ان لّيس للانسان الّا ماسعٰى و انّ سعيه سوف يرٰى
(پاره ۲۷، سورة النجم آيت ۳۹-۴۰)

And that man hath only that for which he maketh effort
And that his effort will be seen.

My belief in these words aided me in the steady progress of my business from 1951 onwards, and I was convinced that should we receive the necessary amount of import licences in order to obtain our sorely needed raw materials, then we, the indigenous suppliers, would be in a position to meet all the paint requirements of the country. It was my further belief that we did not need to have foreigners to do this. We could manage by ourselves at this stage, without these foreign firms establishing for themselves a hold in our new land and thereby gaining a share of profits which should rightfully be ours.

However, the Government of Pakistan did not appear to have that faith and held to a different view. They permitted foreign paint manufacturers to start their paint plants in Pakistan. This decision I opposed tooth and nail at all levels, including at the PIDC, which organisation had been only recently created for the purpose of investing in such industries where the private capital was shy. In my several meetings with the PIDC Chairman, Mr. Ghulam

Faruque, I pleaded the case of indigenous paint industry putting forward a plea for better understanding of and protection and patronage to the local paint industry. But, it transpired later, that the Government was honouring promises given earlier to a foreign manufacturing concern, in the year 1947. It was an irony of fate that these very foreign manufacturers did not step in until they were convinced that Pakistan offered good prospects for their investment ; for this they had waited to see the performance of local industry. I exhorted Mr. Faruque to allow the local paint industry prove their worth ; I told him they were capable of delivering the goods. Sometime later, Mr. G. Faruque was good enough to visit my factory to see how we were doing. During this visit he realised that we were technically quite capable and self-sufficient in all respects. To be sure on this score further, I sent my eldest son Mushir to Germany in April 1952 for training at the BAYERS plant at Leverkusen as well as at some other paint factories in that area. Then I sent one of my younger sons to England for legal studies since he had a great aptitude for law. Around this time we had the Second International Fair in Karachi. The stall which impressed me most, in that Exhibition, was that of the PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA. Their huge display of the items they had created and produced since they had started as a Socialist Nation (just a few years back) was very amazing......a lesson for all of us in applied diligence. It made me resolve that I should in my own way strive to develop Pakistan into a progressive nation, in the shortest possible time.

Some of my efforts in this direction were aimed at exploiting minerals which would feed our projected industries. So I went to see Dr. Crookshank, Director-General of Geological Survey of Pakistan at Quetta (whom, of course, I had known from Hyderabad days). I needed his advice with regard to the Antimony mines at Chitral. During our

conversation, he made a strange revelation that Chagistan Mountain Range (an area containing rich mineral deposits) was enlarging itself dimensionally, and that the mountains seemed to grow. He then advised me to visit Chitral and examine the deposits there.

So, I went there with my son Shamim. Dr. Crookshank was good enough to provide me the assistance of one of his staff. At Peshawar, on our way to this most northern region in the mountains, the local authorities arranged for necessary equipment including a jeep to make us comfortable for which I paid all the expenses. The jeepable road from Peshawar to Chitral passed through mountain gorges (similar to the Gilgit Agency roads) ; climbing, twisting, dangerous and almost impassable at times ; considered to be the most difficult terrain in the Hindukush range. The road traverses the famous Loveri Pass, which is said to be more than 10,000 ft. high, with turns and twists, so fraught with hazards that a slip of a few inches at some places on this rugged route would cause a fatal fall to thousands of feet below in the valleys. At some places, this route was impassable—even donkeys and horses could not get a footing and we were carried by the natives on their backs across long distances. Local guides were supplied by Chitral Government. It was indeed a great and awe-inspiring adventure, with all its trying difficulties and immense dangers, but...WHO DARES NOTHING, NEED HOPE NOTHING....is a famous saying. I knew that no one reaches a high position without daring.

In spite of serious troubles from gall-bladder pain, I nevertheless carried on by sheer borrowed energy and will-power, and saw many sites, some of them abandoned by Hindus and some exploited not at all. Of course the absence of roads and trails was an overpowering handicap. The State of Chitral being poor financially and in other resources—at least insofar as it remained unexploited—could not afford any road-building. In these early years

the Government of Pakistan could not do anything either because they had their own pressing projects to take up and no surplus resources to spare. Incidentally, in the days of my visit, the State of Chitral was being run by a Regency Council as the Ruler of Chitral (called MEHTAR) stood deposed.

We stayed in Chitral as guests of Mir Ghyasuddin, the ex-Minister of Commerce of Chitral State. I left for home with high hopes of acquiring mining rights. I was sanguine because I was the first industrialist to visit that area and survey the same thoroughly. But my hopes did not materialise because some other parties managed to acquire the lease. These days I should be grateful for this reversal, for transport to this mountainous terrain is still more than extremely difficult as well as costly, and not being able to be there all the time—in case a mine had been acquired—may have resulted in labour without honourable profit, and may have eventually become a nuisance. It was God's Will.

Back in Karachi, Mr. Abbas Khaleeli, the Industrial Development Commissioner of East Pakistan hinted to me that our Government was interested in someone putting up paint plants in East Pakistan. Upon his suggestion and invitation, I visited Dacca and Chittagong to select suitable sites, feeling that if this was accomplished and I had a plant there, I would be helping my country's economic development. "After order and liberty, economy is one of the highest essentials of a free government... Economy is always a guarantee of peace." Thus, after many good days spent in Dacca and the lively port town of Chittagong, I found the site I desired, in Chittagong where I built a fine, first rate Paint factory which gave me great contentment. A further success due to hard labour and diligence.

Several historic events happened that year. King Farooq of Egypt (now expired) was overthrown and depo-

sed on the 26th of July, 1952, by a military revolution led by General Naguib and Col. Nasser. In Pakistan, the Open General Licence was suddenly withdrawn during November. This was the beginning of our economic gloom. This step retarded the bright development work which had begun to bear fruits. Earlier, in 1962, KING GEORGE VI of England passed away one cold February night. An era of ancient traditions died with him. The world was on the march and life was filled with new and stark realities.

That year also saw the introduction of diesel-electric locomotives in Pakistan. That year I also took up the matter of cultivation of tungseed in West Pakistan with the Govt. Agricultural Research Institute, Tarnab (Peshawar) and exhorted the authorities to revive their research in that field so that tungseed oil could be made available in West Pakistan also for the benefit of the paint industry. The proverbial red-tape again devoured all prospects......alas !

CHAPTER XI

TRIALS, TRIBULATIONS AND RESPITES

New Year ! Year of Hope, which springs eternal in the human breast. But, 1953 was a year of hope deferred. It began with violent dissatisfaction and blood-letting. In January, Karachi students made peaceful demonstrations to demand adequate educational facilities but the situation turned bloody by ugly police intervention. A furious mob burnt the automobile of the Minister for Interior and many lost their lives in the police firing.

Shortly thereafter there were violent clashes in Lahore, between two factions of the population on religious points. Martial Law saw the light of the day. The Martial Law Chief, Maj-Gen. Azam Khan, resorted to extremes in quelling the trouble. He banned the famous Urdu daily "ZAMINDAR" of Lahore, alleging that it fanned ugly sentiments, and its editor, Maulana Akhtar Ali Khan (son of the prominent politician-journalist, Maulana Zafar Ali Khan) was jailed for 14 years R. I. For his father's sake, I tried to intervene and see Khawja Nazimuddin, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, but my efforts failed because the situation suddenly took a further serious turn.

In my own industrial sphere, my efforts were directed towards streamlining the issue of import licences on the basis of the merit and capacity of the individual paint plant. I led a deputation to call on Dr. Usmani, the Chief Controller of Imports and Exports, in order to discuss with him the

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unjustifiability of issuing import licences of high value to undeserving foreign paint concerns. He was good enough to promise redress. In my capacity as Chairman of the All-Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association, I also sought Government help in procuring the services of an American paint expert to advise on upgrading the standard of smaller paint units. This proposal was accepted and efforts were made to find a suitable expert. Meanwhile, a certain "rebel element" in the paint industry had formed a counter-Association in Lahore. I visited that city and succeeded in reuniting them again.

The increasing trends in illegal forms of gratification and other social malpractices left me sick at heart. I spoke to the Chamber of Commerce and solicited their cooperation in forming a sub-committee for examining this problem in detail with a view to suggesting ways and means to stop and check corrupt methods of business which threatened to pester our pattern of life. In an address which I delivered to the Chamber, I called their attention to the injunctions of the Holy Quran and Sunnah, whereby the giving and taking of bribes and other forms of illegal gratification have been condemned as deadly sins and a crime against society. Dishonesty was not to be a part of our daily routine. Only fair play and true justice was the way for us, and it was the responsibility of each individual to uphold our pure and noble principles of goodness and righteousness in all walks of life. I appealed for their support to forge a moral front against these evils so that the future would loom clean and not be one of heartache.

My continuing bad health obliged me to recall my elder son Mushir from his training-studies in Germany and I saw him happily married in April. That was the period when the Nazimuddin Ministry fell by the authority of Governor-General Ghulam Mohammad, and Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra (then our Ambassador in USA) was made Prime Minister.

In those days of political turmoil and uncertainties, a British firm, the Imperial Chemical Industries, approached me with an offer to manufacture two of their leading brands of paint in Pakistan under licence. A series of meetings took place where I met their Director, Mr. Edden and Chairman, Mr. Wilkie Brown. We decided to culminate this matter during my forthcoming visit to the United Kingdom where I was going because of my persistent indisposition, which had been diagnosed as a case of gall-bladder stones, requiring surgery. I flew to London in May with wife and daughter. Through the kind interest of General Sir Hance Bennet I met the prominent surgeon, Sir Heinrich Ogalvie who, after a thorough examination of my case confirmed the need for immediate surgery. I made a quick trip to Germany to see if medical opinion there also confirmed previous findings. Satisfied on this score, I returned to London and rented a house and a car to move about. Between the exhausting medical examinations that followed we took time to visit interesting places and attend some functions, including the great pleasure of witnessing the historic Coronation procession of the young Queen Elizabeth II on June 2, 1953. Pakistan was represented by Prime Minister Mohammad Ali Bogra. England is unique and her dignity will always be great. Her noble young Queen has not deviated from the path of splendid traditions : at the same time she has opened her heart to the problems of 20th Century and allowed her own fledglings to be educated among citizens of non-Royal blood. Her heir enjoys an upbringing to match the million and one changes of life today and one cannot but admire the path she has swept clean before her. One could sum it up as the late Sir Winston Churchill said, "There will always be an England"—an England with industrial output and a mind of commerce, open to aiding any one of her Commonwealth partners.

After witnessing the Coronation procession, we enjoyed

the seaside at Beachy Head and Brighton, and also managed to attend the Annual General Meeting of the Oil & Colour Chemists Association (of which I am a Member) early in June, at the seashore of Eastborne. I had the pleasure of meeting many noted men besides renewing old acquaintances.

At the Annual Dinner, the President of the OCCA proposed a toast to my wife and daughter and remarked that their delightful presence in their fascinating national dress had hightened the atmosphere and lent a touch of Oriental colour to the otherwise formal Conference-air. Later, we went to view the Derby races at Epsom, and saw it from the gallery of distinguished visitors for the first time. A thrilling performance to watch and something worthy of admiration.

I was admitted to the hospital in the 2nd week of June but my operation was postponed due to the sudden illness of Sir Heinrich Ogalvie. I did not waste any time waiting for the operation and felt it would be relaxing to go by sea for a brief trip to the U. S. A. where I had been invited by Dr. Kienle, an American Delegate to the OCCA Conference and who had been very friendly. It may be mentioned here that Dr. Kienle was known in America as the Father of Synthetic Resins Chemistry.

We sailed for USA, on the Cunard's elegant Queen Mary, on June 18. The voyage was lovely, though my wife had become sea-sick. The advantage of being a first class passenger is that one could meet the elite ; this opportunity was available to me, and many prominent American fellow-passengers became friendly. Some of them, I discovered, had also been to Pakistan earlier. So, they were amiable and pleasant in their conversation.

The first shocking incident after arrival in New York Port was the rather discourteous and unfriendly treatment offered to us......strangers. It was insulting and dreadfully disappointing. It spoiled the high image of the U.S. which I had carried in my mind for years.

The ship passengers were expected to carry their own luggage on trollies through the Customs, and on to the Taxi stand, irrespective of the class they travelled in. All the passengers had to queue to collect trollies by turns and carry their luggage from the Customs Shed. The passengers numbered thousands. As I was ill, running high fever, I sought courtesy and cooperation from the Captain in-charge of trollies in letting me have one quicker, but I met only with cold and curt treatment. I told him I was a first class passenger, a stranger to this country and a sick person but all that seemed to make no difference to him. He simply had one answer—that I should stand in the queue. It was hours before I got a trolly and struggled my way out of the Customs Shed. I saw my wife and daughter in tears, from apprehension that I may have got lost. They seemed to be greatly disturbed for they had not seen me for two hours. It was for the kindly consolation of a fellow lady-passenger (and her husband who had come to receive her) that my wife and daughter found some comfort and braced themselves up. Just as I was struggling my way out of the Customs Shed, the Thomas Cooks' representative, who was supposed to receive us at the port and help us out through the port chores, appeared in the shed but all the same he was not any more helpful than showing us to the taxi stand which was quite away. By way of apology for his non-appearance earlier, he said he was busy with other things which delayed him to reach the port. We found our way to Hotel Taft, where a room had been reserved for us from London but we found that the room was not yet ready. We were made to wait for hours without any interim alternative arrangement. Every time we asked, we were told to wait for it..."The room would be ready soon, Sir" was the stereotyped answer.

The agony of fever and the frustrating anguish of the port formalities were further worsened at Hotel Taft where we had to keep standing for hours. The hotel staff

did not bother even to have us seated somewhere. As every available seat in the hall was occupied, we had to find our own, somehow by requests, entreaties and the like. Somebody offered us a clue that as USA was a FREE COUNTRY so we should occupy any seat that we could find, without asking anybody. It was a revelation to me in the new meaning of freedom. After hours of this helpless condition, a room was arranged for us, temporarily, in another hotel where we spent the night in a dingy atmosphere. On the next morning we moved over to Hotel Taft where a small but nice room was given to us and finally, on the advice of some friends, we moved into Waldorf-Astoria.

Pakistan Consulate's Mr. Tyabji (a family friend) and an American friend, Mr. Bobby Goodman took good medical care of me and I was well again in a few days. I started my calls and visits to the paint people and others. I saw the Davico Paint Works, at Newark, N. J. where I was taken by Mr. Slocum. It was a streamlined manufacturing unit. Then I went to the huge Socony Paint Works. There I met one of their officers, Mr. Bill Greco, who has become a friend for life. Mr. Slocum of Davico is in the same category for me.

A visit to the offices of the New York Paint Varnish Lacquer Association was a pleasure, where I befriended many people. It was also a joy to come across the brilliant Ahmad Shah Bukhari (pen name PUTRAS) at our Consulate with whom I had a long chat. Bukhari was our Permanent Representative at the United Nations.

As tourists we delighted in the vast and gigantic Empire State Building (tallest in the world) after which we flew to Buffalo, N. Y., to see the mighty Niagara Falls. This was an awe-inspiring sight. From there we went to Washington D. C., where I met many wonderful people during a visit to the offices of the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association Inc. One Mr. Charles Dunphy was extremely kind. He escorted us around sight-seeing

tours and we met, also, the famous authoress, Mrs. L. Kiefer, who has written several important books. The wife of Dr. Anwar Iqbal Qureshi (a Pakistani economist) was also amiable with us. Before returning to New York city we also saw the famous Mount Vernon Memorial and the statue of George Washington, the Founder-Father of U.S.A. This visit to U.S.A. is now a treasured part of our memories.

Back to the Waldorf-Astoria, the Shriners were having their Annual get-together. Their creed is Charity with Understanding Hearts for those less fortunate than themselves. It is fascinating to note that they are inspired by the Orient for all the Shriners Temples are known, after Eastern names, such as 'Temple Fatima', 'Temple Mecca', and 'Temple Medina' etc.

At this time, our niece, Dr. Aqila Qureshi was taking a Post-Graduate course at the Harlem Hospital (a Negro Centre) in New York city. She wanted to leave it because it was a negro hospital, but I persuaded her to stay and make the best of the opportunity she had there and told her that the fact of race and colour should never enter into her thoughts. It was humanity she was serving and learning about......and thus she stayed on content after my advice, knowing she would come back to Pakistan with great experience.

We returned to Londen on the liner 'Queen Elizabeth' and were seen off on board by Mr. Tyabji. Also on board were Mrs. Ghulam Faruque, Mr. Abdul Wahid Adamjee (the famous industrialist) with his wife and daughters. They were more than helpful during the journey because I had fallen ill. Once in London, I found out that Sir Heinrich Ogalvie had left on a lecture tour abroad but he had instructed Dr. Norton Morgan to perform my operation. This took place at the Royal Masonic Hospital on August 5. The care, prayers and good nursing which followed enabled me to recover quickly and I was discharged and pronounced well on the 20th of August, with the assurance from the

doctors that though my case had been a serious one my relaxing cooperation had aided them. I was now well and content. Like the old Arabian proverb......

"HE HAS HEALTH WHO HAS HOPE
AND HE WHO HAS HOPE, HAS EVERYTHING."

CHAPTER XII

STORMY EVENTS AND EXPANSION

A few weeks after the operation, we all left by plane for Berne, Switzerland, for convalescence, and for pleasure. I was thrilled in the new experience of a perfect landing on Berne's grassy runway—a surprising sight. From Berne, we proceeded to Vevey by train and from there we were driven to our hotel atop Mount Vernon. The weather and the climate both were excellent and almost every evening we enjoyed long walks around Mount Vernon and made trips in the mornings to Vevey by Funicular Railway, mostly to consult the doctors. Later on, we proceeded to Geneva and stayed in a hotel near the Lake Geneva. From there we went to Milan, Venice and lastly to Paris, the city of light and love. Like all tourists we saw a lot of places and of course the beautiful Eiffel Tower, before returning to London to further my business negotiations with the I. C. I. people.

On September 30, 1953, we embarked on the motor vessel BATORY from Southampton. On board, I was happy to meet Mr. Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto and his brother, as also many others of note, such as Mr. H. Ghulam Mohammad, an ex-Chief Secretary of the Punjab, Mr. Amanatullah Khan, and Mr. Rashid Ahmad, the Banker, as well as Dr. Ghulam Bheek. The ship stopped at that gay port-town GIBRALTER (half English, half Spanish). Originally, it was known as JABL-UT-TARIQ, meaning MOUNT TARIQ, named

after the famous Muslim Naval Commander, Tariq bin Zeyad, whose conquest of Gibralter proved a stepping stone to the establishment of Moorish Empires subsequently. Moorish influence is still strong and the combination of Spanish, English and the Muslim (Moorish) influences is pleasing in the extreme, making Gibralter somewhat of a holiday town with its fabulous "ROCK" and its frontier Spain.

We completed our tour with visits to Cairo, (the Pyramids, and the Sphinx) and Aden, and came back to Karachi via Bombay on the 20th of October, where the rest of my family were waiting to greet us on the docks with outstretched arms and flower garlands. These precious moments of our re-union were the happiest in my life... at home again in the bosom of my dearest ones.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Wilkie Brown, the Chairman of the Imperial Chemical Industries (Pakistan Branch) and some of his other Directors arrived from London to conclude our business agreement, the terms of which had been settled earlier in England. This was making history for Pakistan because it was the first industrial venture that the I. C. I. had entered into since Partition and with a private party at that. I was indeed proud that Buxly's had been the chosen one. But Mr. Brown stressed the fact that they were fortunate in having the association of my company, knowing of my vast experience in other fields of industry and my understanding of conditions both before and after Independence. Later on, the Government of Pakistan gave its blessings too. They were highly gratified and confident of continuing relations which would be an example to other industrialists in the country. A few months later, Sir Alexander Fleck, Chairman of the I.C.I. Group came to see our plant. He was quite impressed with our equipment and efficiency realising that this association with us would prove mutually beneficial.

I found room for expansion in the paint line now and secured a large plot of land in the SITE area in

order to erect my second unit fatory in Karachi. By the end of 1953 I appointed M/S. Mahbub Traders of Lahore as my first Agents for the Northern Areas of West Pakistan followed in later years by the appointment of another firm to represent us in the Southern Areas and finally the appointment of the renowned firm of M/S. James Finlay & Co. Ltd. of Chittagong to represent us in East Pakistan.

Life flows on and we must work and increase our activity ; the good Lord sends us recompense and I had the pleasure of a visit from two Russian Scientists early in 1954 at my plant, followed by the millionaire Arab trader, Al-Sheikh Hussain Muhammad Said Justaneiah, who sought agency representation for my paints in Saudi Arabia. We are still great friends today.

Other events kept me busy and in May that year I was invited by the I.C.I. people to inspect their factories and see the process of manufacturing "DUCO" & "DULUX" in the U.K. Accordingly I left and on my way stopped in Holland and finalised an agreement with the firm of SYNRES (in Hook of Holland) whereby they would manufacture synthetic resins for us with our own special formulae. While there, I paid a visit to the dry colour works of Dr. A. Haagen at Roermond. They expressed interest in associating with my firm for the manufacture of cement colours in Pakistan. Back again in London, I had several meetings with the top officials of I.C.I. and went round most of their plants, including the famous one at the Stow Market. Viewing their processes for synthetic resins, N. C. paints and the "DUCO" & "DULUX" I came to the conclusion that their superiority was not because of excellent equipment but because of the very special recipes and quality control techniques in the raw materials and at the manufacturing ends, plus the advantage of their vast research organisation. Then, I worked out the preliminaries and the essential details of the required machinery and material in order to form

the basis of my application to the concerned authorities at Karachi, for the purposes of import licence and other related matters.

Meanwhile, the I.C.I. group entertained me royally and luncheons and dinners were given in my honour by the chairmen of the various divisions. I returned home with great satisfaction in my heart, that I had achieved another step forward towards my goal......industrial progress for Pakistan. I took the opportunity, on my way back, to visit the famous National Art Gallery at Amsterdam with its paintings of magnificence, portraying different chapters of the history of the Netherlands and her valiant people.

June of 1954 was crowded with activity in my paint business and its developments. I hardly had the time to relax, though there was a brief respite with my family at Moenjodaro, where we were the guests of my good friend Mr. Mohammad Moosa. There was considerable difficulty in keeping the newly formed Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association and its belligerent members together. They were not always cooperative. Our first Annual Meeting was held on the 23rd of October, with our Iron Man of the Cabinet as the Chief Guest, viz. Khan Abdul Qayoom Khan, the Minister for Industries. At the dinner in the Beach Luxury Hotel, I presented my Address of Welcome to him and a Memorandum drawing his attention to our many problems, including the lack of patronage from Government Purchasing Agencies for locally made paint. The Minister promised to give the matter his sympathetic consideration. Since he was a man of dynamic action, we were all hopeful that his interest would help us. Ironically, it was not to be. The very next day, the Governor-General dismissed the Cabinet and appointed Mr. M. A. H. Ispahani (another big industrialist himself) as the new Minister for Industries in the new Cabinet. This change was rather abrupt, and all our plans fell apart.

Economically and historically, 1954 was a year of great significance. It began tragically with an accident on the Railways, at Jhimpir (80 miles from Karachi) with many casualties. However one of our noted jurists (an international figure) Sir Mohammad Zafarullah Khan, travelling on the same train, escaped without injuries. Other noteworthy events were the visit of King Feisal of Iraq (May Allah rest his soul in peace), with his Crown Prince, Emir Abdul Ilah and Prime Minister, Nuri El Said. This was followed by the visit of His Majesty King Saud bin Abdul Aziz of Saudi Arabia, together with his large entourage. The worthy Ruler of that oil-rich Kingdom made generous cash contributions for the construction of low-cost housing for displaced persons. The housing colony named as SAUDABAD was built and named in his honour. This was charity of the highest order.

During April many demonstrations took place against the adoption of Bengali as the second State Language, Urdu being another. The Platinum Jubilee celebration of His Royal Highness the Agha Khan IV, who was the spiritual leader of the Ismaili sect, took place in Karachi with a great gathering of notables from near and far. And in the first half of the year, Pakistan signed the Mutual Security (Defence) Agreement with Turkey. This was the forerunner of the M.E.D.O. alliance between Pakistan, Iran, Iraq and Turkey. Pakistan had previously joined the Military Alliance of S.E.A.T.O. comprising the United Kingdom, the U. S. A., France, Australia, New Zealand and Thailand. In June, Prime Minister Nehru inaugurated the gigantic Bhakra Dam in the Indian (East) Punjab, designed to choke the waters of River Sutlej, which feeds the vast canal network of West Pakistan. Motives not beneficial to us were apparent in the extreme. Distaste for India was rampant in Pakistan.

In an attempt to win the support of many of the rebel politicians, and wishing to neutralise the rising

crescendo of political unrest (which began after the dismissal of Nazimuddin Cabinet) Governor-General Ghulam Mohammad, repealed the PUBLIC REPRESENTATIVE OFFICIALS (DISQUALIFICATION) ACT (PRODA) which had been originally enacted by the Quaid-i-Azam to bring political calm to Pakistan in the sad stormy days following Partition. This repeal, however, did not seem to serve the desired end, and the Governor-General, in a more drastic bid, dissolved the National Assembly on the 24th day of October, 1954. This action, without precedent in Constitutional History, had countless repercussions in the annals of parliamentary procedure in and outside Pakistan.

This serious action was challenged in the High Court and the matter finally went up to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, however, saved the land from drastic and ugly situations by its adroit handling of the case. They asked the Governor-General to summon another Constituent Assembly in order to carry on business pending the General Elections. These were months of discontent... but, as everyone knows, discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.

On November 22, we had the sad loss in the passing away of one of our great divines and scholars, Maulana Syed Suleman Nadvi, whom I knew from Hyderabad Deccan, where I had met him during one of his visits.

CHAPTER XIII

I BECOME AN UNOFFICIAL DIPLOMAT

PAKISTAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS ! Goodwill unlimited, something I have always been proud of......to be the person to sow and treasure the seeds of friendship between our countries. Thus when I visited the United States again in 1954 it was not just in a personal way, or for any personal gains...or just for representing the paint industry, as the chairman of the Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association ; it was for the very special purpose of playing the role of a true AMBASSADOR OF GOODWILL.

As a private citizen, I was the first to speak before distinguished gatherings of professional people, while introducing Pakistan, and the first again to talk of my country and its hopes and dreams to other assembled groups in America. Actually I had met a few American Delegates to the 1953 Annual Conference of the OIL & COLOUR CHEMISTS ASSOCIATION, in Britain. They had invited me to attend the forthcoming Annual Conventions of the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association and the Federation of Societies for Paint Technology. Although I did visit the States immediately after the Eastborne Conference, it did not coincide with the above-mentioned Conventions. I, therefore, went to America again, this time in November, to comply with the invitation, which was duly renewed to me.

I reached there on the first day of that wintry month and had a series of meetings with the members of the

New York Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association (an affiliate of the NPVLA) and was warmly welcomed by the members. My first address was delivered, three days later, before about 1500 people, all from the paint industry. They listened with intensity as I spoke of my country, its birth, its struggles and subsequent agonies, and of its efforts to lift its head high. I told of our people and their hardships and how we had made progress in spite of it......in industry and commerce, using our wits as well as natural resources. They gave me a standing ovation and I felt truly that I was the kind of spokesman our dear Quaid desired.

After New York, I went to Washington D. C. and met General Joseph F. Battley, President of the NPVLA and other important office-bearers who drew up a special programme for me with regard to visits. During the meeting with the General, I told him that I had decided to donate all the paint and lacquer supplies for the proposed new and gigantic American Embassy building in Karachi. I made him aware that though Pakistan was but a poor country, we were nevertheless proud and had dignity, and that we had never forgotten the bounteous gift of wheat, made to the people of Pakistan by the United States citizens during the devastating floods of 1953, when most of our crops, eagerly awaited, had been swept away. In token of appreciation to the U. S. Government, the Government of Pakistan had offered to make a free contribution of land and labour, should the US decide to erect a Chancery building of their own in Karachi, and I, as a patriotic citizen of Pakistan, would donate everything required in the paint line for this proposed building, from my heart and my stock.

The General was truly impressed by my offer and said he would announce it publicly at the Chicago Convention, on November 11. Accordingly, he introduced me to the assembled audience, numbering about 5,000 people,

as a distinguished visitor from a friendly land far away, and as the first Pakistani to attend this great gathering, specially as the representative of the Pakistan Paint Industry. After the introduction, I made a brief three-minute speech about my country's history since partition. General Battley then made the announcement about my gift of all the paint required for the proposed American Chancery building in Karachi. He paid me glowing tributes with his warm words and how I was bringing about a true understanding between Pakistan and U. S. A. He further said that my gift was a manifestation of deep love and esteem in which the American people were held by the people of Pakistan and that it would go a long way in bringing about still closer friendship between our two Nations. This announcement was received with a prolonged standing ovation from the audience. For myself, I have always felt...... "It is more blessed to give than to receive." My simple heartfelt offer had surrounded me with blessings of amiability to the extent that my cup of joy was full.

Amid smiles and warmth, I then delivered my lengthy discourse, entitled "PAKISTAN AND THE PAINT INDUSTRY" giving my listeners a clear view, while once more introducing my country, its birth-pangs, the inhuman atrocities of the Hindus in India (which the Americans seemed to have barely heard of before) and how the Muslims were forced to seek a separate homeland......resulting in Pakistan. With tears in my eyes, I spoke of the bloodshed and horrors that had taken place and of the influx of Muslims from India who had been driven out like rats and scourge. They were all very touched and spell-bound, one and all. Then, I continued with the description of our progress and development in spite of those sad days. The intense drive and urge for self-advancement at all times was the base from which Pakistan was growing. Each of her citizens put his shoulder to the wheel, and slowly we were coming along. I finished my oration with a plea for

further interest and cooperation between our two lands. That would be, I said, of benefit and mutual participation for all concerned. My listeners were thrilled and the great hall resounded with their cheers and large acclaim.

At the Convention, I saw that the Pakistan flag had been hoisted in a prominent position with the flags of other American States whose members were present. This Convention was followed by another of the Federation of Societies for Paint Technology, where I had also been invited to attend as a guest-speaker. Here also, I delivered a speech similar to the one at the former Convention, which was equally well received. And I was extremely proud to have played my part in letting each and every person be aware of my little known land, as yet strange to many, even so many years after her creation. My addresses at these Conventions and my many Press interviews were reported in detail by the American Trade Press and in numerous House Organs. I must say that they made quite an impact.

I went to Los Angeles (that beautiful City of Angels, its true name) where I was shown many interesting places and met countless people. I visited the film studios of Twentieth Century Fox, and was entertained lavishly throughout my stay by the Members of the NPVLA who escorted me also to numerous paint plants in the city. I had the pleasure of travelling the Coast-Road by train to San Francisco. What a memorable sight !—the waves beating high against the sea-wall. Translucent water and the blue sky. I loved every moment of it. By car or train it is an inspiring journey and the peace of the heaven appears along this famous California Coast Road-stretch. Another magnificent sight was the Golden Gate Bridge, considered to be the longest single span bridge in the world. Aesthetic feeling filled my heart as I toured the great Redwood Pine Forests. Many of the magnificent trees, rising to the firmament, are said to be over 2,000 years

old ! One could well believe it. They appear to have overwhelming strength, beauty and everlasting fertility. With some reluctance at leaving these gracious sights, I returned to New York to sail for home.

This trip in comparison to the one I had made in 1953 was far more strenuous and exhausting, yet of course more informative and instructive. Last but not the least, it had been one of good results, excitement and pleasure, indeed a thrilling consummation. I brought back new ideas, new freshness and impressions which proved to be of boundless help when applied to my business. Most of all, I brought back memories which will live with me forever. The enterprising spirit of the American people, their ambition, drive and energy for more progress, better results and clearer vision ; their revolutionary ideas for welfare and their techniques were worth taking note of. I feel, whoever visits USA cannot help but be impressed by the swift application of modern methods, in all material, commercial, industrial and social fields. We all could do well in the application of their learnings.

I sailed on the great Cunarder, the 'Queen Elizabeth' and met a renowned Pakistani businessman, Mr. Hatim S. Alvi, on board. He was also coming back from a tour of America. I arrived in Southampton on the 10th of December, 1954, and then went to Paris *en route* to Genoa to catch an Italian ship for Karachi. The ship stopped at lovely Naples and I recall and understand why the Italians rave over their NAPOLI (as they call it affectionately) ... the city of light and laughter, where the people are gay as well as serious. From that happy place I made a short trip to the ruined city of Pompeii. The lava lingers still. The impression of a once powerful place where mighty warriors and valiant men held sway is strong. As a tourist spot, it draws crowds and I enjoyed seeing Pompeii.

On the sea in this last part of my many voyages, I encountered His Excellency Shah Mahmood Ghazi of Afghanistan,

brother-in-law of His Majesty King Amanullah. We had several casual chats and discussions on general subjects. Two Indian gentlemen, Mr. Mahendra (an industrialist) and Mr. Lal, both provided congenial company. It was a very pleasant trip. Meetings with various people on the sea in the unstrained atmosphere of a private universe, gently rocking over the waves, often bring solutions never attained on the dry land. We see things in a different light and we appreciate them in a different manner. We find on the sea that we possess the gift of penetration, revealing nobilities, often unsung.

Our ship reached home on the 13th of January, 1955, a year of new hopes for all of us, a year of changes, shortages and, of course, the inevitable politics.

CHAPTER XIV

A POLITICAL FREE-FOR-ALL

Our imports situation, which had been slowing down in the past two years, especially so after the withdrawal of O. G. L., had indeed not been without its own repercussions, in regard to the import licences for industrial raw materials. In the early part of 1955 this assumed disquieting proportions and our paint industry was faced with extremely acute shortages of imported basic products, including linseed oil.

I personally led deputations at Association level and had meetings with officials in the Department of Supply & Development and in the Ministry of Industries etc., but none of them appeared to do anything about the matter. Each person put the blame on the other for the shortages, and nothing definite was forthcoming. Added to this was the traditional delay in issue of import licences. It seemed to be a direct result of our falling foreign exchange reserves. At one such meeting with the then Minister for Industries, Mr. M.A.H. Ispahani, he showed a marked misconception about the local paint industry and its technical efficiency. His view-point portrayed the ideas of the British from the colonial days ......that everything produced locally was not as good as that of foreign make. It took me plenty of straight-from-the-shoulder conversation with him before I could drive home my point, almost to being humiliated in order to make him see the way we paint people saw

it. However, when he did understand, he offered assistance. His change of heart reassured me. and made me feel content.

I also held a series of meetings with the Planning Board officials who were planning to encourage foreign firms in the field of paint manufacture and made them aware of our views in the paint industry ; of its existing capacity to play an important part in the development activity during the First Five Year plan and afterwards. I convinced them from facts and figures of the utter futility of their decision to import entire manufacturing concerns in the face of the fact that we, the local paint manufacturers, had the necessary capacity, talent and the know-how in the country and I further assured them that if the local paint concerns should get the needed facilities, they were capable of playing their role in the development efforts of the country. It was a cause of satisfaction for me that these officials became at last sympathetic and agreeable with my views and proposals. Moments of rejoicing came with this change in their outlook. I felt I had accomplished something by winning them over.

During these activities, I called one day upon the American Ambassador in Karachi, His Excellency Horace A. Hildreth. His warmth and friendliness embraced me and he was more than impressed by my offer of paints for the Embassy, an offer he was completely ignorant of, though I had made it to his Government while I was in Washington D.C. In fact he was overwhelmed by it......when he expressed his appreciation to me. "Mr. Khan, it is the individuals more than the government who bring two peoples together, and you have indeed performed a great act of friendship." His Excellency could hardly thank me enough for this gift.

These were still times of great shortages which caused confusion in all circles and by way of seeking relaxation I went to see a free-style wrestling match between India

and Pakistan, held in Karachi that September. It looked like a stage show of the prevailing national system in politics, social affairs and economy. As with everybody, I felt I was also playing a part in a nation-wide arena—each of us doing so heroically for might which is considered always right. In fact he who has might often lets himself loose and becomes mad with this might, sometimes resulting in complete chaos. As far as the non-human might was concerned, the great Punjab rivers were overflowing to add to our trials by flooding the city of Lahore and its surroundings.

Countless distressing events took place in those times. Everything seemed to go apart, as if in a boxing match where one opponent inflicts wild thrusts on the other...regardless of the outcome. Political fracas reigned between the Provinces of both East and West Pakistan. None seemed to agree. It was like a paragraph from the "Song of Solomon...... That the little foxes spoil the vines." As a political referee, the Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mohammad brought about a forced amalgamation of the various constituent provinces of Western wing, in an effort to bind them, as 'ONE UNIT' to pull together, so that political equilibrium could be ensured between the two far-flung units of Pakistan. The agonies of 1955 and 1956 were many because of the prevailing confusions.

When in October 1955, I managed to have some small joy in the purchase of a Russian-built ZIM automobile, from the Russian Stall at the International Fair, Karachi, my pleasure was short-lived. The jealousy and displeasure which followed in official circles because of my buying a "RED CAR" as they called it, became a personal grudge... which is incongruous since it was on display at our own FAIR, and we were striving for international trade ! ! In official circles the thinking was that Mr. Rahim Bux Khan could be a "RED". On the other hand, some ministers themselves had been interested in that car and for years

afterwards I was hounded, haunted, and suffered unpleasantries at the hands of CID in this regard. I remained aloof and did not let it spoil my personal satisfaction in the possession of this magnificent car—then the only one of its kind in the whole of Pakistan.

My dear old friend, Dr. Jordan, once again came to Pakistan to advise our Government on matters related to the paint and chemical industry during the ensuing First Five Year Plan. The result of his recommendations...We already know...the same sad story.

The one redeeming event which spelled harmony and progress in those stormy days was the inauguration of the Sui Gas Pipeline. It brought with it the flow of natural gas to Karachi to keep our industries running, heralding the gradual cessation of import of fuel for this purpose. On December 6, 1955, I left for Germany to arrange for the transfer-admission of my daughter from the United Kingdom to the Heidelberg University Medical College. My second step was to contact the German manufacturers and conclude long term agreements for the supply of resins and pigments. Some of these contracts were satisfactorily arranged. Then I continued on to Holland and France for further contacts. While in Paris, I held negotiations for the establishment of a medium-sized pigment manufacturing plant in collaboration with a noted French manufacturer. I saw many things we did not have in our country......such as a paint recovery plant which recovered paint from spray left-overs in car-repainting. I rounded off my visit by a trip to the Palace of Versailles, recalling a poem written by a youth in love......who wrote :—

"Versailles, a place of love
And moonlit sighs, where nectar flows from lips,
And tears from eyes...where bubbling fountains,
Splash...by moonlit arbours...perhaps some
Secret lovers—it blissfully harbours......"

Ah ! Versailles, such a beautiful place. Little wonder that its

creator, Louis XIV adored it and made it his special retreat.

En route home on the 9th of January, 1956, I encountered Mr. Ali Ahmad Khan Talpur. He related to me the agonising experiences he had endured in the political free-for-all. I sympathised, knowing full well all about it. Previously, the Turkish President, Celal Bayar and his party had visited Pakistan in connection with the M. E. D. O. Alliance. His visit was followed by the youngest of the ruling monarchs anywhere, His Majesty King Hussein I, of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. He came with his mother, the gracious lady Queen Zein. Then came the state visit of Col. Gemal Abdul Nasser, (then) the Prime Minister of Egypt, who was on his way to the historic Bandung Conference. By the middle of 1955, Pakistan had taken another step forward in international contact. Our national airline, the PIA was inaugurated by Prime Minister Mohammad Ali Bogra. Originally, the PIA was formed to bridge the gap, by swift transportation, between our East and West Zones (1100 miles distant across hostile India) linking our two wings together by the flight in short hours. This flight has since become a life-saver ; one could easily remark that it is one of our life-lines !

In August of that year of ups and downs, Pakistan announced the devaluation of her currency. This decision had many reprisals, economically and otherwise. It retarded development of industry and commerce, but we lived through it and were again on the way up......and it was the time of the death of Khwaja Hasan Nizami, a great Muslim divine.

Another event that August was the serious illness of Governor-General Ghulam Mohammad. Major-Gen. Iskandar Mirza was installed as the Acting Governor-General. By now we were becoming used to changes. They were happening all the time.

"Old order changeth—yielding place to new." And I shall always remember a favoured song......

"The world goes up and down,
And the sunshine follows rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again."

CHAPTER XV

THE JOY OF HAJJ AND SOME SORROWS

We had requested from the United States Government the services of a Paint-Advisor, who came early in July, 1956. The gentleman in question did not come up to our expectations when he arrived. He proved to be a big disappointment to us. Another calamity followed in the shape of arrival of a large supply of adulterated linseed oil, also from America, supplied under Aid-Licences to fill the shortage we were enduring. Since I was the largest purchaser for my factories, I was also the largest loser......and no compensation was made to me though I informed the American suppliers of this loss.

My only consolation in those crowded days of worry and unfit merchandise was the knowledge that my Chittagong plant was nearing completion. I had sent my son Mushir, together with a chemist from my Karachi plant, to supervise the installation work and to conduct the preliminary affairs. I was pleased that by the end of 1956 this factory commenced operation and was soon in full production.

A series of meetings with the Planning officials were once again attended by me with the other members of the APPMA which culminated in the shape of some concrete recommendations which were submitted to the Planning Board for incorporation in the First Five Year Plan. These were extremely important to me, because systematic economic planning had just begun in our country and any

major oversight or error at this stage, in apportioning for the paint industry its due share in the development schemes, could have been very harmful to its interests. I was informed later that these recommendations had received due consideration.

A happy event—the most soul-satisfying—for me and my wife was the fulfilment of a long cherished dream...to perform Hajj. It is the Muslim way of spiritual joy, true joy, consisting of a series of holy ceremonies and rituals begun from the 7th of the lunar month of Zil-Hijjah, the last month in the Islamic calendar, when the pilgrims from all walks of life meet as equals and where Muslims from every Islamic country are represented. Permission to undertake journey for Hajj is granted by our Government via ballots (in view of foreign exchange difficulties). Our application did not come out in the ballots and I decided to go anyway, through Europe. We departed in June and met our children in London and Heidelberg, then reached Cairo where special Hajj flights were available. We reached Jeddah and were graciously received by Mr. Mufti and Mr. Abdul Hafiz, the two friendly assistants of a millionaire trader-friend, Mahmood Abdullah Fazil, to whom I had a letter of introduction. At Jeddah, I arranged for a Moallum as every Haji must do. Moallum means an 'instructor' who has also to be the custodian and caretaker for the intending Haji who appoints him. The Moallum is also responsible to the Saudi Government for the pilgrim's welfare.

From Jeddah we went straight to Mecca and immediately went for "TAWAF" at Ka'aba and for "SA'AI" at Safa and Marwa and for other ceremonials. We became the guest of my friend, Al-Sheikh H. M. Said Justaniah, at his palatial mansion with a servant and car at our disposal. On July 16, we left for Mina, staying there one afternoon and night, before proceeding to Maidan-e-Arafat, to perform Hajj. There are not words enough to

describe the solemnity, the sacredness and the purity of Hajj rites. They become engraved in one's heart in sweet compulsion......a veil is lifted from the soul so that it becomes unconquerable and its windows are thrown open, wide open, to the sun and all that is heavenly. Ecstasy floods the being, serenity pours over one and all, and each person is akin to the other. The barriers of wealth, race, colour and origin are forgotten and all humans performing Hajj become as one beloved family, joined together with deep emotion. All the Hajis are dressed in the traditional Hajj raiment, discarding the clothes of daily life. We bathe and utter the special prayer (TALBIYA) before robing ourselves in two simple seamless sheets and putting on sandals. As pilgrims, we do not use scent in order to remain absolutely in a pure and uncontaminated state. We perform identical rites of humility, and bow in bondage to our revered Creator. At the outset we pray and walk around the KA'ABA seven times, then on the 9th day of the month, we move *en masse* to join the assembly on the hill at ARAFAT, fifteen miles east of Mecca. There, on a plain, surrounded by a semi-circle of hills from which rises the Mountain of Mercy, a tented city takes shape with a million people, and simple amenities like hospital, shops and government ministries around, for comfort and needs. When the sun has passed its zenith, the pilgrims stand on ARAFAT and pray all the long afternoon until sunset. More rituals take place and the experience is ennobling.

The Arabian desert was cruelly hot that July and had its effect on us. My health suffered during those pilgrimage days, but my spirit did not wither and my staunch faith carried me through. I tried to locate my chauffeur in that huge assembly but did not succeed. Actually, after we had left Karachi for Europe on our way to Mecca, one first class seat was offered to us against our application. This was, however, used for our chauffeur Mohammad Younus, who travelled on this ticket and performed Hajj. Meeting

him during the Hajj pilgrimage would have enabled him to attend upon us, especially so because I was sick. However, I managed to proceed further, even without him. Hajj ceremonies over, I hired a car and reached Medina on the 27th and joined the morning prayers at Masjid-e Nabavi (the PROPHET'S MOSQUE) and then offered Fateha at the Shrine of our Prophet Muhammad (Peace be upon his soul). We stayed in Medina to complete our 40 prayers (eight days, five prayers a day). There was peace and tranquillity for us with the prayers, and our being in the vicinity of the Prophet's shrine afforded us a heavenly feeling, flooding us with transcending joy. I wished I could have stayed there for ever.

At Medina, we met many famous people one of them being Al-Sheikh Omer bin Daud, Ruler of Hassah, who was a man of nobility with ethereal ways. He was friendly towards me as a dear brother and I will long remember him. The others we met were also dear to us. They were Maulana Syed Mohammed Badshah Husseini of Hyderabad Dn. (India) and Maulana Abdul Hamid Badayuni of Karachi. We stopped a little while in Medina, waiting for the plane, then flew to Beirut from where we went to Damascus and saw the famous mosque there. On August 11, we returned home (via Beirut) amid great rejoicing knowing we had been blessed by the Almighty and had performed the highest form of worship while fulfilling our cherished dream.

Some sad news awaited me which I never expected. My two sons had left me (as they said, for ever) to go to Canada, not approving of my decision in selecting a stranger, one Mr. M. A. Khowaja, to assist them in conducting the business of my East Wing Plant. They had opposed this decision and this departure was their way of protest to me. Both of them have since happily returned home with their wives and children. At that time, they cashed in their share of the company's assets to make this

flight away from me. Later events proved that they were right in their thinking. Their fears about the man mentioned came true and I am man enough to admit that error.

A precious friend of mine passed away around that time : Nawab Fakhr Yar Jung Bahadur, whose pious deeds and honest principles were sadly missed.

On the political front, Prime Minister Mohammad Ali Bogra's Cabinet was a victim of political discord, rampant in those days. He was succeeded by Chaudhri Mohammad Ali (Finance Minister in the former's Cabinet). It was during Chaudhri M. Ali's Prime Ministership that Pakistan's first Constitution was given a final shape, the country was declared a REPUBLIC, or more exactly, The Islamic Republic of Pakistan, with Major-General Iskandar Mirza as its first President.

September 1956 saw the fall of Chaudhri M. Ali's Government and Mr. H.S. Suhrawardy took over the reins as Prime Minister. He headed a coalition government of unlikeminded political parties which made it rather shaky. Therefore, to retain power and to appease the leftist wing of his coalition group, as well as his Hindu supporters from East Bengal, Mr. Suhrawardy foisted the Joint-Electorate Bill on the country, much against the wishes of a very large section of the people. Many country-wide demonstrations took place against this move, which took an ugly shape at times.

Another stunning piece of news followed. The three-Power invasion of Egypt (by England, France and Israel) to seize control of the Suez Canal which President Nasser had nationalised a short while earlier to retaliate against the most abrupt withdrawal, by Western Powers, of the promised aid for the Aswan High Dam. This great invasion almost overran the entire Sinai Peninsula, and it was only for the threats of nuclear bombardment by U.S.S.R. on Israel which brought the conflict to an end, after three stormy and bloody weeks. The whole world was against this

invasion and Pakistan citizens supported the Egyptian cause.

The Prime Minister of Afghanistan, Sardar Daud Khan visited us in November in order to smooth down the misunderstanding between our two countries. A sorrowful event of that month was the death of Maulana Zafar Ali Khan, at the age of 86. At the invitation of Prime Minister Suhrawardy, the Chinese Premier, Mr. Chou En-lai paid a visit to Pakistan in the month of December. This was but a prelude to strengthen relations with China, as future events have proved.

CHAPTER XVI

MORE PILGRIMAGES AND MY CALL TO DUTY

A few months after my return from the Hajj pilgrimage, I had another blessing : a dream which had remained unfulfilled for 35 years came true. That dream was to make a pilgrimage to the holy shrines in Iraq and Iran, specially those at Baghdad, Kerbala and Najaf Ashraf etc. I left in March, with my wife and the youngest daughter. At Basrah, we were warmly welcomed by my war-time friend, Dr. Mustafa Sabih and another friend Mr. Yasin. We offered Fateha at the sacred shrines of Hazrat Salman Farsi, Hazrat Hasan Basri and Hazrat Rabia Basri, among other places. Later we were extensively entertained to tea by Major Dr. Qureshi of Pakistan, a member of the FAO group in Basrah, after which a rich banquet was held in our honour by Dr. Sabih where several notables were present as guests, including our Counsel, Mr. Jehan Zeb.

In Basrah, a Sardar Ratan Singh of the House of Gray Mackenzie & Company of Iran was staying in the same hotel as ours. We became acquainted with each other and his assistance was of great value to me during my subsequent visits to Iran. In Baghdad, Mr. Yasin awaited us with a car and a guide for our visits to the holy shrines. There, we called upon our esteemed Ambassador, Mr. Shoaib Qureshi, who was also a family-friend. With the warm interest of Mr. Yasin, we visited the shrines at Kerbala,

Najaf Ashraf and Kazemain Sharif, and finally that of the greatest saint in Islam, Hazrat Sheikh Abdul Qadir-el-Geelani, where we met the NAQIBUL ASHRAAF Sheikh Syed Mohammad Ibrahim for whom I was carrying a letter of introduction from Karachi. In Kerbala we stayed with our niece, Capt. Dr. Aqila Qureshi, incharge of the women's hospital there. There were so many other wonderful places we saw, including the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and its adjoining Museum. This was like walking back through the pages of Time and History.

The 6th of April found us in the land of Omar Khayyam......Ancient Persia (known now as IRAN). The capital, Tehran, was teeming with people, modern buildings and shiny American cars, amidst mosques and palaces. IRAN's cultural heritage was spread out before us at the sight of the PEACOCK THRONE and the precious collection of the historic art and jewels. We also visited the rare mausoleum of King Reza Shah, the fighting founder of the Pehlvi Dynasty, the father of the present King.

Before I flew back home, I recalled how much I had tried to make these soulful pilgrimages during the days when I was in Iraq during 1919-20. Alas ! it was not to be. Something always happened which stopped me from doing so.

I remember how I took one week off that year and obtained Government transport for the pilgrimage journey, when fever struck me so fiercely that I was unable to leave my bed. The next attempt was after my marriage (which took place during my visit to India in April 1920). I had rejoined the Military Service in Baghdad and was ordered to proceed with a relief-base column to quell tribal uprising. My success was such that recognition and rewards came my way. I resumed normal duty in Baghdad but was obliged to return to India, after hearing from home of family illness. My mother-in-law was in a critical condition. There were no male family members to look after her ; only two daughters, one of whom was my wife. I



Sardar Mohd. Ibrahim Khan

was asked by my stricken mother-in-law, who lay near death's door, to either give up army post and come back home to civilian life, or to take my wife to Iraq with me, so that there would be less worry for her.

Now, this was an impossibility, since the wives of members of the British Expeditionary Force in Iraq (to which I belonged) were not allowed to reside there, and after the tribal uprising, even the small number of European families who lived there were sent back. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." I decided on a bold move and made an application to the G. H. Q. explaining the sad situation and asked them either to release me or to allow my wife to stay with me in Iraq, as a lady veiled and unseen there would be no problem for the Base-Authorities. She would be an anonymous figure, in her rightful place by my side. Such was the power of my earnest plea that the matter reached the ears of Sir Percy Cox, the Chief Commissioner, who gave a response in my favour. Back in Iraq with my wife, the problem of accommodation arose. There were no suitable arrangements at the base for Indian families. My place of duty was 15 miles away, at an under-construction cantonment. The Quarter-Master felt I should return my wife to India, but I would not do this, and pluck such as mine won out. In a few days, an Officers Mess was vacated, a boundary wall was built with corrugated sheets, and I moved in with my bewildered wife...and there my first child was born.

It was after becoming a father that I made a second attempt to perform the pilgrimages to the holy shrines but suddenly my baby became seriously ill on the day we were to start. There was sorrow for my infant and sorrow for not being able to make the pilgrimage but the child's well-being had to be attended to, first. I knew that one day I would make this pilgrimage, which since came to pass in the year 1957 with added joy, though not in the company of the first child, but with the last

and the youngest daughter and my wife.

A short while after my return home, I received my ZIM motor-car (replaced by the Russians for the first one had some defects). Thus, in June that year, I departed again with my wife and the youngest daughter and some grandchildren, in my new and glowing ZIM, for a motor tour of West Pakistan. First we visited that fine man, Makhdumul Mulk Miran Mohammad Shah at Jamaldinwali, a very noted personage, who offered us gracious hospitality. This gentleman had a valuable collection of old manuscripts, weapons and other historic objects from his ancestors which he proudly showed to us. To my wife, he gave a gift of a hand-written copy of the Holy Quran......as a token of affection as if she was his own sister. His friendliness and warmth embraced us with a feeling such as love, and on departure he filled the car with delicious mangoes from his garden, to assuage our thirst and aid our comfort all the way up to Azad Kashmir.

From Jamaldinwali, we went on to Multan, Lahore, Rawalpindi, and from there we were accompanied by my friend, Sardar Mohammad Ibrahim Khan througout the Azad Kashmir visit. What a picturesque landscape that was! The hills held the beauty of the vine-growing hills of Italy and I offered a suggestion to the worthy Sardar to possibly consider measures for a vine-growing project in that area. There were scattered homesteads around at heights of about 7,000 to 10,000 feet with patches of crops, which flourish because of the water flowing from nearby natural springs. I thought that fruit-farming would be productive and a fine source of economic growth since it was near the busy town of Rawalpindi, and some other hill stations. Lovely Murree lies near there and I saw fine new roads being built by Pakistan Government to make passage easier and to link up small and large cities.

After two weeks we all returned home exceedingly refreshed and blessed with new health and vigour.

CHAPTER XVII

MY EMBASSY OFFER AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

I had been invited to the foundation-stone-laying ceremony of the new American Embassy in Karachi, performed by President Iskandar Mirza. It was a great disappointment to me that in the Addresses that were delivered at the ceremony, no mention was made of my personal offer of paints, though the offer of Pakistan Government (land and labour costs) was brought out with the most gracious remarks. But, disappointment is the nurse of wisdom and I spoke to the Ambassador of the U. S. A., Mr. Langley, when it transpired that neither he nor any other official in his Embassy had heard anything about it from the State Department in U. S. A.

The way this whole affair seemed to have been handled by the State Department dampened my feelings. The poet Robert Burns once wrote :

"*That the best laid schemes of mice and men,*
Often go astray......and leave us naught
but grief and pain—instead of promised joy."

So strong was my resolution in the matter of my offer that I decided that the only way to see it through would be to go to America in order to have it materialised and thus truly cement the friendship between our two countries.

En route to U. S. A. I stopped off in Europe for business and in Genoa I was able to finalise an agency

deal with an Italian supplier of Lithopone, after which I passed through Zurich, Milan, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Dusseldorf and Cologne. While in Germany I took the opportunity of having a brief medical check-up for my severe muscular aches, which had troubled me for some years. The examining physician decided that I should have a fuller course of treatment on my way back, which was a comforting thought to look forward to. There was great pleasure in meeting Dr. Rohland again, who entertained me to lunch at his home. I then went to Amsterdam and took a flight to New York City and from there boarded a train to Philadelphia, where I attended the Convention of the Federation of Societies for Paint Technology. On the train, I was pleased to see Mr. Said Hassan, the Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission, Karachi, who was going to Washington D. C. on official business. We naturally discussed many developments concerning Pakistan.

At the Convention in Philadelphia, I encountered Mr. Finegan, the Chief Chemist of the renowned House of Rinshed-Mason. When he learned from me that we had already developed and put in use an Alkyd Resin base spraying lacquer for cars, he was very surprised and related to me his long but still without results attempts in making such a lacquer. It proved to him that there are other places besides the Western world and that invention and progress did not belong to the West alone. With reference to our development, he proudly introduced me to many delegates at the Convention after which I visited a number of factories at the invitation of these same delegates.

My friend, Oscar Miller (who runs a typewriter reconditioning plant) drove me from Philadelphia to Washington D. C. where I attended still another Convention—of N. P.V.L.A. By a further special invitation, I went to a meeting of the FIFTY YEARS CLUB at Washington and was introduced by General Joseph F. Battley, the NPVLA President to the audience in the most eloquent words. This Club is a

body of veterans who had been in the paint industry for fifty years or more : an illustrious Club with an equally illustrious membership. For 45 minutes I spoke and held the Chair. They were all entranced while I spoke about my country and its genesis. I discussed with them Kashmir also in which subject they were extremely interested. Many of them expressed a desire to visit Pakistan and learn more about it from personal contact.

At the NPVLA Convention, I was happy to come across the genial Sewards (my friends) again. Through their courtesy I paid a visit to the Smithsonian Institution (America's famous National Museum) and it was more than a pleasure to me to see on display there a glistening beautiful pearl from my own country (more exactly, from East Pakistan). This showed that beauty even from the far corners of the Earth is always appreciated. It gave me further pleasure to offer some Pakistani postage stamps for their universal collection. They told me that I was the first Pakistani to add to their great and treasured collection of international stamps. Even to this day, I regularly send Pakistani postage stamps to the Museum.

The Sewards then drove me through the countryside to their Toledo home, some 450 miles in a day, with all the aplomb of conducting a royal visitor. Such gracious hospitality overwhelmed me and I was deeply touched by their noble friendship. After spending a couple of nights with them, and enjoying their hospitality, I continued on by train to Chicago where I granted some press-interviews also. Thus my arrival received noted publicity and I was besieged by countless telephone calls from absolutely unknown Chicago-residents. Each one of them wished me to be his guest, though none had ever met me before. They were intrigued with me as a Pakistani who had come to their land, offering privately paint for their Embassy in an Asian outpost. Regretfully, I had to decline all these offers because I had a definite programme before me. I

did, however, thank them all for their kindness. Chicago, among other famous things, has a beautiful lake, the biggest stockyards in the world, big chewing gum factories and the world's greatest newspaper, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE. So much to remember in that friendly city.

In Chicago, the kindly Mr. Arnold Wolff, President of the Enterprise Paints Co., took me round his plant and on my request provided me with some technical books on paint and a Hegeman gauge. I also saw, for the first time, an 'aerosol plant' and took ideas for erecting a similar one in Pakistan. I then went to San Francisco, where I was received by Mr. Gerson of the well-known consulting firm of CONLON ASSOCIATES. He introduced me to the mighty House of W. P. Fullers, who had shown interest in joining hands with me in Pakistan for paint manufacture. I had a series of conferences with a number of Fuller officials, including their President.

With some anticipation, I went to Los Angeles and called on Mr. Richard J. Neutra, the Austrian-born architect who was responsible for the design of the American Chancery in Karachi. I could not help admiring him for his angel-like manners, high sense of patriotism and extreme politeness. He seemed to be much impressed by my offer of paints for the American Embassy and told me that he would gladly let my paints be used in the proposed chancery building, if only the State Department would agree and give their consent. He said that I could freely mention of his approval for my paints to the State Department during my forthcoming meetings with them. This 'technical clearance' gave me solace that it would strengthen my case at the State Department.

From here I flew to Phoenix, Arizona, and saw the outstanding spectacle, the GRAND CANYON, one of nature's own wonders in the Colorado Plains, made by the grand Colorado River. It made me think of what the Lebanese saintly poet, KHALIL GIBRAN once said :

"BEAUTY IS ETERNITY GAZING
AT ITSELF IN A MIRROR,"

as indeed is the Grand Canyon. One becomes speechless at the sight, lost in its splendour, while all earthly things vanish and heaven alone surrounds us. The Canyon is said to have been discovered, before America was, in 1540 A.D. It is one and a half miles wide and a mile high. On way to Washington I flew above the dark and lovely "ROCKY MOUNTAINS" of Colorado.

Once in Washington, I contacted General Battley through whom my original offer of the paint had been conveyed to his Government. I informed him of the sad results and he was also sorry. He arranged a meeting for me with Mr. James F. Flaherty, a high official in the State Department. This gentleman knew of my offer which had been gratefully accepted by his Government. He said that this 'acceptance' should be satisfactory in itself. This did not satisfy me. It did not seem right by word of mouth, not knowing whether the acceptance meant "YES" or "NO." It was all too vague. The State Department thought otherwise, and looked at it differently. They felt that acceptance, in practice, of my gift by them would constitute **a historical precedent—against all diplomatic procedures** and they would not have it otherwise.

Again, I informed them, it was a GIFT...a gift from my heart and that a gift as such, even a blade of grass, should be accepted without a thought of precedent or diplomatic procedure. This simple yet provoking speech seemed to reach them at long last and they began to realise that even though the offer was from a private source, made by a citizen of a friendly nation, that NOT TO ACCEPT IT WAS NOT A FRIENDLY ACT ON THEIR PART. The matter was referred to Mr. Douglas Brown, Director-General, who in turn may have consulted the Secretary of State, late Mr. John Foster Dulles in this regard. I was informed later that, provided I gave a written assurance

that the paint offer was without any strings attached to it, they would ACCEPT it. Of course, I promptly did so and a few days later, Mr. Flaherty requested me on phone to see him in his office where, he stated, he would have the pleasure of handing out to me the Letter of Acceptance from his Government. Accordingly, when I met him, he congratulated me on my successful advocacy. He said, "Mr. Khan, nobody has ever done this before. It was only your great modesty and deep sincerity of purpose that this gracious offer of yours was acceptable to us ; it will become a historical fact, as no government accepts a gift from a foreign private individual—much less the Government of U.S.A." Afterwards, when I told General Battley about it, he too was very happy with the results. For me, it was not just rejoicing, it was verily a triumph for which I had struggled so hard, like a mountain climber reaching the pinnacle of his desires. General Battley also said this would have a far-reaching impact on Pakistan-American relations and would go down in history as a manifestation of friendship between our two nations. At the same time he made me aware of how impressed he had been by my speech sometime back at the FIFTY YEAR CLUB. My style, he remarked, and my simple but dignified language had left an indelible mark on the minds of the audience and that my booklet, "COMMUNISM, ISLAM, and U.S.A." had been greatly admired and appreciated. He desired fifty more copies of that booklet for distribution amongst select groups. This I promptly supplied to him.

After this personal triumph, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Eric Johnson, the President of the Movie Association of U.S.A., and then I flew out to beautiful Florida, that big State where oranges grow in profusion and the beaches are golden ; like the bathing beauties. The large number of the fine hotels and motels were an inspiring sight, when one thinks of how much human

ingenuity was required to fill in the swampy marshes in order to solidify the ground for building and constructing these superb palaces. I visited Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale and Miami during my stay in that land of Orange Groves and enjoyed every moment of it before I left for New York, *en route* to Germany to take the fuller course of treatment with Dr. W. Buhler, at his "PARACELSUSHAUS" in the Black Forests, where his special "NATURE CURE METHOD" took six weeks of rigorous regime and routine.

During this stay in Germany, I made some brief trips to the famous health resort at Baden-Baden. A lovely city with natural health springs apart from its gay and renowned large casino. Then I continued on to Mannheim to visit the DRAISWERKE Group who had supplied their Hydraulic machines to us. And again to Cologne, and Leverkusen, visiting the famous Bayers and from there to Essen where I took a train to Hannover and saw the Industrial Fair. Here I met our Ambassador, Mr. J. A. Rahim and Mr. Haleem Khan, Officer on Special Duty. Mr. Qureshi of the Railways was there too on a special mission to purchase Railway equipment, and then from Hannover, I travelled by train to Heidelberg....a fast and delightfully smooth train ride, one of the best I can remember. With my health renewed from the Nature Cure, I returned to Karachi on January 28, 1958 to begin the New Year with fresh vigour and determination.

The year 1957 I would always recall as one of many events. It had started with the State visit of Syrian President Shukri El-Kuwatli, with his big entourage. Another striking event was the passing of the historic Kashmir Resolution, by the Security Council, calling upon India to fulfil the 1951 UN Resolutions on Kashmir. Though this was a victory for Pakistan in a diplomatic sense, these attempts were frustrated by a Russian veto.

On May 10, 1957, another special event took place.

Pakistan celebrated the Centenary of the First War of Independence, fought in Delhi against the British rule a hundred years ago, in 1857. In the annals of history, this war is wrongly known as the "SEPOY MUTINY."

The friendly Prime Minister of Japan, Mr. Kishi, came on an official visit in the month of May, to forge still closer links between our two countries. In June, a sweeping tide of Asian Influenza overwhelmed us, throughout Pakistan. Countless lives were lost, including that of the famous poet, humorist and columnist, MAJID LAHORI. Another great loss around the same period was the death of His Royal Highness the Agha Khan, spiritual leader of two crore Ismailis around the world. His life, noble deeds and philanthropies will long be remembered. He was a friend to the humblest person as well as to the mightiest. The world mourned him with us.

THE BEGINNING OF SPACE AGE

In October, the Russians fired their first Space Rocket, the historic "SPUTNIK" which circled the Globe through Space. This was a world-shaking news of enormous political and scientific significance, shortly followed by another Russian Space Project, "LAIKA" which carried a dog. I was in America at that time and it caused an uproar amongst all the American people because the Soviets had been in advance of the U.S.A. The US Government came in for a lot of bitterest criticism from its citizens, with remarks that Americans must have been asleep to let the Russians be the first in SPACE.

The year 1957 again saw many changes in our political arena. Prime Minister Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy had to resign. He was succeeded by Mr. I. I. Chundrigar, heading a coalition Ministry. Two and a half months later, he and his Government toppled too and the none-too-firm Government of Malik Feroze Khan Noon succeeded him. It appeared that Pakistan had become the France of Asia because of her many governmental changes. Actually we hardly knew

where we were standing.

These constant changes caused furore and frustration all the time. We would become used to a certain standard and soon when the ruling powers changed, the things also changed and what was good today was no longer useful the next day, the next week or the next month. There were times when we felt we could not stand it and the only safe world was our own individual one, created and lived in with our own wholesome set patterns.

CHAPTER XVIII

I.C.I.—THE FINAL BOUT

Early in 1958, official red-tapism took its toll, and the ICI were on the verge of closing the chapter of their tragic and frustrating negotiations with me. Licences connected with the Agreement made with me, (with the blessings of the Government) which were promised to ICI by the Government were not forthcoming : dissatisfaction was creeping in like slow rust, and hopes and aspirations in the ICI circles were at a low ebb.

To clear the clouds of misunderstanding, a meeting was called in the office of the Dy. Director-General of Development, Mr. M. M. Farookhi, which was attended by Mr. Wilkie Brown, Chairman, and Mr. Edden, a Director of ICI, besides myself. The Government desired that the ICI invest in Sterling for the import of necessary machinery for which they were willing to issue licences in their name but the ICI were reluctant. Instead, they wished to utilise their blocked rupee reserves in Pakistan. The Government did not agree to this proposal and thus we were all now standing at a dead end lane—the wall staring right back at us. The ICI decided to postpone their decision until they heard from their London office and received their guidance. We all left the meeting with the bundle of dissatisfaction still on our backs.

The Government wondered and were perplexed as to why I was still hanging on to the skirt of ICI when BUXLY

itself could produce goods of a standard and quality as those of DUCO and DULUX. They wanted me to grow up and expand quickly, but as I have always maintained an ethical business attitude, I objected and informed the Government that in my opinion they should keep their promises with the ICI and fulfil their pledge by issuing the licence to them. This became a bone of contention between the Development Department and ICI and resulted in a complete fiasco. Flared up were the tempers at ICI's end, and they scrapped the agreement on the plea that this was no longer a feasible and economical project and they could only continue if I agreed to utilise my share of licences for importing their semi-finished products for further processing in Pakistan, or if the Government decided to register them as a "separate category holder for import licences" for this purpose. But both of these proposals were not workable, so ICI finally conveyed their feelings in January 1958 to my office through a well-worded letter. This letter was passed on to me in Germany where I was undergoing treatment. I was not prepared for such an abrupt ending and I felt sorry—one always does, it is human heart. But, as the saying goes, Time is the greatest healer ; I became reconciled with this position which later on proved to be a blessing in disguise.

The sun of the paint industry was eclipsed in early 1958, when the Government levied heavy excise taxes on paint products in their new budget. Clouds of dismay appeared on the horizon of the paint industry ; a baby could not carry that much weight, we argued. We tried to show our reasoning to the authorities concerned and made efforts to convince the Prime Minister, Mr. Noon and his able Finance Minister, Mr. Amjad Ali, that the new burden was not only heavy but unjustifiable. But, everything went in vain and all our requests, arguments and pleas fell on deaf ears. Human nature, as it is, when pushed to its extreme, is likely to take a grim turn and, therefore, the only

alternative left to us, and adopted, was that the entire paint industry went on a general strike. Contagiously this discontent spread amongst other industries, who had also received the dried part of bread ; they too followed our footsteps by going on strike.

Most of my time was now being devoted to negotiating with the Government and the PICIC for a loan in connection with the anticipated collaboration between Buxly and M/S. W.P. Fullers of USA and the consequent expansion. After months of prolonged negotiations, not one of the proposals was accepted and I gave up the idea, finally.

Trouble seemed to be brewing at my Chittagong plant and the only way out was to go down there and see things for myself. I took a short trip and found things in a chaos. So, I brought about managerial changes by removing the man incharge, and sending another person from my Karachi plant. But, by that time, sufficient financial and business harm had been done by the first Manager.

During these days of struggles and trials there was, however, a good piece of news, when I received a cablegram from my fourth son, Wassim, from England, reading :

"YOUR SON BARRISTER TODAY"

announcing the fact that he had passed the exams and was now a full-fledged Barrister-at-Law. I was immensely delighted. As a youth I had myself dreamt of becoming a Bar-at-Law, though fate decreed otherwise and I became an Industrialist, instead. With this success of his, in being called to the Bar, I felt as if I too had fulfilled my own ambition, in a vicarious way.

* * *

February 1958 saw the State visit of His Majesty King Mohammed Zahir Shah of Afghanistan. Some cold apathy had crept into our relations with that country for some years now and his State visit was an attempt to find an amicable solution. An anguish of a different proportion took

place in Saddar (heart of Karachi city) where a fire swept over Bohri Bazar, the posh shopping centre. Shops, houses, and other buildings were reduced to ashes and many people lost their lives. It was a holocaust and losses in life and money were terrible. Many of the shopping ladies, children and shop-keepers were trapped in flames behind closed shutters. Sorrow was everywhere.

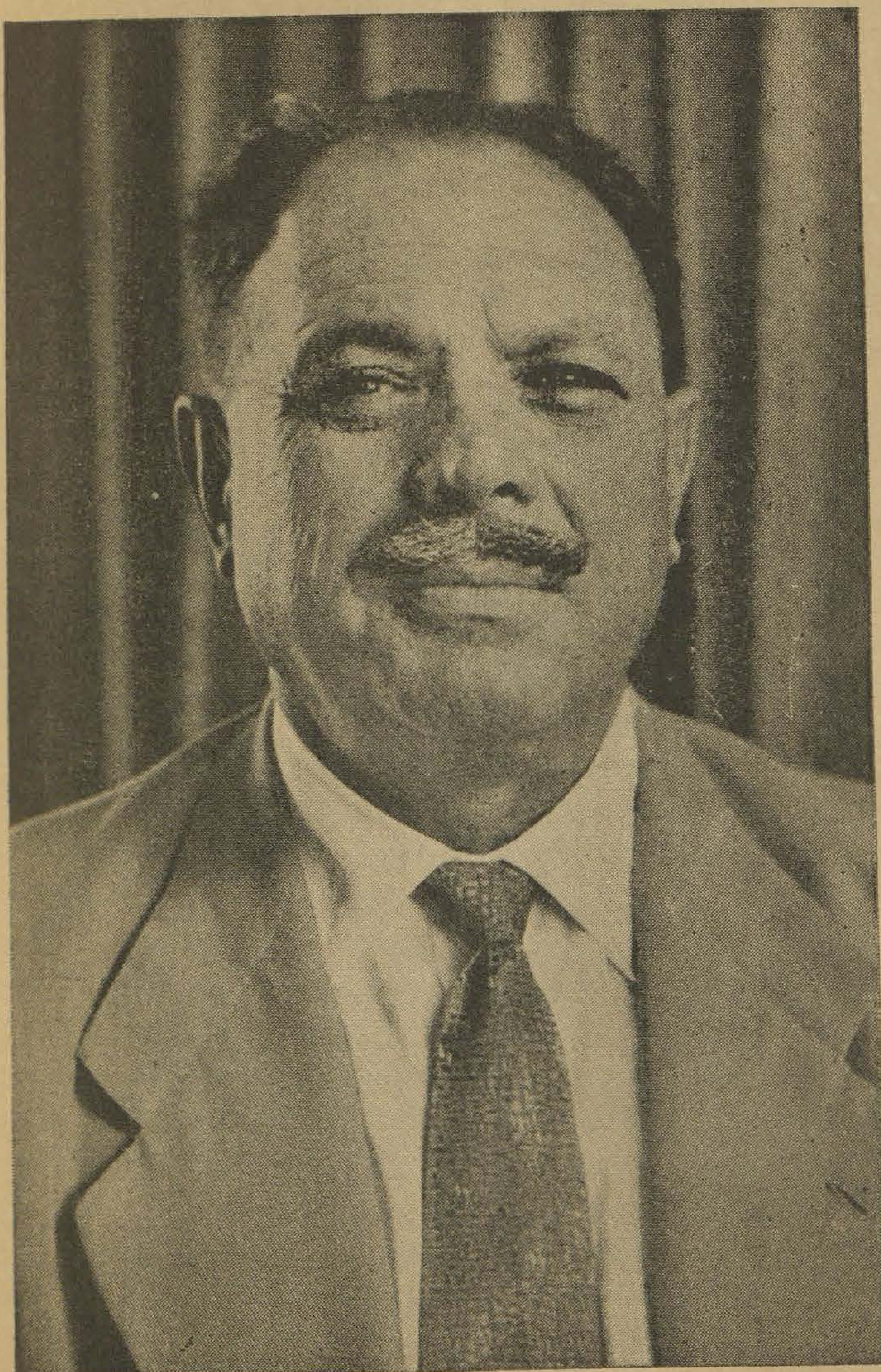
Another heartbreak, we all felt sad about, was the divorce of lovely queen Soraiya, the Empress of Iran, by her consort, the Shah. After a 7-year happy marriage the separation came, because she could not bear him a son. By Iranian law, a queen must give birth to a male heir. After the divorce, the Shah married another Iranian lady, Farah Diba, (quite some time later). Queen Soraiya left Iran for ever—a twentieth century tragedy.

In order to boost export and add to the Government's falling exchange reserves, Pakistan announced an 'EXPORT INCENTIVES SCHEME" during April. It all happened on paper and not in reality because of constant political discord. The same discord bred discontent to the extent of a political murder. One of the principal political trouble-makers in the shape of Dr. Khan (Premier of West Pakistan) had aroused so much ire, that he was stabbed to death outside his residence by a petty revenue-official, Atta Mohammed, on the 9th of May 1958 in Lahore.

This was a minor murder compared to the bloodshed which took place some two months later in July, in Iraq. Brig.-Gen. Abdul Karim Kassem overthrew the Government of the young King Feisal of Iraq, in cold blood ; his family members and others were slain by Kassem's men ; Prime Minister Nuri-el-Said and Crown Prince Amir Abdul Ilah were also butchered, then dragged through the streets and hanged. The young King had never had much chance to enjoy life ; there had been bloodsheds from his earliest days and this was the crime of the year. Everyone was sorry for the young monarch.

In not so far away Burma, by the side of the Bay of Bengal, another coup took place, led by Gen. Ne Win, the Commander-in-Chief of Burmese Army, who brought about this putch to clean up the political mess in that troubled land. All the Middle East those days was in ferment. Lebanon, the Riviera of the Middle East was a powder-keg, ready to burst into flames. The American Government, in their self-appointed but well-intentioned role as the saviour-guardian of everybody, landed their Marines on those sunny shores which quelled internal strife and prevented a possible civil war or large-scale bloodshed. And in the nearby Jordan, at the request of the King, British troops arrived to guard that small Hashemite Kingdom from being usurped by the revolutionary regime of Iraq. (A few months before the Iraqi coup, Jordan and Iraq had formed a loose political union,in answer to the Syro-Egyptian union of UAR).

On the West Pakistan border, "GWADUR", a small enclave under the aegis of Sheikh of Masqat, was brought into the fold of Pakistan through fine negotiations. This enclave was a veritable smugglers' den.



Field-Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan N. Pk., H. J.

CHAPTER XIX

HISTORY'S QUIETEST REVOLUTION

There were revolutions all around. Burma had had it ; Iraq had a blood-bath ; Lebanon also spurted blood ; and Jordan escaped it almost by hair-breadth. On Pakistan mainland, things were not quite in order, either. Strife was rampant and quick changes in government caused prices and costs to go sky high and the plain people in the cities and countryside were distraught with agony. Anything and everything could be purchased—for a price ! Everything went to the highest bidder while the poor were starving and it was not safe to walk on the streets of Karachi at night. Citizens cried out in anguish for a new leader...a saviour ...a man who could put things right.

Prime Minister Noon had resigned twice in despair and formed a new government, each time with a new coalition. Like shifting sands, things changed day after day and President Iskandar Mirza pulled his own strings in other directions for the benefit of what suited him most. A miracle was needed...a guiding light. Where was it to be found ? I prayed too, together with my fellow-citizens. It seemed that we in Pakistan would also have a revolution. But who would ignite a spark ; who would be so brave as to seize it from our corrupt leaders, who were leading us nowhere. We did not know ; we only awaited in agony, and prayed, sincerely.

Suddenly, without any warning—we woke up on October

8th, that year of blood-letting around us, to find headlines, screaming at us from all the newspapers in the land :

"MARTIAL LAW THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY".

A Military coup ! a Revolution without the sound of guns !! This was indeed a miracle and the human being who brought it for us was the top soldier of the country : General Mohammad Ayub Khan, H. Pk., H. J. In the dark hours of the night he conferred with President Iskandar Mirza and took the reigns of the regime into his strong hands and became the Chief Martial Law Administrator, using the Army as his shield, his corps, his messengers and his personal aides. And what did they do while the populace cowered, expecting gunfire any moment ; bloodshed, fighting in the streets and violence. Nothing, nothing of that sort or even related to it happened at all. The most peaceful revolution on earth, in history, started with Gen. Ayub Khan's soldiers cleaning up the mess. First, the very first day, like warriors from heaven blessed with celestial wings, travelling in chariots, they toured the length and breadth of Karachi in modern army trucks sweeping away all the paper-shacks and huts of the displaced persons, carrying the people who lived in them to new and better places which they could call 'home'. Within 24 hours, the gutted shameful roads were cleared and clean, and residents living in fine houses facing the good wide roads of the city, once more could walk directly to their gates without hordes of the starving, begging on their steps. Food was given to the poor, arrangements for better living were made and before the first week of Martial Law was over, a visitor arriving in Pakistan never saw the unkempt littered highways which greeted the eyes just days before. It was like magic. Scoundrels, smugglers, cheats and traders who soared the prices were hauled in for questioning and those not having been fair were punished and fined. Prices that had spiralled sky high, suddenly dropped, taxi-fares became

normal and like a god-mother waving a magic wand life took upon itself a normal and comfortable turn. Best of all, the Assemblies were dissolved and the Prime Minister was relieved of his post, together with his Cabinet in peace ; glorious peace ruled throughout West Pakistan.

Similar reports came from the Eastern Wing. I recall one foreign lady visitor (who had just arrived in Dacca to write a book on tourism) saying to me : "Mr. Rahim Bux Khan, do you know that my Consulate in Dacca phoned me and said...there may be shooting, don't leave your hotel". Continuing she said...

"Mr. Khan, I stayed in all morning, bored with the quietness—then ventured out in Dacca's sunny streets. They were full of gaiety and there was nothing to be afraid of. People were dancing with joy and I danced with them. The new East Wing Martial Law Administrator, Major-General Umrao Khan called a Press Conference and invited me. It was wonderful. He explained that the President had sought aid from the Army and that if changes were made and greeted with calm and authority, all would be well. He even said the tour I had planned could go as usual in the East Wing. ' Why not, Miss visiting Foreigner, why not. I shall even give you a young officer to escort you all the way through ; you shall be our guest and continue on with your work as planned before we took over."

She was so thrilled to arrive in East Pakistan the day Martial Law did and to be able to go on with her plans. That showed how level-headed our new missionaries were, like angels from heaven, like long lost parents coming home to take over and from one end of the land to the other we were all happy, very happy, though as days passed we felt, especially I, that something yet had to take place. It did and the best was yet to come. The people had blessed the General a thousand times when the Constitution and all the useless Assemblies were dissolved. They had not in the past been able to carry out the

duties of their high State, but the most shining hour came when President Iskandar Mirza was deposed...not with bloodshed like in the neighbouring countries, but in peace, and exiled from this land.

The citizens of Pakistan were content at last. The man in power was the man who had swept the country clean, General Mohammad Ayub Khan. He was the Saviour and each person felt a great warmth for him. When he became President the people relaxed and set down to work at their jobs both small, large and great in a frame of mind that spelled satisfaction...of the fact that no more would there be disturbances and terrible changes. Life would remain normal and wholesome, and they listened in calm as General Iskandar Mirza left his post, on October 27, with the following declaration :

"An unfortunate impression exists in the minds of a great many people both at home and abroad, that General Ayub and I may not always act in unison. Such an impression, I cannot help feeling, if allowed to continue would be most damaging to our cause. I have, therefore, decided to step aside and hand over all power to General Ayub Khan and his colleagues. I wish General Ayub Khan and his colleagues all the best of luck."

This was followed by another Declaration from General Ayub Khan... :

"Now, therefore, I have this same night of the 27th of October, 1958, forthwith assumed the said office of the President and have taken upon myself the exercise of the said power and all other powers enabling me in this behalf."

In another statement, he assured the Nation that :

"...This change would in no way affect my policies which I gave out to the Nation in a Radio broadcast on October 8th, and in other statements made by me from time to time...and...let us now resolve to face the tasks ahead of us, as a Nation and get down to solid and honest hard work without indulging in any speculation...and

let us pray to the Almighty God to give us strength and guidance.' '

What a Red-Letter Day this was in our lives. History was made and I and other loyal citizens rejoiced. I recall the day when the brilliant General had been installed as Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army and I had felt, deep inside of me.... "Here is a man amongst men". And true as it came to pass, that he was a man of destiny...destined to lead us in the right and good paths. His inner glory shone in his eyes. And like a conquering hero he stood there, just the commander who was, this latter day, to bring us freedom from our troubles. I had sent him a telegram of congratulations on his appointment as C-in-C in 1951.

> GENERAL AYUB KHAN RAWALPINDI
> "ACCEPT HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS AS PAKISTAN ARMY ENTERS NEW ERA OF SELF CONSCIOUSNESS AND SELF RELIANCE UNDER YOUR WORTHY COMMAND AND GUIDANCE MAY GOD HELP YOU KEEP HIGHEST ARMY PRESTIGE !"

I knew in my heart that he was destined to play a major role in the glory of Pakistan...I felt it, as if it were a revelation to me.

The Government of General Ayub went to work on countless projects of public welfare...Korangi, the colony housing some 50,000 refugees was started and completed all in six months. What a joyous day that was for the once homeless refugees. The Govt. also put through a scheme for a huge hospital for labour-welfare and solicited donations from Industrialists. Willingly, I gave a donation, in the name of Buxly Paints Ltd., of Rs. 10,000.00 knowing it would be used for such a noble purpose. Our joy those days was like a continuous sunshine, little could dampen it, though one of our noted patriots passed away around that time—scholar-politician, Professor Ahmed Shah Bukhari,

popularly known as PUTRAS (his pen name). He was our Delegate to the United Nations in New York. We mourned him and countless people of other nationalities also did. He was an adorable friend of a man. Another noted personality who passed away during that year of new hopes for us was Maulana Akhtar Ali Khan, (son of Maulana Zafar Ali Khan), just a few days after the imposition of Martial Law.

On the 25th of December, (The Quaid's Birthday, which we always celebrate) Gen. Mohd. Ayub Khan, now our beloved President, made a speech for all of us to hear...for all of us to enjoy. Its sincerity came from his heart and people wept, just listening to it. Not since the death of our revered Liaquat Ali Khan had we heard such stirring words...so reminiscent of that martyred hero. On that day, he spoke to us and said :

> "I shall dedicate my life to Pakistan. I will have constructed a mausoleum of grandeur befitting the Father of our country...And I will see that there are schools and opportunities for every one of us. My task is to make life comfortable for each Pakistani and for whoever lives in our sphere."

With speed many of his words came to pass. Reconstruction was everywhere and the face of Pakistan assumed a new look. There was confidence in the air, new schools being built along with new hopes and new progress. We walked by faith. It became our substance, it was the force in our lives. The race was on....

There was another type of race which was also on in the international sphere ; the rocket race between the U.S.A. and the USSR. Each one was trying its utmost to see who could reach the Moon and the Mars first.

There was progress everywhere to be seen. On the world arena, it was political progress ; on land, in Pakistan, it was material progress.

CHAPTER XX

HONOURS AND SORROWS

It was a happy day for me in the first month of 1959 when my son Wassim returned after many years abroad, now a full-fledged Barrister-at-Law. I hoped he would have an illustrious career in the legal profession independently, but he chose to apply his new knowledge to my business, feeling that after my long years of toil, I needed some respite from the problems of business which always arise amidst our labours. He said he considered it an honour to serve me as if I, but his humble sire, was indeed a king.

I managed to persuade him that I still had strong shoulders and could carry on my own weight. I felt he should rise among the leading legal brains in Pakistan, if he were on his own, and thus introduced him to the noted Mr. A. K. Brohi and Mr. Fayyaz Ali (Advocate General of Pakistan), two of the most brilliant legal luminaries in our country. A month after his association with Mr. Fayyaz Ali, the latter died of heart attack. This tragic event so upset Wassim that he could not continue in that sad environment and came back to assist me in my business.

Around the end of March I was called to the Ministry of Commerce and informed that President Ayub Khan was interested in re-launching the "Export Drive" with greater vigour and that a Trade Delegation was being constituted for several South East Asian lands, and that I had

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been selected as one of the members of that Delegation to represent the paint industry. The Government expected each delegate to pay his own expense, (which we did), and at a preliminary meeting before our departure, I requested that the foreign exchange allocation be increased and that Japan should be included in the itinerary. This was duly acceded to.

Accompanied by our leader, the esteemed Agha G. Riza, CSP, we left on April 30 for Rangoon and remained there for five days, during which period we had extensive business talks and explored all possible avenues of increasing trade in our meetings with Ministers, and other government-sponsored purchasing agencies. We were entertained lavishly. By way of visits to historic and interesting places we went also to the tomb of King Bahadur Shah Zafar (the last Mughal Ruler of India, who had passed away in exile in Rangoon). We also saw the golden statued Pagoda of Buddha—said to be the largest in Rangoon.

Arriving in Bangkok on the 5th of May, we paid many courtesy calls and signed the visitors book in His Majesty the King's palace. Then we began the usual sales visits. Thais are a happy and colourful people of the old world. Thailand seemed a good market for our many products including paints. Our welcome was warm and we were invited also to see the past glories of this fabled country, including the most valuable effigy of Buddha in gold and emerald and many other fabulous temples.

We reached Kuala Lumpur (Malaya) after an overnight stay in Singapore. Trade in this bright land of Malaya was still influenced by the British, and purchases were made through the Crown Agencies—who naturally favoured British products. However, we had talks with government officials and with Chamber of Commerce people. Malaya had a large paint factory, run by the famous "PAR" people. We visited some factories and huge rubber plantations around.

From Kuala Lumpur, I led a part of the Delegation

to Malacca, a port town in Malaya, where apart from business talks with the Chamber of Commerce people, we were entertained to a lavish luncheon by the State Premier, Dato Usman bin Talib. This State Premier was one of the 12 sovereign Rulers of the constituent States of the Malayan Federation. Each Ruler serves for an appointed term as the "Paramount Ruler" of Malaya. Before leaving Kuala Lumpur for our onward journey, we were entertained by our High Commissioner, General Sher Ali Khan. I had met the General before, in London in 1947 at the Savoy Hotel, but both of us had forgotten each other.

On May 15, we flew into Djakarta and began our usual rounds of talk. At one of these meetings with government officials, I was requested by them to see a PAR Paint Factory now run by Dutch-Indonesians, and report on its general condition to the Indonesian Government. I discovered this factory to be a fair-size unit, with about 500 workers. Only one Chemist was manning the laboratories. In order to assist them to fill the vacuum left by the departing Dutch technicians, I offered to take a few of their chemists for training at my own plants in Pakistan, on my own expenses.

We then departed for Bandung, via Bogor, for further business talks, and enjoyed the lovely Indonesian countryside *en route*. There was a magnificent waterfall near Bogor with nearby hotwater springs adding picturesque charm to the surroundings. We also discovered that throughout the Indonesian cities there were countless citizens of Indo-Pakistan origin. I was also astonished to find that while the Indonesian Muslims were devout and religious-minded, their cultural life bore the stamp of Hindu mythology, especially that of the Ramayana. While attending a cultural performance, I elucidated to some of the leading Muslims there that it was against the spirit of Islam to fill their cultural practices with Hindu ideas and tales which, by their very essense, were contrary to the Islamic ideals.

There was no market for our paints in Indonesia, because they produced sufficient quantities themselves.

After Indonesia our next stop was Singapore. Ah Singapore ! a country of varied delights and progress, where we met the astounding and dynamic Chief Minister, Mr. Lim Yew Hock, a revolutionary Chinese gentleman, and his other distinguished Cabinet colleagues. After finalising our usual business talks with connected circles, but before we left for the next station, we were entertained by our Trade Commissioner there, Mr. Ahmad Ali Khan.

On the 26th of May we were in Saigon (capital of South Viet-Nam) which is almost a miniature Paris. The extensive cultivation of paddy crop in South Viet-Nam gives it the name : "The Rice Bowl of Asia". There, we had the pleasure of meeting the Vice-President of the Republic who graciously advised us to arrange displays of Pakistani products in all the cities of South Viet-Nam, or at least in the major ones. I also saw a paint plant there, built by the French.

From here we left for MANILA, capital of the island-studded Philippines where our Ambassador, Pir Ali Mohammad Rashdi made us all very comfortable and arranged our meetings with many Government high-ups and Ministers. That country had enough of its own paint factories.

I had a medical check-up which brought to light a case of neurosis as a result of extreme exhaustion, due of course to the extensive travels so far. However, the friendly personal care and interest bestowed upon me by our Ambassador and the leader of the Mission enabled me to carry on. At the reception given by H. E. the Ambassador, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. A. Rab, our Trade Commissioner in Hong Kong, besides Nawab R. S. Chattari, the First Secretary at our Embassy in the Philippines. I also had the pleasure of meeting the Fuller Paint people, (with whom I had connections in the U.S.) whose factory I visited in the environs of Manila.

Our next port of call was Tokyo which we reached in early June. It was sad for us to find our good Ambassador, Mohammad Ali Bogra, confined to bed with illness. We paid courtesy calls at the Ministry of International Trade and other Ministries and then commenced our individual rounds of talk. I visited the great MITSUBISHI COMBINE whose friendliness embraced the tours throughout their immense show rooms. I saw how they manufactured from pins to complete airplanes and I discussed with them plans relating to my proposal for an economic-sized Titanium Dioxide plant for Pakistan, as well as a synthetic resins plant. Besides, I went in for meetings with the Japan Paint Industry Association people, in addition to visiting some paint factories in Tokyo.

The hospitality of the Japanese is of a glowing quality, offered from their hearts. We felt it in the most humble persons and in the most illustrious ones alike. I was so popular at meetings and conferences that I was also sought out for consultations everywhere, in addition to the Leader, whereas it is customary to seek out the Leader of a Delegation. In Japan I discovered progress to be at an all time high. The old dormant ways of Asian life had vanished ; there was an awakening and they appeared conscious of their responsibility. This country of Japan in the Far East had achieved supremacy in industry, commerce and social life to such a degree that the economy of a former war-ruined and vanquished country was now on a sound footing and beyond reproach......all coming to pass through sheer hard labour, striving and cooperation on the part of each Japanese.

The Japanese were ready to offer us assistance and technical know-how, which they also offered to other developing nations in Asia. They were specially receptive to my talks for the formation of an ECONOMIC BLOC of the South East Asian countries, slanting towards uniform level of trade, industry and utilisation of indigenous

potential for mutual benefit. The Filipinos too were receptive to this idea but the Japanese were enthusiastic. I believed that collaboration between Pakistan and Japan on an agreed plan, acceptable to the S. E. Asian lands would be the solution for settling a great many economic problems. The Japanese heartily assented that such a pool of resources would assist mutual development.

Except for paint, which the Japanese themselves produce in abundance and also export, there was scope and room for many other products from Pakistan and I felt confident that economic collaboration between Pakistan and Japan would grow. Before we left that Land of the Rising Sun, I had a meeting with the Business Editor of the renowned journal 'Business International' of New York, at a private dinner, with whom I had good discussions on general matters.

We were in Hong Kong by the 13th of June and held meetings with the Director of Trade and other prominent government officials in that seething Crown Colony of Britain. I had the opportunity of visiting the DURO PAINT WORKS and found it to be a huge plant. In Hong Kong our Delegation bifurcated, a group of which headed by Agha G. Riza Esqr. left for Australia, while others returned home. Alone, I flew on to Ceylon. A cable I had sent from Hong Kong to our High Commission in Ceylon went astray due to a telegraph strike in Colombo and therefore no official from our H. C. was there at the airport to receive me. Ceylon especially seems to be a land full of strikes.

Brigadier Mirza Hamid Hussain, our High Commissioner, however came to see me at my hotel immediately after my arrival. (He is also a personal friend of mine). He accompanied me to a meeting with the Minister for Trade, Mr. R. G. Senanayake. He also arranged meetings with the Chief Mechanical Engineer of Railways and other transport officials. I offered my paints for the well-kept Ceylon

Railways and for other transport services and they agreed to give these a trial. This visit to Ceylon turned out very well. In later years we were able to export large quantities of paint to that sunlit island. During my stay there, the President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, was on a State visit and I watched the long parade drive in his honour. I also had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Mahmoodul Hasan who was Chairman of the East Pakistan Public Service Commission. He is a worthy Pakistani, extremely affable and a credit to his profession.

CHAPTER XXI

BLESSINGS AND PROBLEMS

Upon my return to Karachi on the 25th of June, my family welcomed me in a new home, purchased in my absence. Truly, it was a Thanksgiving Day for us as twelve years had elapsed since we had come to Pakistan. Our first own real home ! a place of contentment and comfort for each one of us...with room to grow and space for each of our children as they wedded and brought to us their families, their brides, the grooms and later my most beloved grandchildren.

I commenced my work immediately after my return from this South East Asian tour and held a series of meetings with the diplomatic representatives of all the countries which the Delegation had visited. I spoke to them about my views and suggestions on the need for formation of a SOUTH EAST ASIAN ECONOMIC BLOC. I spoke to H. E. Luang Bhadravadi, Ambassador of Thailand ; the Philippines Embassy people told me that President Garcia of that land was interested in a similar proposal and was sponsoring it with enthusiasm and vigour. Japanese Ambassador H. E. Hisanaga Shimatzu also supported the idea as did U. Maung Jale of Burmese Mission ; the acting Chief of the Malayan High Commission, Mr. K. Mohamad Arif had similar ideas. Without exception they were pleased and proud that I had sowed the seeds of this idea during my tour. At this time, I submitted my report on

the Indonesian Paint Industry to their Ambassador, H.E. Dr. T. Jokroadisumarto, and again made my offer of training a few Indonesian chemists at my plants in Karachi at my own expense. This offer was later on also approved by our own Foreign Ministry. A little later I attended a conference of the Baghdad Pact countries Customs Officials in Karachi. This was held for the purpose of bringing all of us closer together. A similar conference took place with a Turkish Trade Delegation one month later. In the golden month of August, I received the honour of being nominated as a Member of the Industrial Advisory Panel on Paints.

The fine Government of President Ayub Khan, whose brilliant leadership had done wonders since his revolutionary take-over in 1958, were determined to do their very best for PAKISTANIS and to increase trade, agriculture and all developments. As a patriotic Pakistani, I too felt it was only my duty to contribute my efforts in that direction and to project a true image of our struggles and achievements, in foreign trade circles. Visits overseas, for just this purpose, were planned for the future. Because of this resolution, I started taking active interest in business parleys with visiting foreign trade delegations, including those from the Afro-Asian and Middle Eastern countries. Earlier in this year of 1959 I had attended meetings with the Somali Trade group and next, in September, with a Trade Delegation from Iraq. This delegation also invited me to visit Iraq with a view to exploring the possibility of putting up a paint factory there and they said their government would provide all possible assistance. They further stated that Iraq needed technical assistance from Pakistan in all the fields in which Pakistan was proficient. This Delegation also visited my paint factory.

Favourable reaction greeted my report on the South East Asian tour which I had sudmitted to various Ministries and departments, a copy of which was also presented

to the President of Pakistan. Many appreciative comments reached me and these warmed my heart. To be appreciated after great efforts is a gift from the heavens, giving further inspiration to all hopes and dreams. A personal interview with President Ayub Khan was arranged for me on the 24th of September, 1959. It became a Red-Letter Day for me.

I recall as I was ushered into the President's office—how he was busy scribbling notes. His ADC announced my arrival and walked away. The President got up from his chair, and came forward to bid me welcome with that warm handshake of his. Leading me to a chair at his desk, he asked me to sit and then sat down himself. He enquired after my health and welfare and spoke of receiving the Tour Report which he said he had studied with great interest and appreciation. Our conversation switched to export trade, with special reference to South East Asia and I related in detail my impressions of those countries. He seemed to have export problems on his mind before others. He emphasised that Pakistan needed more and more exports to stabilize her economy and to earn more foreign exchange for her vast projects. The President also felt that more zeal should be shown by all citizens in development effort because, he said, "Hard Work and Productive Work" would achieve that objective. He had a touch of sorrow in his voice when he said that most of us needed that age old formula......"More Enthusiasm" which was characteristic of our ancestors. There was an air of being at home in his presence at that meeting. He informed me that he knew with pride of my countless efforts on our country's behalf and that I had left no stone unturned to publicize Pakistan to the best of my ability during all my tours of private and business nature. I then related to him that as my own appreciation (as a Patriotic Pakistani) of the gift of 10,000 tons of wheat from America, made to us in the year 1953...the flood-time

in East Pakistan......I had donated with affection the entire paint requirements for the new American Chancery building in Karachi. I also informed the President that I had made this offer to the State Department through the National Paint, Varnish & Lacquer Association of USA at their 1954 Convention, held in Chicago. I had also stated that in spite of the fact that we were a poor and developing country, struggling with what we had, we know how to thank and how to appreciate and how to repay gifts. My gift, I said, was but a small drop in the vast ocean but it came from my heart as a personal deed.

A great enveloping smile spread over the features of the President when I related the above story. He thanked me on his own behalf and on behalf of his Government and said that I had done a true and real service to the people of Pakistan. When it was time for me to leave, he rose from his seat and conducted me to the door. His politeness was like that of Royalty. I was deeply touched with it and will forever carry the memory of this meeting. I was overwhelmed by the serenity of his spirit and his magnetic personality. I departed knowing that he would do great things for our land and pull us out of the morass which the politicians had put us in. I recall the glimmer in his eyes and knew he was all the time thinking of the cause of all our ills and was working and planning every moment of days to shape the destiny of our nation, to give it a good name, to pull us up on top and to lift us from the abyss which the so-called politicians had dragged us into via their leanings, each one of them striving for more personal power. All this he had to undo, in order to make the name of Pakistan ring out with honour among the nations of the world.

Unlike some of his predecessors, he did not act proud or high and mighty, though he could have, being the highest official in the land and the Chief Martial Law

Administrator. His air was that of dignified simplicity and an unassuming gentleman in all respects. In my personal contact with him, I saw a realisation of my own dream of a Man who would steer us right with honour through the stormy seas we still had to charter. I remember telling him "You are another Liaquat, Sir, which this Nation needed. God sent you to us because we needed you and may God save you from the vicious eyes !"

For myself, I knew that he had arisen in answer to all our prayers for a man who could give himself in nobility and labour for our just cause, for our very lives. To me he seemed the symbolization of Iqbal's famous verse :......

یقیں محکم عمل پیہم محبت فاتح عالم
جہاد زندگانی میں یہ ہیں مردوں کی شمشیریں

A firm faith, a ceaseless activity and a world-
conquering love,
These are the swords of Men in the Jihad
of life.

I remember him daily in my prayers.

Another memorable occasion was the visit of US President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, in December 1959, whom I had hoped to meet in person. I expected to be invited to the official reception by the US Embassy in honour of Mr. Eisenhower, but this hope was smashed as I was left out of the list of invitees. The reason for this I came to know several days later when I was invited to a Government luncheon party in honour of the visiting US Asstt. Secretary of State, Mr. Henry Kearns, where the American Ambassador, Mr. William Rountree was also present. Some important Government officials wanted to introduce me to Mr. Rountree but he informed them that we knew each other very well. I greeted him and remarked that in spite of all this the Americans forget their friends rather easily and did not know the difference between friends and foes. Mr. Rountree felt a bit embarrassed at this and wanted

to know from me the cause of this bitterness. I reminded him about my being left out from the list of invitees to the US Embassy reception for President Eisenhower, which had disappointed me because I could not meet that esteemed personality. Recalling this incident, Mr. Rountree began apologising profusely and said that the fault lay not with him but with the State Department—in U.S.A. He assured me that such slips will not occur in future.

Once again I poured forth my efforts to actively persuade the Government to pay more attention to large scale cultivation of linseed in our land to be able to get rid of imports from India, whose business methods were as shaky as their political philosophy by which they were creating hurdles in our path. I took up the matter with Mr. Hafizur Rahman, Minister for Agriculture. My efforts were not in vain and we can thank them for the changed position since linseed oil is available in the country in increased quantities now.

On 15th of December, 1959 I had the pleasure of having the company of the members of the National Science Commission, at a reception I held in their honour. The Commission had been set up by President Ayub Khan earlier that year under the chairmanship of Mr. Abul Kasim Khan, Minister for Industries. My personal friend, Dr. L. A. Jordan was also a member of that Commission. My interest in prompting our young men to take to scientific pursuits was keen so that we could acquire knowledge to put an end to illiteracy in our country and the backwardness arising therefrom. Science opens up doors to material progress thereby bringing more prosperity. I also realised that our young men need encouragement to enter this field and that all assistance should be given to them. With this in mind, I made an offer for a scholarship-scheme for Pakistani students as follows :

(i) Three scholarships for graduate or post-graduate research, in Pakistan.

(ii) Two post-graduate overseas research scholarships.

This offer of mine was highly applauded by Mr. A. K. Khan who expressed the hope that other industrialists would follow suit, and add further encouragement to our young students in order to fulfil for them the need of scientific advancement.

Actually, it was President Ayub's idea to set up a Science Commission in order to recommend ways and means for furtherance of science and technology in the educational programmes of Pakistan. President Ayub had earlier also announced his famous and now world-renowned LAND REFORMS Commission which changed the lives of both the rich zamindars and the poor down-trodden tenant-farmers. The days of feudal reign were over and the distribution of land for tenant-farmers which they could now call their own (under a simple payment schedule) brought wonderful results and contentment to thousands of poor farmers.

And thus the Cabinet and Ministers of the country were so pleased with so many of President's measures that they conferred upon him the highest honour...the rank of a "FIELD MARSHAL". His zeal in putting forth his energies and efforts for his country made us all very proud.

General Ne Win, Prime Minister of neighbouring Burma (who had also rid his country of corrupt politicians) came to Pakistan for mutual consultations with our President. This appeared to be the military age and an era of military supremacy. In nearby mountainous Tibet, the saintly age-old Lamas were dethroned, tradition annihilated, and the Chinese Government took control of that land with the mighty Red Army. At this time, in a fit of exhuberance India wished to show off her Canberra Bomber planes newly acquired from Britain. They had the audacity to fly two of them illegally over Pakistan territory obviously for reconnaissance. But their super-bomber was brought down in the Punjab area by our Air Force on the Eid-Day—an Eid Gift to the Nation from our smart Air Force.

Then the Russians were going full steam ahead in a rocket race with the United States. Several rockets in the direction of the Moon were fired but it was the Russians who were the first to get some pictures of the Moon—an earth-shaking event taking place in August 1959, making history in a world where new history was being made every day. Before their rocket crashed on the Moon it had sent back some pictures of hitherto unknown and unobserved phases of our next door neighbour in space! This was glory...this was adventure......Man had reached deep into space through his own tools. What effect this would have on science and POLITICS remains to be seen.

CHAPTER XXII

NEW BUSINESS TRENDS AND CHANGES

The year 1960 dawned bright and clear with prospects of increased production. The slogan which President Ayub Khan had given to me during my 1959 interview with him "Work, Hard Work and Productive Work" took on a new meaning. "Trade, Good Trade and More International Trade" was in the offing and the wheels of progress were humming.

Since the Government was desirous of increased exports and more trade with overseas countries to aid our economy so that we could put on a secure footing the prospective launching of our SECOND FIVE YEAR PLAN (July 1960 to June 1965) prompted each one of us to put forth his best efforts. In view of a firmer cooperation in the trade and industry circles, the Finance Minister, Mr. Mohammad Shoaib held a meeting of the leading industrialists and traders from all corners of the country at the National Assembly Chambers in Karachi, in which I was also present. The Minister spoke of the need for greater production, and mobilisation of all our internal and external resources and the extent of the needed foreign investments. He explained the important features of our Second Five Year Plan and what could result from it with the true and correct interest and labour. We felt a feeling of responsibility. We felt the need for action, knowing full well that we were men with a common bond, the bond to help our people, their development and their progress in a spirit of brotherhood.

The time was ripe, the stage was set for Pakistan to be bold, to be unafraid and to go ahead with fresh and new schemes in all manner of business, both material and political. We left that conference united in spirit with resolution in our hearts to do our very best, inspired by our leader, the President of the country, and his able Finance Minister.

My friend, Dr. Jordan who was in Pakistan at this time of the year, held a discussion on my booklet entitled "FRESCO PAINTINGS OF AJANTA" before a select gathering at the Pakistan Institute of International Affairs, Karachi. Among the audience were the esteemed Dr. Nazir Ahmad, Chairman of Pakistan Atomic Energy Commission and Dr. Salimuzzaman Siddiqui, Director of the Pakistan Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, Karachi.

Times were changing. Each day brought new light and all of us were kept on our toes. Under a new directive from the Government, the All Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association was re-organised and a meeting was called to consider its affairs. In this meeting, I was proudly re-elected to head the newly constituted body, under the new name of PAKISTAN PAINT MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, for another term of one year. This Association was now a nation-wide body.

In the middle of January, a five-man American Trade Delegation was in Karachi with whom I attended several panel meetings to discuss prospects for greater U.S. Investments in Pakistan. Another larger American Trade Delegation also followed shortly which was composed of big businessmen from Detroit whom also I met and spoke about investment prospects of American capital in Pakistan. The first trade delegation toured all over Pakistan, getting to know our life and leanings in trade and commerce after which they departed early in February with a sound knowledge of many of our efforts and problems.

As far as our trade with Eastern Bloc countries was

concerned, it appeared insignificant for many reasons. However, when a high-powered Trade Delegation from Yugoslavia arrived late in January to discuss the matter of Pakistan supplying primary goods in exchange for their manufactured goods, we knew it would now prove a stepping stone to more trade with the Eastern Bloc countries. I had the pleasure also of presiding over the first meeting with this Delegation at our Karachi Chamber of Commerce. I suggested that Yugoslav investment in private industry would be fruitful in view of the fine incentives offered by the Government of Pakistan for such investments.

Several days later I had the pleasure of installing Pakistan's first ACCELERATED WEATHEROMETER apparatus at my factory, which was to revolutionise paint testing techniques in use at the moment. My delight was increased when I commenced sending paint supplies to the American Chancery building. I made a personal inspection of the building and my contentment reached the zenith because my paints were approved by the American Government as well as by the renowned architect and Chancery-designer, Mr. Richard J. Neutra.

In April of 1960, we had the visit of President Gemal Nasser of U.A.R....a visit which served to clear up some misunderstanding and improve relations. That dignitary was most graciously received by our President and made to feel very welcome. Relations between our two countries were further strengthened by a subsequent visit of a Trade Delegation from UAR with whom I attended many panel meetings.

In the latter months of 1959, I had been invited by the ALL-UNION CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MOSCOW, to visit U.S.S.R. with a view to examining the possibilities of increasing our trade with that country. This led to my visiting Mr. G. Nikolaev, the USSR Trade Representative in Karachi to discuss related details. During our conversation he disclosed that amongst other things, his country

also imported paints whereby there was room for export of BUXLY PAINTS too, to his country. He was in favour of my exploring and investigating the possibility of this type of business with Russia, during my proposed visit. This has, however, not yet taken place due to health and other reasons. This reminds me of my Russian car deal and the attendant anger and jealousies that I earned from higher-ups and how, for months, my phones were tapped and how I was even considered a "Red" because of this purchase ; a plain-clothes policeman had sat daily outside my house, watching who was coming and going. I recall now (with some amusement) the 'friendly' advice of a noted police official who counselled my severing all connections with the Russian Embassy—if there were any. Thus my desire to utilise the Russian invitation gave me some food for thought.

Besides being an important member of the Oil & Colour Chemists Association of Britain, the OCCA people knew that I was Chairman of the Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association also. They were interested in establishing their branch in Pakistan for which they counted on my support. To discuss the details of this project, the OCCA President, Mr. P. J. Gay visited me in Karachi, *en route* to Australia. Many fruitful discussions took place. His charming wife was also with him and before they left I had the pleasure of entertaining them to dinner and invited many prominent people in the paint industry.

Around the middle of July, the Malayan High Commissioner in Karachi, H. E. Dato Kamruddin Alhaj invited me to meet his Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman (affectionately referred to as the Tunku) who was stopping over in Karachi for a few hours that day *en route* to Kuala Lumpur. When we met over a cup of tea, we had a long talk about his country, the economy and some general matters, coupled with my impressions of Malaya which I had visited as a member of the Trade Delegation in 1959.

I also offered to him my various suggestions and recommendations for commencing the exploitation of their indigenous resources, a report on which I had previously submitted to his own High Commissioner in Karachi. The Tunku is a charming person. He wins friends wherever he goes, by his informality.

As I have mentioned earlier, the report which I had submitted after my South East Asian tour to the President and to some other Ministers (and of course the trade circles) had evoked great interest. Besides the report prepared by the leader of the delegation (Agha G. Riza) which was technically perfect in all details, mine was the only report from a Member (independently submitted) which covered every aspect of that tour, including political, economic, cultural and trade points. After knowing of the appreciation for my report, and remembering my last year's meeting with the President, I was pleased when a suggestion came from official circles that this time I should lead a delegation to the Middle East. However, I thought a great deal on this point and decided it would be better if I led a "ONE MAN DELEGATION" consisting of ME alone, in order to project the image of my country. There were many who liked this idea such as Mr. Saudur Rahman, Director of Trade Promotion Dept. and Mr. I. A. Khan, Joint Secretary of Ministry of Commerce both of whom were enthusiastic about it and supported me all along.

Several of the visiting Trade Delegations from the Middle Eastern countries like UAR and Iraq etc., had also invited me on a good-will tour of their countries, so I truly felt this was the opportune moment for this tour proposal to materialise. Our own trade circles were also delighted when they heard of this and accredited me as their spokesman on my forthcoming journey. In this connection my thanks are also due to Mr. Zahiruddin, the then Director-General of Investment Promotion Bureau, for his deep personal interest and assistance, more so for

his influence in recommending my project to State Bank authorities for provision of sufficient foreign exchange for my travel expenses. He complimented me for all my efforts made hitherto on our country's behalf, and pointed out that by this opportunity I shall be able to do still better.

Meanwhile, the Chamber of Commerce and the Department of Trade Promotion each sent letters to the related Chambers and our Diplomatic Missions in the various countries I was to visit, informing them of my coming and at the same time telling them to offer me all facilities which (as it proved later) turned out to be a boon in all directions, for I was going for the specific object of introducing my nation, my people, my land and our progress to foreigners and to speak of our FIVE YEAR PLANS, our export schemes, developments and economy. During these visits, I was always accompanied by a senior official from our Embassy in each country to assist me in projecting the official view-point.

IRAN

This was the first of the neighbouring countries I went to and here I addressed a large gathering in their Chamber of Commerce at Tehran. This took place on July 25, 1960 and I was more than happy to tell them all about us, of the birth of Pakistan, our struggles and march for progress, intermingled with sorrows and how we were now fighting our way to the top. I then continued with the offer of technical help and skill and even suggested improvements to assist in their own economy. I planted the idea of an ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION of the Middle Eastern lands and Pakistan. This idea was enthusiastically received. Another suggestion that I made was to the effect that *bona fide* businessmen should not be subjected to difficulties in obtaining the needed foreign exchange, so that travel for them on their business missions should now be easier, and thus they could feel like guests would, in a

reciprocal manner. We discussed the idea of a permanent Pakistani Exhibition portraying her wealth of production and the many important people attending the meeting were impressed by the idea ; some noted names included Senator Agha Vakili, Mr. A. A. Pirzad, (who had previously led a delegation from Iran to Pakistan), Mr. Wajid Ali Shah, a prominent industrialist of Pakistan and Mr. Maqsood Khan, Commercial Secretary of Pakistan Embassy.

After my speech I joined in the discussions that followed covering problems of our trade, the difficulties involved, the various operative policies and their implications. We truly discussed all facets of the prospects of trade between our two countries. One Iranian businessman showed great interest in cooperating with me for starting a paint factory in Iran—a project I decided to investigate further.

Mr. Akhtar Hussain, our Ambassador in Iran was very helpful in arranging various meetings and to him my thanks are due. I must also record my indebtedness to M/s. Maqsood Khan and Hadi Khan of our Embassy. The Press in Iran also gave me wide and headline-publicity, and emphasised upon all aspects of my Mission. This was a good sign.

SAUDI ARABIA

My next stop was Saudi Arabia where I arrived at Jeddah via Beirut on 2-8-60. Mr. Ahson Khan of our Embassy received me at the airport on behalf of the Ambassador and took me to latter's house. The Ambassador insisted that I stay as his guest, but my friend Sheikh Jastaneiah had also come to the airport to take me to Mecca with him as his guest. I therefore took the Sheikh along with me for a meeting with the Ambassador who, after some consultation, agreed to my going with the Sheikh to Mecca. So I went to Mecca and stayed there for a few days where I also had the honour of performing Umra and later on flew to Madina, to offer Fateha at the Holy

Shrine of Rasool-e-Pak. The Sheikh is a wonderful host and his hospitality was typically Arab.

I delivered my speech at the Mecca Chamber on the 8th of August. The Chamber Chief, Mr. Jamil Dehlvi was very helpful to me. After this speech I returned to Jeddah where I delivered a similar speech at Jeddah Chamber of Commerce (on 10-8-1960), which was arranged through the good offices of our Ambassador, Chaudhri Ali Akbar Khan and the Jeddah Chief, Mr. Abdullah Ba Ghaffar. Our Ambassador was also present at that meeting, which fact helped me a great deal in presenting the Government viewpoint well. At the same meeting, I offered one scholarship on behalf of my organisation, for a Saudi Arabian student to study in Pakistan. The Ambassador was good enough to agree to make this announcement for me. I also offered to supply paints, free of all cost, for Jeddah Chamber building, as a token of goodwill from Pakistan. Both these offers were highly applauded.

At both these meetings my theme of address was the same as in Iran...... mutual cooperation for mutual progress. At the conclusion of my tour, our gracious Ambassador, Chaudhri Ali Akbar held a sumptuous tea party on August 12, in order to entertain all the Jeddah Chamber members. His genial spirit was embracing, and his staff was equally helpful. I was impressed by this congeniality.

The newspapers in Saudi Arabia also gave me good coverage and publicity with excellent write-ups about my mission and my speeches, and whole-heartedly supported my ideas regarding more trade between our two countries.

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

I left for Cairo on the 14th of August and checked in at the great Nile-Hilton. This was our Independence Day, so the Embassy was closed. I did, however, manage to contact Mr. Mohammad Ahmad, Counsellor, on phone from the hotel and went to his residence for a friendly

chat. The following morning I had a meeting with the Pakistan Ambassador, Khwaja Shahabuddin, who bade an Embassy official, Mr. Bajwa to accompany me and arrange for my meetings with the Egyptian officialdom.

I called upon Dr. Mohammad Ali Rifat, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Economic Conference and had a long discussion with him on problems of mutual trade. Through the courtesy of Dr. Rifat I met various important officials including Dr. Mohammad Rashdi, Governor of the Bank Misr and Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. He introduced me to Mr. Mustafa Talat, the Secretary of the Trade Federation and to Mr. Abdul Majid Ahmad Swaleh of the same organisation.

Our Ambassador invited me to lunch on the 17th of August which was attended by prominent Ulema and many officials of the Egyptian Government. The Chamber of Commerce in Cairo made another festive occasion for me by arranging a dinner at their Grand Shooting Club where I met a most select gathering of socialites, political and diplomatic personalities and of course our own Ambassador and some of our Embassy Staff who were specially invited, as well as many officials of the Egyptian Ministry of Commerce. This dinner was specially arranged for me so that I could meet all these people and discuss problems of mutual interest.

The Egyptians were keen for Pakistan to join hands with them in the spreading of Islam on the African Continent. I discussed this subject also with the Egyptian Minister of Auqaf, Al Syed Abdulla Taima, at a specially arranged meeting with him. We also discussed about forming a shipping line as a joint venture to serve the *Hajj* season traffic from Africa, apart from being useful in other seasons for cargo traffic. I was impressed by the deep and penetrating conversation of Mr. Taima and I saw in him a true and devout Muslim.

Later on I sought registration of my firm with the

Director General of Railways, U.A.R., as a paint supplier from Pakistan. The D.G., Railway suggested that I should also propose to his Government a scheme for putting up a paint factory in his country on joint-venture basis with my organisation. I met Mr. Khalil Hussaini, Director General Imports, and discussed about the items that UAR and Pakistan could supply to each other. In a meeting with M/s. Sadiq Suleman and Sami Darvesh of the office of Director General, Industries, I however learned about the existence of a paint factory in Cairo which I visited on their request and gave my impressions about its working. It was a streamlined and efficiently run unit. A meeting with Mr. Hamodi Ashore, a renowned leader, and some other office-bearers of Motamar-Alam-Islami was a pleasure.

On the 20th of August, I gave a lecture in Alexandria at the Cairo Chamber of Commerce, which met there instead of the Capital. The discourse was gathered from my talks in Iran and Saudi Arabia which culminated in this lecture in that glowing seaport of Alexandria. The Egyptians were quick to receive my proposals for closer collaboration between us, in order to lend the needed assistance to other Middle Eastern countries for development. These citizens of the Land of the Pharaohs were more advanced and had intensive programmes for their country's welfare. After this UAR visit, I realised that her people had a great amount of friendliness towards Pakistanis. I knew that they would enjoy cooperation with us in all mutual endeavours—for we were bound together with each other in a common faith...our Islamic heritage.

The Ministers and other high dignitaries, bankers as well as religious leaders hailed my ideas as realistic, considering them as a sound and practical means of bringing us together after years of isolation. Again, propositions were discussed in regard to joint shipping concerns, industries to produce titanium-dioxide from local ilmenite, and at the conclusion of this visit, I was interviewed by

the Economic correspondent of the renowned newspaper, AL-AHRAM. The fine publicity resulting therefrom made known to one and all the purpose of my visit, and I departed feeling I had done that much as a man could do... leaving behind plans formulated and appreciated, that would be of some value to my country and all those I had travelled to.

CHAPTER XXIII

MORE TRAVELS AND PROGRESS

From Cairo, I was scheduled to visit Dusseldorf, Amsterdam and Brussels, but these visits could not take place due to my ill health. I sent letters of regret and apology to the respective Chambers, expressing the hope that I would come some time in the future. Leaving Egypt on the 26th of August, I reached Montreaux where I received some medical treatment, and then went on to Germany where I again became ill and had to stay for some time. Upon recovery I left for London on September 23. A few days after my arrival, the ex-Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. I. I. Chundrigar died in London where he was receiving medical treatment. Though this gentleman had a chequered political life, he was always a simple and straightforward person. I felt sad on his death. He was a tried and true lieutenant of Quaid-i-Azam.

ENGLAND

In London I consulted Mr. A.W. Khan, the Commercial Attache at our High Commission about my proposed speech before the London Chamber of Commerce, so that he could officially fix a date for this purpose, although I had come to London a bit behind schedule. I was also hopeful that our High Commissioner, Lt. Gen. Yusuf Khan could perhaps make it convenient to attend my address which was to be the first of its kind to be delivered by a Pakistani.

His tightly packed schedule and other preoccupations, however, prevented him from doing so but he directed another official of the High Commission, Mr. Hamid Ali to accompany me to the meeting.

The date of the meeting was fixed for 28th Sept., and I was warmly welcomed by the Chamber President, Mr. Robert, and the Secretary, Mr. Smallwood. I spoke with great enthusiasm before a packed house which aroused much interest. I was told that I was actually the first Pakistani to deliver such an illuminating and informative address in this famous Chamber, and the first to throw light about Pakistan for the benefit of this type of gathering, composed of businessmen and industrialists of eminent standing. I began my speech with our history and early struggles and ended with a fine but succinct description of our ensuing FIVE YEAR PLAN, while inviting the listening members to think concisely in terms of starting joint-ventures in Pakistan.

"Because for a long time we had been associated with you, you know and understand us better", I told them. I brought to their attention our own efforts that were proving successful and I elaborated on the present investment climate which was very attractive and offered incentives for investment in heavy industries like petrochemicals, mechanisation of agriculture and engineering complexes etc. My speech was followed by a question-answer type of discussion on a variety of problems like our slow-moving official machinery, the Bonus Vouchers Scheme, the Indus Waters dispute and the lack of standardisation—and even Kashmir. I answered all these points with clarity and cheer, assuring them that they would find things greatly changed as well as improved in Pakistan under the present regime. It was a prouder moment for me when I discovered later that some 25,000 copies of my address were distributed among all the British trade circles.

The illustrious members of the Chamber wished that

if more such meetings could take place where similar valuable information could be imparted, the benefit to Pakistan would be tremendous. In my heart I knew this was the most successful meeting of my present tour.

Subsequently, I had meetings with the officials of the Credit Consultants (Risk & Guarantee) Ltd., and the Commonwealth Finance Corporation group in order to negotiate possible loans for the expansion of paint industry and for setting up other commercial and industrial enterprises. I discovered that there was small scope for consideration of proposals which were below the 'Million-pounds' mark. Similar discussions with some other private parties for participation in a synthetic resins manufacturing project were not successful.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

On the 5th day of October, I left for America and stayed there for two packed months. Several meetings took place between myself and the higher officials in the US Department of Commerce, and also with Mr. Wazir Ali, the Economic Minister at our Embassy in Washington, in regard to arranging my Addresses to various Chambers of Commerce and Trade bodies. However, due to unforeseen circumstances, this was not possible but I did have the opportunity to speak before select groups of important businessmen and industrialists in New York city, Washington, Philadelphia, Toledo, Cleveland, Atlantic city and perhaps the most notable of all...at the FIFTY YEAR CLUB in Chicago. The last one was a memorable occasion leaving a deep impression on my audience. My long discourse...... "PAKISTAN TODAY—Your Staunch Ally" was heard in absolute silence. The ovation I received at the end of it was tumultuous, and my speech was widely distributed throughout American trade circles, besides being given a fair amount of fine publicity in the whole Trade Press. My surprise award was a great source of joy to me, for I was made an honorary member of the famous FIFTY YEAR CLUB :

National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association
INCORPORATED
1500 RHODE ISLAND AVE., N.W. WASHINGTON 5, D.C.
CABLE ADDRESS, NATPA

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WESTERN–F. S. BENNETT, SALT LAKE CITY

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

BUXLY PAINTS LIMITED
No. 3153
Date 19/12/60
KARACHI

RESOLUTION

The members of the Fifty Year Club of the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association, in attendance at their Annual Meeting on October 28, 1960, in Chicago, Illinois, do hereby resolve and record our sincere appreciation to our friend and associate

RAHIM BUX KHAN

WHEREAS, we desire to officially recognize the outstanding services which RAHIM BUX KHAN has contributed to the advancement of our great industry, and

WHEREAS, we desire to officially recognize the untiring and unselfish labors which RAHIM BUX KHAN has rendered so effectively to strengthen and advance the cordial relationship which exists between Pakistan and the United States of America.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of this Resolution be presented to RAHIM BUX KHAN as a token of our appreciation for his accomplishments and our high esteem and affection for him.

Charles J. Roh
President, Fifty Year Club

Joseph F. Battley
President, National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association

Allan W. Gates
Secretary, National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association

PROGRESS THROUGH COOPERATION

My speeches in America emphasised mainly the need and suitability of private capital investment in Pakistan where profits would accrue both politically and economically. I attempted to clear misunderstandings and gave out information on our now expanding economy and industrialisation plans. I poured out my heart, informing them also of the unworkability of the proverbial American 'MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR-MINDEDNESS' in planning projects,

specially in relation to our geographically closed economy and emphasised upon the desirability of Americans coming down to more modest and earthly goals when examining projects and situations.

I commenced to feel an understanding, an awakening dawn on my listeners, but I also knew that we were more or less to blame since we ourselves were not aggressive salesmen of our own policies and programmes. Because of this, Americans had taken us too casually. Characteristically, Americans are influenced by propaganda pressures rather than by personal examination of things......and ours was the propaganda they should listen to, not that of external or general hearing, since who could explain Pakistan more than Pakistanis themselves.

On the lighter side, I happily attended the Annual Conventions of the NPVLA, and the Federation of Societies for Paint Technology, and their exhibition at Chicago. The NPVLA Convention had about the largest number of foreign guests in any one year, but I was the only one from the Indo-Pakistan Sub-continent. One special feature which was enjoyable was the talk given by Senator McCellelan, entitled "MOSCOW REPORT"—a record of his impressions as Head of the U. S. team to the Moscow Exhibition that year.

In New York, I witnessed some exhilarating events. The annual Columbus Day Parade took place with about 100,000 people participating, on the 12th of October. Over a million people watched these celebrations and many people in fancy costumes thronged the streets and danced with joy. Later, a friend of mine, Mrs. Kiefer, knowing of my intention to go to Washington offered to drive me there so that I could enjoy the scenic beauty of the countryside. She was also kind enough to take me one day to Grand Rapids on the River Potomac, in the environs of Washington. In between these sights, I heard of the tragic news of the great disaster......the cyclone in East Pakistan which

plunged me into great depression. My people were suffering and thousands of lives were lost. I only wished that we might have more pacca buildings in the lush green land of rice, rivers and rain so that safety would reign instead of agony in our struggling country. Many Americans who knew me came to me to offer their sympathy.

Early in November I had the great excitement of watching on television, history in the making : the U. S. Presidential Election between Senator John F. Kennedy and Vice-President Richard Nixon. I was still in the U. S. when results were announced. Mr. Nixon lost by a narrow margin. Although the esteemed Vice-President admitted his defeat with gallantry, his family had never expected him to lose and they were actually stunned by it. On the 17th of November, movie actor Clark Gable died which made the Americans sad, and they mourned his death. As I see it now I realise that he brought happiness with his natural enthusiasm of life to countless people.

My old friend, Mr. W. P. Seward invited me to the annual Convention of the Retail Paint & Wall Paper Distributors of America held in Atlantic city. I was pleased when he spoke to the audience about Pakistan's paint industry and political conditions. Another highlight was my calling upon some of the Americans who had visited Pakistan as members of a Trade Delegation on a previous occasion. We discussed problems of investment in my land, and this gave me an insight into the involved perplexities from their view-point. I also met a great many investors and organisations and made intensive efforts to have them put capital in Pakistan. It was not easy. They—or at least the majority of them—would become interested in greater amounts than we required. We were considered "small fries" by organisations like the International Finance Corporation, the United States Trust Co., the United Technical Services etc. Private investors too, like the Wertheim Company, the New England Industries (whose Aerosol Plant I had

seen in Cleveland), and the House of BENJAMIN MOORE, the Sun Chemicals, the Socony Vaccum and the Mineral Pigments Corporation (whose plant I visited in Muirkirk), all of them considered anything under a million dollar proposition not worth attention by them. There were many others I met and promises came thick and fast—but these do not work alone on industrial ventures.

On my return to Pakistan I made a special report in documents of considerable girth which I circulated throuh-out the trade and commercial circles in Pakistan, giving my impressions of the tour , and some suggestions for attracting more foreign capital.

POLITICAL ROUND-UP

Many indeed were the important events of 1960. In the field of politics, it seemed to be a race among all mankind. Man is by nature a civic animal and politics is a condition, not a theory. In our own world of Pakistan, our President was the first Head of State in the country's history to seek and receive a popular mandate—or a Vote of Confidence from 95% of the voters. A change was also noted in our foreign policy thoughts. The Shahinshah of Iran, with his new Queen, Farah Diba paid a State visit to Pakistan. So did also, almost simultaneously, His Excellency Celal Bayar, the Turkish President.

There was an invisible cold war going on for the 'SPACE' leadership between America and Russia, each one trying to outdo the other in reaching our space neighbours. The US fired her PIONEER IV to circle round the Sun. France exploded her second, (and a more improved one this time) Atomic device in the Sahara Desert. Indeed, France had now become an equal member of the hithero restricted ATOMIC CLUB. When the USSR shot down an American U-2 reconnaissance plane over Russia, the pilot Powers coming down to earth alive, there was a tremendous political noise throughout the world, but more so in

Pakistan when it was discovered that Powers had flown direct from Peshawar. Russian Prime Minister Khruschev is purported to have said that he would "roast Pakistan alive" for being host to this plane on its supposed spy mission, which fact was verified by the extreme honesty of President Eisenhower of America.

This plane-capturing by the Russians had serious repercussions, so much so that it marred the ensuing 'Summit Conference' at Geneva. Mr. Khruschev demanded that President Eisenhower submit a public apology for the U-2 affair. He also cashed in on this publicity with blustering tactics. A few days after the U-2 incident, he sent up a four-ton satellite into Space. This was like fuel to the fire for advancing his political gains. His hat was in the ring, and at the time he was the top man in world affairs as if his brand of politics had become an iridescent dream.

CHAPTER XXIV

DEEP AND PRIVATE JOYS

"IT WAS A GREAT DAY AND A GREAT OCCASION", so wrote an American journalist in Karachi, for DIPLOMAT, Washington, when I attended the delightful opening ceremony of the new American Chancery on April 18, 1961. For myself it was a day of rejoicing, knowing full well that this all-important structure had been painted with my gift of paints.

The American Ambassador, Mr. William Rountree, in his inaugural speech made specific mention of this fact, crowning my content, and many socialite guests present there came forward to offer me congratulations. Such courtesies sweeten life.

In London, the House of Ault & Wiborg were interested in a plan to collaborate with my firm for the manufacture of synthetic resins and printing ink. They had sent their Mr. Annand to Karachi just to discuss this with me in May. These talks were further discussed in Chittagong with M/s. James Finlay & Co. Ltd. who also thought there was a possibility of a joint venture. Although our plans reached an amicable point during a subsequent visit to London made for this purpose, the Chairman of Ault & Wiborg informed me that this could not go through because policy differences prohibited this investment overseas. I had been in London since late July specially for this, and I felt disappointed at this abrupt ending.

However, while still in England I had been examining the possibility of setting up a new industry called 'MICRONISING' or 'JET-MILLING' plant, in partnership with a British Industrial house (GOLDEN VALLEY COLOURS LTD., WICK, Bristol) to process local minerals into fine powders for use in countless industries. Earlier this year I had spoken on this matter with their representative who had visited Karachi. So, I managed to finalise the agreement with the GVC people. The noted organisation of M/s. Houseman & Thompson Ltd. patentees of a specialised process of organic water treatment also sought me out for cooperation in promoting their business in the Pakistan market. This negotiation was completed successfully through the able assistance of my old friend Dr. L. A. Jordan.

On the 14th day of August, I left London for home via Beirut where I made a stop-over and went sight-seeing with a friendly Lebanese Customs Official, Mr. Issam Kasser. I also managed to conclude a contract for an Agency composed of my products with a leading house of business, M/s. A. R. Hassouneh & Brothers of Beirut, with whom I later entered into partnership for production of paints in Lebanon. The real reason for my early return to Karachi was the occasion of my son's marriage. My Barrister-son Wassim took the holy vows of matrimony on August 26 and this function was attended by many diplomats and the elite of the city.

Another happy occasion soon after was the receipt of an invitation from the FAR EAST-AMERICA COUNCIL OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY of New York city, asking me to participate in their Annual (1961) Conference. The purpose of it was stated to be as follows :

"To bring together Executives in Industry, Finance and Commerce from both sides of the Pacific...for a series of intensive discussions on current constitutions in Asia and an authoritative look at considerations bearing on future

requirements and prospects in Asia-United States Economic Relations...

"A distinguished panel of Asian and American officials and Business Leaders at each Forum will serve to answer questions, or comment on subjects pertinent to the meetings... As one of the renowned Leaders in Business in Your Country We feel that you can contribute much to the deliberations of this important conference."

Concurrently, there was also an invitation for me from the AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATION, New York, to participate in their "SEMINAR ON DOING BUSINESS IN AND WITH PAKISTAN" which was to provide a forum for discussion on problems of investment faced by American businessmen in Pakistan. The AMA is a most important professional organisation 'Of the Management', 'By the Management' and 'For the Management' where they share their experiences and exchange ideas for mutual advancement and benefit.

These warm-hearted invitations were received in addition to the other two usual invitations for the yearly Conventions of the NPVLA and the Federation of Societies for Paint Technology. My Pakistan, as a ripe land for private foreign investment, was now receiving a great deal of attention abroad, but like other under-developed countries it had problems of its own which the AMA wished to discuss in order to straighten them out and find a solution to clear them...Americans and other Western nations, each were used to judging and weighing the economic conditions of developing countries from their point of view ; they considered this a handicap. Pakistan also did not, however, close her eyes to the need for gearing up her administrative machinery but even this change for the better had to come in a slow but sure manner rather than risking chaos by a brisk change-over. So, a workable mean had to be found out between ideal investment conditions and those actually prevailing in developing countries, so that, thereby,

foreign investment could be attracted and encouraged.

Our Chamber of Commerce, Karachi, and the Federation of Chambers of Commerce and Industry were glad to nominate me as their Representative to the FE-ACCI & the AMA Conferences in order to explain the outlook of the business and industrial community of Pakistan. Thus, I left for England *en route* to U. S. A. In London I heard the good news that my Micronising Mill project had been approved by the Government of Pakistan. This Mill was going to be the first of its kind in Pakistan this side of the Suez, indeed in the whole of Asia, excepting Japan. I was very happy, especially for the fact that this project could be worked exclusively with our own local minerals. After other business-talks in Europe as well as U. K. I flew on to Washington D. C. on October 31. Here I had the pleasure of addressing the FIFTY YEAR CLUB, who as usual were keen to hear me again.

The AMA seminar on "Doing Business in and with Pakistan" began on November 6 at Hotel Astor. "Sources of Financing" was the major topic. I spoke to the audience showing our view-point and our difficulties in finding American Equity Investments for co-operative ventures in Pakistan, and of the unwillingness of American investors to consider proposals for anything less than the million-dollar mark...of their aversion to invest in machinery and the required capital...their insistence on selling their know-how alone for absolutely exhorbitant returns. Mr. Aziz Ahmad, Ambassador of Pakistan, and Mr. Wazir Ali, Economic Minister at the Pakistan Embassy, Washington both spoke at that meeting with great aplomb, showing our official policy. During the seminar we were shown the film of President Ayub's visit to the States and all of us (Delegates) enjoyed it. I was impressed by the way he had been received, and the exceptional courtesies shown to him.

I was afforded the opportunity of speaking at the two sessions because my Address required that much time

and they all listened to me with great interest. As usual, discussions followed the speech and I had to reply to many searching questions, which I did with cheer. After the meetings, I was informed by Mr. Wazir Ali that Mr. John Gatch of the State Department was desirous of speaking to me on phone. On a telephonic contact with him I was advised by him that Mr. Phillips Talbot, Asstt. U.S. Secretary of State had heard about me and of my donation of paints for the American Chancery in Karachi and would therefore like to meet me. I saw Mr. Talbot with an appointment and very friendly and interesting discussions took place for more than half an hour. These new friends acknowledged my efforts in increasing understanding and friendship between Pakistan and U.S.A.

I then went on for a brief rest to Princeton as a guest of Mr. Robert Clifford, whom I had met at the seminar (who incidentally had served as an official in the U. S. Embassy, Karachi) and knew Pakistan well. He was a marvellous host and entertained me lavishly, besides showing me around famous spots, such as the Princeton University etc. Later, I visited Metuchen, in New Jersey, to continue my earlier negotiations with the Socony Mobil Co. executives in regard to collaboration with them in industrial projects. On the 15th of November, the FE-ACCI's South Asia session began. The opening session was addressed by our Ambassador, Mr. Aziz Ahmad with a rare and illuminating speech entitled, "PAKISTAN : SYMBOL OF ECONOMIC GROWTH." There were some other important people from Pakistan, like Mr. Kasim Dada, a famous industrialist, besides officials like our Consul-General Mr. Khalil, and Mr. Wazir Ali, the Economic Minister at our Embassy. Before my return from America, I visited my friends the Sewards in Toledo, where I also saw the Toledo Mosque, and made a trip to Phoenixville, in Pennsylvania. Late in November, I left for home via London.

A few days after my return to Karachi I had the pleasure of presenting a formal 'CODE of ETHICS' to the Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association. It was the first thing of its type in Pakistan, and was unanimously accepted and adopted. At the close of 1961, I met Algeria's new representative to Pakistan, Mr. Mohammad Killow, at a diplomatic reception. It was a very nice occasion.

POLITICS

Politics ! What visions it conjures up !, for politics are not exactly a science and like the English old proverb : "It is easier to catch flies with honey than with vinegar". The race in politics makes statesmen always think of the next election.

The year 1961 was eventful in countless ways. The world was excited on every newsfront and the atmosphere was charged with potent air. A team from New York's World Fair came to Pakistan, extending advance invitations to our businessmen in the hope of their (latter's) participation. My son Nasim departed for Iran with a high-geared Trade Delegation and he did a fine job in promoting our exports. I was indeed proud of him.

Joy was rampant when the lovely and gracious, young Queen Elizabeth II visited Pakistan in February with her esteemed and vibrant spouse, the lively Duke of Edinburgh. It was truly a historic occasion. Her Majesty was the first ruling British monarch to come to our sub-continent since 1911 when the Coronation ceremony of her late grandfather, King George V was held in New Delhi. Queen Elizabeth II was on tour of many of the Commonwealth States in the region. She enchanted the high and the humble alike with her dignified simplicity.

A sensation was created by the firing of a 6-1/2 ton Russian space rocket in February, followed by a manned space vehicle, occupied by Commander Yuri Gagarin. With

this latter effort, man had at last penetrated deep into space. The goal...our nearest neighbour in space, the Moon. The Americans made an effort to match what the Russians did by sending up Commander Alan Shepard in a "HALF CIRCLE AROUND THE EARTH". Political as well as the earth's atmosphere was polluted by the sudden resumption of atomic blasts by the Soviets in latter months that year—15 all told, and only stopped when the Americans also threatened to resume blasts of their own. The entire world rose in fury, condemning the blasts as a crime against mankind. A strain was thus imposed on American-Russian goodwill, further increased by the Berlin Scandal, or rather the Berlin Tragedy—which had erupted in those days,—installed concrete as the wall built between the Russian (Eastern) Zone and the Western Zones of Berlin by the Soviets—almost a reminder of the Power's U-2 affair-tension, which eventually ended. Alas, the Berlin Wall still remains...a reminder of man's inhumanity to man, in spite of the world pressure against restrictions on the freedom of people born free.

In Pakistan also, tensions were soaring. President John F. Kennedy invited our President Mohammad Ayub Khan for a week's visit to U. S. A. to settle the differences which had cropped up due to a change in American policy since assumption of office by President Kennedy, who had shown definite inclination to forsake Pakistan—a staunch ally of U. S. A. and a partner in various Military Alliances—for the sake of friendship with the so-called neutralist India. Historically, there was significance of untold values, beneficial and enlightening on both sides, while the First Lady, Mrs. Kennedy offered entertainment that would do justice to the Mughals and the courts of Emperors from the days of Queen Sheba and Gengis Khan. More so for our President than had been for other visitors—even royal noblemen.

Of course, there was always cause for disturbance,

no matter how much we had obtained prestige abroad. It appeared that right next door to us, our neighbour Afghanistan was no longer happy with us and before we knew it there was diplomatic rupture between us in spite of the fact that several conferences had taken place seeking a friendly understanding. Alas it was not to be, and diplomatic relations broke up in September. Small and solid Nepal, that glowing little kingdom in the mountains, liked us though, so much so that they were anxious to have our friendship socially, economically and politically. In fact the young King and Queen of Nepal came on a State visit that same otherwise stormy September, with amity in their hearts. They were accorded a royal welcome here and departed with prospects of glowing business between us.

A little later, a sad occurrence took place. The ex-Prime Minister of Turkey, Adnan Menderes was executed (in spite of world pleas against it) by the revolutionary regime of General Cemal Gursel of Turkey. The former President Celal Bayar also received a similar sentence but was spared (supposedly on the grounds of ill-health but actually) because to execute a President would certainly have made Turkey lose face, in this day and age.

Another shock awaited the world this strange year of 1961. Dag Hammerskjoeld lost his life while flying to the Congo for conferences to aid those very people. The plane carrying Dag Hammerskjoeld (Secretary General of the United Nations) crashed with many other illustrious passengers who all perished. The death of Dag was a blow to the world...a statesman par excellence in all circles, he gave his life for a cause—which yet today is no nearer peace.

Still another disturbance happened when enemies of Arab unity succeeded in bringing about the break-up of the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria. The Syrians themselves were not content with this unity and dissolved it in the latter part of September, shattering all the efforts of President Nasser in that sphere.

But the grimmest event of that year—at the year's end—was the brutal seizure of tiny Portuguese Goa where culture and Christianity held friendliness for Hindus and Christ's followers alike. The so-called peaceful Indian victory was accomplished by murder and over-powering troops. The Indians claimed Goa enclave as being originally their own—after more than 400 years of Portuguese rule. Another act of violence by the preachers of non-violence.

CHAPTER XXV

ACHIEVEMENT THROUGH EFFORT AND AMBITION

In January 1962 I went to East Pakistan, that green lovely land of rice, rivers and rain, on a routine visit but took time also to visit the gigantic Hydro-electric Plant at Kaptai Dam which was still under construction. This was a sight I shall never forget, the humming machines, the brilliance of the engineers, the power of man's brain poured into steel, stone and science, bringing inanimate metal into action for the benefit of human beings and all God's creatures. Coming back to my own paint factory in this Eastern zone made me feel humble at the magnitude of man's brains combining for nobility of service.

Again in Karachi, I was busy with meetings with a Trade Delegation from Iraq, whose members were made welcome at my plant. In March I retired as Founder-Chairman of the Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association after 9 years of devoted service. No matter how much one loves a high position there is some nostalgic sadness in leaving it, even though it is better for some other occupied person of knowledge to take over. But I felt it best this way.

Late in April, Commerce Minister Mr. Hafizur Rahman paid a visit to my factory. I was pleased in another way also because more serious efforts were being made by the Pakistan Standards Institution to regularise commercial and industrial standards through the introduction

of "STANDARDISATION". This would attract the public eye to it. An All-Pakistan Symposium on Standardisation was held in Dacca at that time. I was invited to read my paper on "Standardisation in Paint Industry." It was extremely well received.

I met the visiting Sudanese Trade Delegation, most charming people, who expressed a desire to seek my interest in setting up a paint factory in Sudan. They departed with my promise to visit their country at some future date so that I could investigate the possibility of collaboration with them. During that time and even before then I had not been feeling myself, nor had energy as I should. My being, my body and soul appeared to be depressed, so on the advice of my doctors that I should get away from the hustle and bustle, and relax, I left for Europe by the middle of July. I had hardly arrived in Oslo, via Amsterdam and Copenhagen, where I was beginning to enjoy calm in a nearby village, when a telephone call came through from my son-in-law in London, informing me of my wife's sudden and serious illness. Without hesitation I returned to Karachi immediately within two days. My wife was sick but then out of danger, for which I thanked the good Lord for all His Kindness.

Towards the end of August I took my wife to the lovely pinelands of Nathiagali for convalescence. She improved somewhat and I am happy to say that on her return she was able to perform the opening ceremony of a part of our new micronising mill.

There was great pleasure in a meeting I had with my friend, Mr. Henry Kearns (a former U. S. Asstt. Secretary of State) who came to Karachi around the 15th of October to discuss business and joint ventures with me. His influence is great in American business circles. I was happy to see him again.

Suddenly out of the blue ...... a West African tour loomed on the horizon ; Kismet ! Earlier in August I had

planned to leave for the States to attend the 75th Anniversary (Diamond Jubilee, no less) Convention of the National Paint, Varnish & Lacquer Association at Los Angeles. I had written on August 20 for a tentative reservation at the Statler-Hilton but I never dreamt that even more strange and delightful plans awaited just days away. The telephone rang as I was having lunch in the bright sunshine of October......Surprise, it was an urgent call from our own Commerce Ministry. Confidential, perhaps ? A top Ministry official who was on the line asked me if I would accept a pioneering assignment in the shape of public good for the benefit of Pakistan. The Commerce Ministry desired me to be the leader of a 7-man Trade Delegation to eight West African countries. The biggest surprise of this "Bolt from the Blue" was the fact that he required a negative or affirmative reply immediately, there and then on the telephone !

This was an unusual request in my land of ancient traditions where replies are weighed and thought over without regard for time. My mind seemed to be full of strange thoughts ...... Africa, the dark continent—awakening, the beat of Tom-Toms, another world, another life... and though this was the way I felt, I knew it would be losing my way in the right direction, in something new, like a challenge, an opportunity one dare not miss, 'Like the Tide in the Affairs of Men—taken at the flood—leading on to fortune.' Not fortune materially, I thought, but in the discovery of a people and world so long hidden from all beneath tribal fetishes, colonialism and white masters. This was it ! I knew my answer before giving it and after a few moments of deep silence, without hesitation, I voiced my reply :—"Yes, I am ready : it would be an honour to serve my country thus."

The purpose of all this was that Pakistan wished to increase her trade relations in West Africa, especially with those parts which had become independent recently.

They were free as we were free of foreign yoke, (some from the British, and others from the French) in the Federation of Nigeria, Ghana, Dahomy, Mali, The Ivory Coast, Guinea, Liberia and Sierra Leone. My dear country was most anxious to come to know them in both trade and friendship. We had so much in common, but had not yet made our introduction as another young but progressive nation to them. No feelings either of misgiving or over-enthusiasm overcame me. I was content in a humble manner to have been selected as the Leader of our group in this first attempt of Pakistan to penetrate into the areas where trade was still dominated by former rulers. On the eve of our departure, I entertained the Delegation members and some Government officials at a luncheon meeting where I spoke to them thus :—

"The task is arduous, difficult, irritating but all the same meritorious ...... The task of this Delegation is not only to sell our products but to win the hearts of Africans by our exemplary conduct in dealings and in business integrity. Our task is also to offer them our talent, our experience in their development situations......we are not concerned with politics but we have to establish trade relations carefully and perhaps slowly."

With prayers to the Almighty for Guidance, and with determination in my heart, I flew with the Delegation on November 2 to Lagos, Nigeria, via Rome. The Delegation comprised the following six members : (1) M/s. M. Q. Hazir, (2) Khalid Wahid, (3) M. I. Haqqani, (4) Hamid Dadabhoy, (5) Nabi Hasan, (6) Rashid Ahmad, TQA of the Commerce Ministry (as Official Advisor).

Our tour lasted 44 days and covered the eight countries enumerated earlier. The visit was both educative and rewarding. Our tour was specially successful in the Federation of Nigeria, where we found great affinity and love for Pakistan ; in Ghana, Sierra Leone and Liberia because of the advantage of English language which is

spoken in the above countries. Among the French-speaking territories of Dahomy, Ivory Coast, Mali and Guinea, we could do some business only in Guinea. But one clear benefit from the visit of this Delegation was the publicity for Pakistan in these countries in many of which our country was still largely unintroduced, mainly because of lack of diplomatic representation.

Our most memorable meetings with high personalities were those with Sir Ahmedu Bello, Premier of Nothern Nigeria, who had already visited Pakistan, and to whom I made an offer for three scholarships for Nigerian students to study in Pakistan at my expense, and which he accepted ; with Alhaj Zanna Bukar Dipcharima of the Central Ministry of Nigeria ; other Ministers both in the Centre and the Provinces of Nigeria, and also in Ghana ; with Sir Milton Morgai, Prime Minister of Sierra Leone and his Minister for Industry, Mr. Mustapha. To Sir Morgai also I offered three scholarships for Sierra Leonean students for study in Pakistan on similar terms as to Nigeria which offer was accepted. I also inspected, at Ghana Govt.'s request, the Govt.-owned paint plant at Tema, and reported my findings. As a token of Commonwealth goodwill, I made an offer to that Government to train their paint chemists at my factories in Pakistan, free.

It is my surmise that as a result of this tour our relations with these countries, where they existed before, have been strengthened and relations were newly established in cases where there were none, before.

We discovered Africa with its countless surprises, simplicity and dignity—and the fact that we are all brothers in flesh and bones, sharing joys and sorrows in a world of struggle, a world which was bent on getting what it could (so it appears to us) from the former harried slaves... and the world which was my world......bent on a mission of friendliness, helping hands......and offering social, material, scientific and needful human interest.

At the conclusion of this tour, I flew to Spain via Las Palmas (Canary Islands). While there I took the opportunity to make trips to the Moorish Monuments of Alhamra and to the Cordobese Mosque. Mr. Rashid Ahmad also accompanied me from Sierra Leone. We enjoyed these visits together. Later in 1963, I again visited these places with my wife and youngest daughter.

I reached London but did not stay long because of a very heavy snowfall and severe winter. My movements were restricted because of this and most of my time was spent in the hotel. I returned home during the first week of January '63 and was very happy to be wrapped again in the warmth and love of my beloved family and the sunshine of Pakistan.

* * *

Mr. Shoaib Qureshi, the famous politician and one of the leaders of the "PAKISTAN MOVEMENT," and the noted editor, Hamid Nizami who made the Urdu newspaper Nawa-i-Waqt one of the greatest, passed away early in the year—a loss our country could ill-afford to suffer.

In March 1962, our President, Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan, true to his promise of restoring democracy in Pakistan, announced a new Constitution on a nation-wide radio broadcast. This Constitution was to come into effect from June, at which time Martial Law would be withdrawn, and an elected Assembly inducted into office. The Constitution was unique, rigid though flexible, uni-cameral and typically representative of our nation's character.

During the middle of March we were visited by the King and Queen of Thailand. Thailand is also a fellow-member of the SEATO Alliance, and truly an important South-East Asian nation with peace in its heart. We also had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of the esteemed President of the United States of America.

In late March, the Russians fired a global rocket said to be invincible and later in the year fired another one with human cargo. (So they called it.) Pakistan also fired a weather rocket named 'Rahbar Awwal' in June. Though a small start, it was a good sign and attempt.

Another highlight of 1962 was the finale of the long-drawn-out Algerian War of Independence brought to halt by the Government of President Charles de Gaulle. France at long last promised independence to that suffering African nation. October was noted by two world tensions of immense proportions. The first was the dramatic announcement of the 'BLOCADE OF CUBA' on all its sea-routes by President Kennedy of U.S.A. which almost commenced a third world war but was only averted by a last minute strategy and subsequent withdrawal of Russians from that Island under the Sun, yet so darkened with discord. The second international agony was the strange inspiration (if one may judge it to be) of the Indian attack on Chinese borders in the N. E. F. A. area. The Chinese naturally retaliated with full velocity. The flare-up was caused over the Macmahon Boundary Line which India claimed to be International Boundary while the Chinese challenged it. The Indians retreated, shamefaced, defeated, with ground lost in the political sphere. They had high ideas of showing superiority in leadership which brought this on and made them attack the peaceful Chinese. Who engineered this is best left to be imagined ? But **World Powers** announced colossal military aid to India in order to arm her against a future 'Chinese Threat'.

This happened in October and disturbed us all greatly when we all had our own vital problems of borders and political changes to contend with. Life......death...change..... adventure, war and peace marked the year 1962.

CHAPTER XXVI

YEAR OF EXTENSIONS AND PARTNERSHIPS

New Year's Day in 1963 found me in Europe and I was gratified on that first day of the year when my son Nasim rang me up from Beirut to tell me of the signing of an agreement with M/s. A. R. Hassouneh of Beirut to establish a partnership with us for erecting a paint plant there. This was a New Year joy indeed ! I was extending industrial operations and business outside of my own land, besides being the first Pakistani to do so in the face of stiff competition. This surely would prove our own technical competence and prowess abroad.

By the middle of January (as I noted earlier) I was back home. Our Government asked me for Report on the West African tour. After a month's hard work on the impressions, which took 75 pages of a comprehensive report, covering all aspects of commercial, cultural, economic, and political life of the countries we had visited. I submitted the report to the Minister of Commerce, Mr. Wahiduzzaman, at the Karachi Airport where I met him just before his departure for Lahore. He desired, however, that pending the study of this report by higher authorities, I withhold circulation of it. A copy of the report was, however, sent to the President of Pakistan as a mark of esteem, as I have always done in the past on such occasions. Later on I learned that the Government decided to treat my report as a confidential document.

During my Airport meeting with the Commerce Minister, I had the opportunity of meeting Malik Amir Mohammad Khan, the dynamic Governor of West Pakistan, with whose dominating and congenial personality I was highly impressed. This also reminds me of the pleasure I had sometime later of meeting our young and active Central Minister, Mr. Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, at a dinner party. We spoke of my West African tour and I told him of the trade potentialities in that area.

Earlier in the year my own organisation celebrated the 14th anniversary of its birth. There was gaiety and joy in the air, and I was overwhelmed when I was presented with a silver casketed ADDRESS OF WELCOME. This welcome reviewed the fourteen years of intensive activity, rewarded by the growth of five industrial units four of which were in Pakistan and one overseas.

Although I had retired from the Pakistan Paint Manufacturers Association sometime back, my deep interest still lay in its welfare. I aided them in securing a large plot of land for its premises and also assisted them financially to erect a building worthy of the PPMA for all its offices. A research laboratory was also later on added as another building with sole financing from me. The PPMA, therefore, dedicated this building as the "KHAN RAHIM BUX KHAN PAINT RESEARCH HALL". I truly felt it was a mark of honour for what I did in the annals of research, for my country.

In May, sad to relate, a terrible cyclone swept through East Pakistan and more than 15,000 people died in it. Forests were uprooted and thousands of acres of good crops were ruined while countless heads of cattle perished—apart from the incalculable damage to property, both public and private. Cyclones were becoming a recurring threat to our brethren in East Pakistan.

My son Wassim departed on an Export Promotion tour to the Middle East. It was a successful tour and I am

glad to relate that it brought more export business for us.

By this time of the year, I started feeling the pinch of my eye trouble which had appeared during my West African tour. It then started showing distressing signs and, after extensive examinations, was diagnosed as 'GLAUCOMA' by the leading eye surgeons of Karachi , including Dr. Rizvi (In-charge of Karachi's famous 'Spencers Eye Hospital') and others. I was advised to seek surgical treatment abroad immediately, for which I left in mid-October for the United Kingdom. On the way I stopped in Beirut and made inspection of our plant there. Nasim also arrived in Beirut on my instructions to take charge of things. He remained in that place for several months to instal the machinery and to see that everything was in order and off to a good start.

I reached England after a short visit to the Continent. I was carrying a letter of introduction from Dr. Rizvi for a leading Ophthalmist viz. Dr. E. C. Zorab of Southampton, England, which I presented to him personally expecting that he too would decide for a surgical operation promptly. But the worthy doctor decided, instead, to continue with medication only for a while, in order to watch what progress I made. To have some escape from the hustle-bustle of city life, I moved to the quiet village of Castlecomb in the lovely English countryside. From there, I visited the famous town of BATH, which still has some of its old 'Roman Baths' in good state of preservation. I also paid a visit to my English partners at WICK, the Golden Valley Colours Ltd. people.

The mention of Golden Valley reminds of an outstanding feat in connection with the erection work of my Micronising Mill which had been completed just before my departure for England. This I had been able to accomplish after six months of intense toil, in supervising construction and machine erection work on this plant, which meant standing in the sun for hours together every day

for me. Perhaps this toil taxed me in another way by precipitating my eye trouble. However this record achievement was a matter of surprise for my British partners who thought that under normal conditions they could not have accomplished it in less than eighteen months.

This also reminds me of the correspondence that was going on between ourselves and the Government of Ghana before my departure for Europe, in connection with my report on the Tema Paint Plant submitted to that Government (mentioned in the concerned Chapter) and the Government was now seeking terms for a technical collaboration agreement with us to run their Plant. Their interest, however, faded away after some exchange of correspondence.

I returned to London from the countryside after some days to consult Dr. Zorab again. He still preferred to keep me on medication for some more time, which meant a longer stay for me in London. I, therefore, called my wife and the youngest daughter to London to keep company with me during my ensuing stay. During this period I negotiated and finalised business arrangements relating to technical collaboration with M/s. CAMREX PAINTS LIMITED of Sunderland. I also gave a press interview to the Oil & Colour JOURNAL, an organ of the OCCA.

Having so much time on my hands, I decided to use this for a vacation trip and accordingly took my wife and daughter to the sunny coast of South of Spain to spend a few days at the lovely seaside resort of Torremolinos. By this I was also fulfilling a promise I had made to my wife long ago to show her the remains of the Moorish (Muslim) Empire in Spain. At Torremolinos we met an elderly American couple, Mr. & Mrs. Weaver, who knew my friend, Bob Campbell of Detroit, Michigan. Mrs. Weaver proved an excellent company for my wife and daughter while Mr. Weaver was my companion during some sight-seeing trips.

Torremolinos is a beautiful place on the South Coast of Spain. It was on this coast where the first Moorish landings were made under the great Muslim Naval Commander, Tariq Bin Ziyad. The ruins of many abandoned fortresses and military barracks built by the Moors can still be seen. From these high points, one could survey the open sea far out. The coast is a great tourist attraction, complete with modern amenities and wide highways leading into the formerly inaccessible scenic places in the interior. Our first visit was to the Alhamra Palaces at Granada. These were imposing and grandiose. It was raining at that time which prevented us from staying as long as we wished to. The next visit was to Cordoba to see the monument of the Grand Mosque, known the world over as the 'JAME MASJID QARTABA'. Once again the rain cut short our pleasure but my wife did see all that was important and related to it. In Cordoba we also saw the remains of the Roman Bridge on the mighty River Guadilquiver. We were told that some of the other bridges were built by Muslims.

From here we continued on to Seville by train (known to Muslim History as 'ISBELIA') in the Province of Andulusia. The wonderful old city of Seville was for a period the seat of many a kingdom ; Moorish Princes ruled over it long ago, later merging it into the great Moorish Empire on the Spanish Peninsula. The majority of the Muslim palaces there were created in the style of the Alhamra. While in Seville we saw one of the oldest cathedrals, said to have taken 100 years to build. In this holy city there were many beautiful cathedrals. We watched the famous Flemingo dance, known all over the hemisphere. It was an enchanting sight...

"On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined.
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet."

It is true, Lord Byron's poem fits the Flemingo dance as if penned just for it. Before we departed from Spain

we made a trip and saw the fabulous Art Gallery in Madrid. An unforgettable sight with its art treasure of centuries. In Madrid, I again had a check-up of my eyes by a famous ophthalmologist who also agreed with the findings of Dr. Zorab—that no operation was then necessary.

Upon return to London we were hosted to receptions and feasts by many friends including Dr. & Mrs. Jordan and Dr. & Mrs. Redfarn. The latter also took us for sight-seeing. On December 25, I had my last consultation with Dr. Zorab. My eye tension was almost under control and he thought I could return home. Thus we left for Geneva, Athens and Istanbul. We enjoyed a great deal of touring in both these historic cities.

From Istanbul we flew to Beirut. While there, all of us became seriously ill with influenza. However, we made a good recovery and were able to proceed home to Pakistan on the 23rd of January, 1964.

POLITICAL SCENE

Our Foreign Minister, Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra passed away in January 1963. This stalwart politician had had a long and brilliant career as diplomat, parliamentarian and political leader.

We had the honour of a visit from His Excellency Prime Minister Raschid Karame of Lebanon – the first Lebanese statesman to visit Pakistan. The military regime of General Abdul Karim Kassim was overthrown in Iraq after a revolt steeped in blood. The rebel airforce bombarded his headquarters and Gen. Kassim was shot dead... history had repeated itself ; he himself had overthrown the Monarchy and seen to it that young King Feisal and all his family were murdered in cold blood. Syria also had a military coup, something which always seems to be happening in that country.

A wide-spread labour unrest was seen in our land in March. This cost us millions in terms of production and

it continued for weeks on end. June saw the death of Pope John in the Vatican.

The Russians fired a manned space satellite, occupied by a man and a woman. The woman was the first to go off into space. Her name was Valentina Troschkowa who later married another astronaut.

The three major powers, The United States of America, the United Kingdom and the U.S.S.R. signed the historic Test-Ban Treaty, agreeing among themselves to stop all nuclear test-explosions, which were becoming a menace to the lives of all peoples.

President Ahmad Sukarno of Indonesia, the Roaring Lion of South East Asia, arrived on a State visit to Pakistan. Thus began a friendship between our two lands... an event of great significance because Pakistan had finally won him over from the Nehru-led camp of political hypocrites in the so-called Neutralist Bloc.

Maulvi Tamizuddin Khan passed away in June. He was an upright politician, a seasoned parliamentarian and national leader.

In October 1963, Pakistan sent her first Medical Delegation to China, led by my friend Hakim Mohammad Said. This was a historic occasion and set the wheels of TIBB revolving. The Delegation went for the purpose of studying the working and methods of the Chinese system of Medicine in unison with modern therapeutics.

There was another tragic cyclone in East Pakistan in the month of November. On the 21st of same month, the world heard a shocking news. President John F. Kennedy of U. S. A. was assassinated during a State drive in Texas. The murderer, a man named Oswald (to whom all evidence pointed) was himself murdered the following week by a Dallas citizen named Jack Ruby. It was never discovered if there was any relationship of any kind between these two strange men.

CHAPTER XXVII

FRIENDSHIPS UNLIMITED AND A BEREAVEMENT

The German firm of Reichholds sent their representative specially to see me, in order to further the negotiations for our joint-venture plans. A Dr. E. Roscher of Germany then met me in Karachi through the courtesy of a mutual friend Mr. Roskin's introduction, to seek my assistance in contacting the practitioners of Eastern System of Medicine, and for his proposed travel to Afghanistan. Dr. Roscher practised a different art of healing, which dealt with reactivisation of the inherent dynamic powers in human nerves. Several members of my own family received his treatment and found it to be effective.

I had the pleasure of attending the Planning meeting (as a Trustee of the Hamdard Waqf) of the Institute of Health and Tibbi Research, held under the chairmanship of Mr. Mohammad Shoaib, Minister of Finance. Important decisions of great magnitude were taken.

I had long awaited a meeting with the renowned Muslim Missionary, Maulana Fazlur Rahman Ansari, who actively preaches Islam in both Africa and the West Indies. I saw him for further meetings and was impressed sufficiently to contribute finance for his good work.

My son Nasim came back from Beirut with his family, after completing the installation of machinery there, besides commencing production. A happy scene of welcome took

place at the port, with hundreds of his Karachi workers on hand to greet him. Another high event was the renewal of an invitation by the All-Union Chamber of Commerce, Moscow, who wished me to visit the U. S. S. R. Their first invitation had been tendered in 1959. However, this visit has still not come through due to reasons of health.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Samih Hassouneh, one of the partners in Buxlys, Beirut. He came to observe our methods of working and stayed for a few weeks—while visiting both our plants in East as well as West Pakistan. I gave a farewell dinner in his honour before his departure which was well attended by many friends and diplomats including the Nigerian High Commissioner.

I left for the Continent, *en route* to the U. K. late in June to seek surgical treatment for my lingering glaucoma trouble. During a brief stop-over in Frankfurt, my physician-daughter came to see me and persuaded me to consult a noted German Ophthalmist at the Bonn University Eye Clinic viz. Prof. Dr. Leydhecker. So, when I saw Dr. Leydhecker, he advised an immediate operation and my daughter agreed with him. The surgery took place right there on July 2. After my discharge from that otherwise excellent Clinic, I paid a courtesy call on our Ambassador, His Excellency M. Ayub in Bonn. We had known each other for some time.

Dr. Leydhecker advised me to return home, which I did via Beirut where I visited my factories while they were having teething troubles. I also saw an Eye Specialist, Dr. Sinno who held the opinion that I should leave my left eye surgically alone. Several days after coming home I gave a farewell party in honour of my friend, Hakim Mohd. Ahson, High Commissioner-Designate to Nigeria and his wife, Dr. Begum Abbasi, herself a person of great importance and distinction in Karachi. Hakim Ahson, an ex-Mayor of Karachi is a Rotarian with a distinguished career. Later in Karachi, I had the pleasure of meeting the Kenya

Trade Delegation—whom we entertained to lunch in my factory. Our Commonwealth partner, Kenya was seeking Pakistan's assistance in her efforts at development.

The time arrived for my return to Germany for a check-up on the results of my last eye operation, so I left on September 26. On the plane, I enjoyed the company of a German Member of Parliament, Mr. Andre Delsol, during Karachi-Tehran flight. I stopped in Beirut where I took the opportunity to fulfil a long cherished desire to see Baalbak, the remains of that great city, built in honour of the Sun-god, Baal. The wealth of architecture, the beauty left to us till this day, this era, is a monument to the pioneering spirit of the Phoenicians.

Once again in Bonn, I met Professor Dr. Leydhecker, and it was then that I concluded it was more advisable to be under the care of Dr. Zorab in England, because the former no longer impressed me. While I was in Europe, I visited our various suppliers including the famous House of Henkel-International GmbH at Dusseldorf. Before leaving Germany, I tried in vain to contact Dr. Rohland and my old friend Mr. Richard Talbot of Aachen, as both of them were reported to be away. However, Mr. Talbot did speak to me on telephone, after all, while I was in Holland. He had made a frantic search for me by phoning every big hotel in Holland. This was a sincere interest from a valued friend.

In England, I saw Dr. Zorab who kept me under 'OBSERVATION' for a few weeks before admitting me to his hospital in Southampton where 'cyclodiathermy' was performed on my right eye. I was then discharged on the 20th of November, 1964.

With great anticipation, I expected to meet again my very old friend, Dr. L. A. Jordan, on 1st of December (my birthday) at my hotel, since he had promised to come after I had invited him. Man proposes......God disposes. He fell on a snowy pavement and sustained severe

brain injuries from which he died a few hours later. His wife broke the shocking news to me on phone. What can one say to assuage a grief so great ? And, since his funeral was restricted I could not attend it. The spirit of this dear friend will linger forever in my heart.

My youngest son, Tasnim, studying Business Administration in Germany for the past 7 years did not complete his studies successfully and had married, meanwhile, a German girl. I believed, however, that he had gained sufficient knowledge to give him a start in my factories, so I brought him back to Pakistan with me, and his wife followed soon after. Both of them returned to Germany a few months later, while I was again abroad.

I had the pleasure of meeting H. H. the Mir and Rani of Hunza (our Himalayan Mountain State) while in Frankfurt. They were on a holiday. The Mir, descendant of a 6,000-year old dynasty, is a fine and amiable gentleman, with good knowledge and intelligence.

POLITICS

President Ebrahim Abboud of the Revolutionary Government of Sudan visited Pakistan in March. There had been a military revolution in that country soon after our own in Pakistan, in 1958.

The Americans were successful in getting close-up photographs of the Moon, with the aid of Lunar Rocket. The Space Vessel, however, crashed into the Moon, barely missing a soft landing.

The Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, the double-crossing world figure in politics, died of a paralytic attack in the last days of May. My own opinion of him was the same as expressed by many leading newspapers of the world, that he was one of the greatest hypocrites of our time. He was an arch enemy of Muslims (disguised as a friend) in his own land and throughout the world. He promoted tyranny and genocide in Kashmir

where he made political access in collusion with the erstwhile Masters of India, specially the last British Viceroy, Lord Louis Mountbatten, (who also became the first Governor-General of free India).

The latter months of the year 1964 saw hectic political activity in Pakistan......**for the first-ever General Election** since Independence was to take place. President Ayub Khan was holding it true to his promise of restoring democracy in the country. This was exciting and each hour became more intense between candidates—Miss Fatima Jinnah (sister of the Quaid-i-Azam) who headed the Combined Opposition and President Ayub Khan. Two other Pakistanis also entered the race : Mian Bashir and Kamal, absolutely unknown in the political world. The citizens were all in favour of President Ayub Khan on the day of elections......2-1-65. During this time, great sorrow befell us in the death of a veteran politician, who was also a great patriot, the ex-Chief Minister of Bengal, the trusted friend and lieutenant of the Quaid-i-Azam and one-time Governor-General, and later Prime Minister—the esteemed Alhaj Khwaja Nazimuddin. By his passing away we lost a great man. He was mourned the world over. I was in London in those days, and many leading London newspapers wrote obituaries for him in the most befitting words. Khwaja Nazimuddin was indeed a pious and noble man.

Britain, in those days, had her own historic occasion. The Conservative Government of Sir Alex Douglas Hume was defeated by a slim margin by the Labour Party—led by Mr. Wilson. Mr. Harold Wilson then formed a new Cabinet in the second half of November. After a long time, Labour had come into its own and returned to power.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BLOOD AND SAND

1965 was a year crammed with events of great importance. Development was at an all-time high and the first six months saw great strides in commercial, industrial and general activities.

My own business showed considerable progress and we reached the highest point so far in our export of paints; everything appeared to be smooth sailing, but apart from my usual activity of going to my office and looking over my daily programme I did not participate in any new schemes or projects. The larger portion of my time was taken up trying to effect a cure for my lingering eye affliction. First I had an operation on my right eye in March. This required a month of convalescence during which time I could do naught but remain idle, but this surgery also proved in vain and by the beginning of May, I once more felt distressing symptoms. Thus I was obliged to consider treatment elsewhere, and soon an opportunity of worth presented itself from an unexpected quarter.

I had arranged a dinner in honour of the American Ambassador, Mr. Walter P. McConaughy at my residence at which other distinguished guests were also present. The worthy Ambassador and myself had a long friendly chat and upon hearing about my eye trouble, he was extremely sympathetic with more than words. He actually offered an arrangement, the facilities at Bethesda

Naval Hospital in the State of Maryland, U.S.A. so that I could have the finest treatment possible. In regard to his enquiry about other matters relating to the trip (after I had gratefully accepted his offer) I told him I would have everything in readiness for this purpose. Within two weeks the Ambassador concluded the details of my visit via the U. S. State Department and I reached Washington early in June. At the hospital I was kept under strict observation for about a month and was examined by a Board of Doctors headed by the leading ophthalmologist of America, Dr. E. Maumenee. This gentleman said he could not perform an operation on my eyes until such time that there should be further deterioration in the condition of my left eye whereby...as he put it, "I could not do things in the manner I would wish to."

My right eye had almost lost the field of vision due to glaucoma and cataract, though my left eye was in a better condition. After I had arrived in Washington, I was officially offered the assistance of an American 'Aide' by the State Department, anxious to look after my personal comfort, but I did not avail myself of this because our own Ambassador, Mr. G. Ahmad (who happens to be a good friend of mine) had deputed our own Naval Attache in Washington, Captain Said Ahmed for that very purpose. Our Ambassador and Captain Said showered on me affection and kindness ; they were exceedingly helpful in every way, in such a manner that I shall never forget it. After the pronouncement of Dr. Maumenee, I left for home via England consulting *en route* another famous glaucoma authority in London, one Dr. Stephen Miller, who agreed with the verdict of the American Eye Specialist.

Around the end of August, I flew to Chittagong for a routine visit. Three days after my arrival, my wife telephoned me from Karachi, asking me to return home early though she gave me no pressing reason for this sudden strange request. Because I had urgent business to attend

to and immediate air reservations to Karachi were not available, I insisted on a longer stay. Two days passed and my wife repeated her request for my return. This time she beseeched me to come home quickly...saying she had an uneasy feeling, perhaps a premonition ! Thus I secured a passage for Karachi for September 7. Alas it was not to be. I awakened on the fateful morning of the 6th, only to be told by the PIA Chittagong office that all Inter-wing flights had been suspended for an indefinite period. INDIA HAD ATTACKED PAKISTAN !! There was now full scale fighting. At last I realised the reason for my wife's insistence about my returning home...but now it was too late. I was stranded in East Pakistan for one whole month, which meant great mental anguish and fears for my family. I could think of nothing else......"Were they alright...would they be safe." No one knew what was going to happen or where this war would lead to ? However after the cease-fire on September 23, flights via Colombo, Ceylon were announced and I was able to return home and join my beloved family by the end of September.

NATIONAL EVENTS

The year began with the happiness of the passage of the Bill relating to Unani, Ayurvedic and Homoeopathic Practitioners, by the National Assembly, thus bringing success to a long-drawn-out and never-given-up movement brought to the fore by my friend Hakim Mohammad Said, who is a leading Unani Physician.

During January and February, several gentlemen of great prestige and power visited Pakistan : His Majesty the Shah of Iran, and also the esteemed Prime Minister of France, His Excellency Georges Pompidou. The Indonesian Chief of Staff, General Nasutin and the President of Burma, General Ne Win also arrived, thus enhancing international goodwill. Our dear President Ayub Khan later paid visits to China and the U.S.S.R. which are written

in history as a proof of our friendly relations. His visit to the Soviet land was the first ever made by a Pakistani leader.

We had problems too. In April there was a duel at arms at the South-Eastern borders of West Pakistan in the Rann of Kutch plains. This Rann of Kutch boundary is still an unresolved problem, one of the many between India and Pakistan, left by the British as a legacy of Partition. Indians used force to seek a solution for themselves when they sneaked like cowards into our area. We offered resistance and very much so, at the Bearbet Point which resulted in a full-fledged encounter for two days and the Indians retreated in fear, quickly. This was the germ of a major war, but ended after a week via British and American pressure. There was mutual agreement to constitute an International Tribunal in order to solve this dispute in peace.

East Pakistan (our lush green Wing) endured a terrific cyclone in May with a tragic toll of life. A further tragedy befell Pakistan when the PIA inaugural flight to Cairo crashed as it neared its goal. 126 passengers were on board including our eminent Major General Hayauddin, Chairman of the Oil & Gas Development Corporation. Many of Pakistan's top journalists were also on the flight but alas almost all of them perished in the crash and only five persons survived to tell the tale.

The 1st of July saw the start of our new financial year and it was also the launching time of our bold Third Five Year Plan. The new Budget offered large outlays for the first year's development schemes—based on our national resources and international aid-pledges...coming through U.S.A. and the World Bank. However on July 3, the U. S. Government announced stoppage of all its aid to Pakistan in order to cow us down to give up our independent foreign policy and friendship with China. This was a shock and Pakistan immediately revised her plans with a stronger emphasis on self-reliance.

The Indians started tricks again in the early days of August and occupied abandoned outposts on the Azad Kashmir border, which they had to leave ultimately under protest and formal stiff moods from Pakistan. But soon they shelled a Pakistani village, Awan Sharif near Gujrat causing loss of life to our citizens. By this time military encounters commenced between Azad Kashmir forces and the Indian Army which was making provocative attacks in the Azad Kashmir territory. Pakistan brought this to the attention of the United Nations. But that body, wishing to appease all the Big Powers as well as our neighbour India, kept quiet about it. Pakistan was thus forced to retaliate by bringing her army at the back of the Azad Kashmir forces. Within a few days the Indians retreated from an area of 200 square miles in the Chamb sector—upto the strategic town of Akhnur. Suddenly the U. N. became active and passed a resolution on Sept. 4 demanding "Cease-fire."

The Indians thought differently and had their own cruel plans. INSTEAD OF A CEASE-FIRE IN THE VALLEY......THEY INVADED OUR BEAUTIFUL LAHORE and two other border points on Sept. 6, with a force of about 75,000 men, supported by artillery and tank-regiments and their powerful Air Force. In a few short hours, our Army stopped them and halted their triple attack while inflicting well-deserved punishment with countless casualties upon them. Within two days of their aggression on the Lahore border, India launched another heavy armoured attack on the Sialkot border. The idea was that in a quick sweep from Lahore and Sialkot they should cut deep into that area occupying our main supply lines and thereby bringing Pakistan to her knees to dictate terms of settlement in their favour whereby Pakistan would resile from her just stand on Kashmir.

The fighting on Lahore and Sialkot borders was the fiercest and historical. On the Sialkot plains was fought the

biggest tank battle after the Second World War where about 600 tanks were thrown in. After days of the bloodiest and fiercest fighting the enemy with its outnumbering strength of the attacking force was halted and repulsed. On every front the ratio between the Indian forces and our own was 5 : 1 respectively but the Pakistan armed forces held on well to the bewilderment of an excited world. To divert our attention, the Indians also launched an attack in Rajhistan area near Khokhropar, where our civilian armed personnel with the help of the famous 'Hurs' gave a crushing blow to the attackers.

Our Air Force played a decisive role in this war. The entire force of the Indian air attack was directed over Sargodha, our air-stronghold and the biggest air base. But within 24 hours of the Indian aggression, PAF had achieved its major and decisive victory by shooting down more than 36 Indian planes in various combats. The PAF also carried out operations deep inside the Indian territory by bombing many of the Indian airbases and destroying their countless planes.

Our Navy too played a significant role. They pumped hell into the naval base of Dwarka, totally obliterating it from the map and by sinking one Indian battleship.

After halting the initial invasion, our Army penetrated deep into Indian territory at many points and even occupied the townships of Khem Karan on Qasur border, and Monabao on Khokhropar border. Within a week of the start of War, the Indians were losing on every front and started diplomatic manoeuvres to bring pressure upon Pakistan for a cease-fire. Even the Secretary General of UN, U Thant, came on an apparently conciliatory mission to the Sub-continent, but with secret threats in his diplomatic pouch for Pakistan. Pakistan did not yield an inch and demanded definite steps for the solution of Kashmir. British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson branded India as an Aggressor and Russia's top men appealed to both

Pakistan and India for peace. Thus through vital pressure from U.S.A., Britain and the U. S. S. R., the bitter war was brought to a close by a U. N. resolution passed on September 20 demanding cease-fire by 23rd Sept. Thus the fighting stopped on that day at 3 a. m. but the Forces did not withdraw until February 25, 1966. This closed the chapter of the bloodiest fight on our Sub-continent, while still leaving the sad problem of Kashmir unresolved and as such it remains to date, a heartache for all of us. Our country had a blood-bath but it emerged triumphant and glorious, proving its tenacity, power and worth, with dignity.

As a result of the war, India lost 110 planes, a battleship, a naval base and thousands of soldiers. Comparatively our losses were small.

Turkey, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Indonesia, China and Jordan openly announced their moral and material support for Pakistan. Other Middle Eastern countries also supported Pakistan's cause.

Citizens contributed millions of rupees to the National Defence Fund created by our President. The amounts received were enormous, all of which went into the Defence Effort, and also for the comfort and rehabilitation of all those people sadly affected by the war throughout the border areas. The Finance Minister presented a supplementary budget in the National Assembly on 23-11-65 announcing new tax measures which the Nation understood and accepted gracefully.

Indeed for the sake of our precious Liberty and Freedom, no sacrifice on our part could ever be too great. As great minds have often said.........

> "Personal liberty is the paramount essential to
> human dignity and human happiness......
> The cause of Freedom is the cause of God."

CHAPTER XXIX

1966 : THE ROUND-UP

In the company of my second daughter, I had gone to Europe in the middle of December, 1965, and had two operations on my right eye, then returned home via Europe on February 21, 1966. I felt I was recovering nicely but it was a false hope because there was no progress and a few weeks later the former symptoms returned. In fact they became worse—to the degree that my daily life was altered and I had to cut down on activities. Being accustomed to an active mode always, this was not pleasant, but I remained as mobile as my condition would allow—and no more. My vision was so poor that I could hardly see faces at a short distance, but with a hunch inside of me, I felt that some good would happen—similar to the feeling I had in March '65 when I postponed the operation on my left eye—with great faith in my heart.

Later in August, I left for a visit to my factory in East Pakistan, and after returning to Karachi, I went to Beirut on Sept. 17 and got in touch with Dr. Wafic Sinno, a famous ophthalmist who had previously known of my eye trouble. He kept me under observation for about two weeks and aided me by relieving the pressure in both eyes, specially the left one which still had some field of vision, but had given me concern in Karachi. From Beirut I flew to Geneva for consultation with another leading ophthalmist who agreed with Dr. Sinno's treatment. From

Geneva I went to England to meet Sir Duke-Elder, an eye surgeon of prominence with whom I had not been able to make previous contact. Our High Commission in London aided me and General Sir Alexander Drummond made an appointment and met me at my hotel. After hearing my case-history he was able to facilitate an appointment for me with Sir Duke-Elder 5 days hence. In fact he was so kind that he himself came on the appointed date and took me with him to the great surgeon.

After a most thorough examination he expressed his sorrow and inability to help me further in regard to my right eye. "No one else can either", he said. However he did prescribe different eye-glasses and advised me that an operation would still be required on my left eye when the cataract ripened. Corroborating his statement, my old ophthalmist, Dr. Zorab of Southampton agreed with Sir Duke's findings. Throughout this trying period, I shall never forget the friendship of Sir Alexander Drummond who went out of his way to offer courtesy and comforts to me, as an affable companion. During his absence from London his wife offered any assistance I may have needed.

However, much as I tried, I never lost hope and this sustained me and took me to Rumania. Actually some years previously, I had read an Urdu translation of a medical article in the journal "HAMDARD-e-SEHAT" (an organ of Hamdard Laboratories (*Waqf*) Pakistan about a novel institute in BUCHAREST (Rumania) where, inter alia, glaucoma cases had also been successfully treated through a new method involving restoration of nerves. This situation was puzzling to me, and enquiries as to the address of the Institute were hampered due to my bad eyes. But I did not give up hope and approached my English friends (who came to see me) in an effort to find this Institute. My old friend, Mr. Annand discovered all there was to know about it. He brought literature and information about expenses and related things. He was convinced, after meeting

several people about the method of treatment and the bona fides of this Institute, (which is run under the management of the Ministry of Health, Rumania) and he urged me to go there. He even helped me in arranging for my air-passage after obtaining the date of my admission by cable.

I left for Bucharest towards the end of October and this was a new experience for me to travel in East Europe, since I had never been there before. I was made welcome and passed through Customs without any fuss, and was received by one of the Secretaries of the Institute, who drove me in a private car directly to the Hospital for admittance. The next day being Sunday, (October 29) there were no examinations but Professor Dr. Aslan, (a lady doctor) came to see me and introduced herself as the Head of the Institute and the originator of this method of treatment. She was most charming to me and we discussed general matters, and about my health. She then said she would examine me the next day in the presence of the Chief Medical Officer, and the doctor in charge of my ward.

After these examinations they commenced my treatment on October 31 and ended it on November, 12 1966. I must say that the method of treatment and clinical examinations were more than thorough, they were even personal. This Geriatrics Institute, (as it is called) is now a world-renowned organization drawing medical researchers from all parts of the globe. I saw reports of cases of successful treatment of glaucoma, which was very reassuring to me.

Before leaving the hospital I was sold stocks of medicines and was asked to follow a prescribed course of treatment over the next 12 to 14 months, because the Rumanian doctors hoped that the cataract in my left eye (which had not so far been subjected to any surgery) would clear up and the glaucoma would vanish. It is also possible that my right eye, the victim of five operations,

via lot of modern medical mishandling (now almost useless) would perhaps get glimmer of light.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"
And I hope against hope.

Thus I left Bucharest after a fortnight in the Institute, where courtesy combined with care was the keynote—and arrived in Beirut where I again saw Dr. Sinno who agreed with the treatment. Three days later on the 21st of November I reached home, and continue to use all that was prescribed for me in Rumania, with hope and prayers to the Almighty for recovery.

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GENERAL

When American Aid to Pakistan was suspended in July 1965 and also the AID TO PAKISTAN CONSORTIUM's pledges withheld for an indefinite period, the Government decided to put more reliance on its own resources by garnering all of them, internally and externally, especially by augmenting our exports.

A campaign was launched in order to awaken a consciousness of this NEED throughout the land. Thus high Government officials went to each industry which had exports to arouse them to greater efforts. A session of the Export Promotion Council met in Karachi during April. Wassim, my son, a member of this Council also attended. Further efforts included Trade Delegations from various fields in our country who visited several other lands. Wassim went with one of them to North African countries of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya in May. He continued on his own to Ethiopia. This visit resulted in exports to some of the above-mentioned countries.

Our Government permitted us to set up a synthetic resin plant to overcome the shortage of synthetic resins which was deterring our export effort. It is hoped this

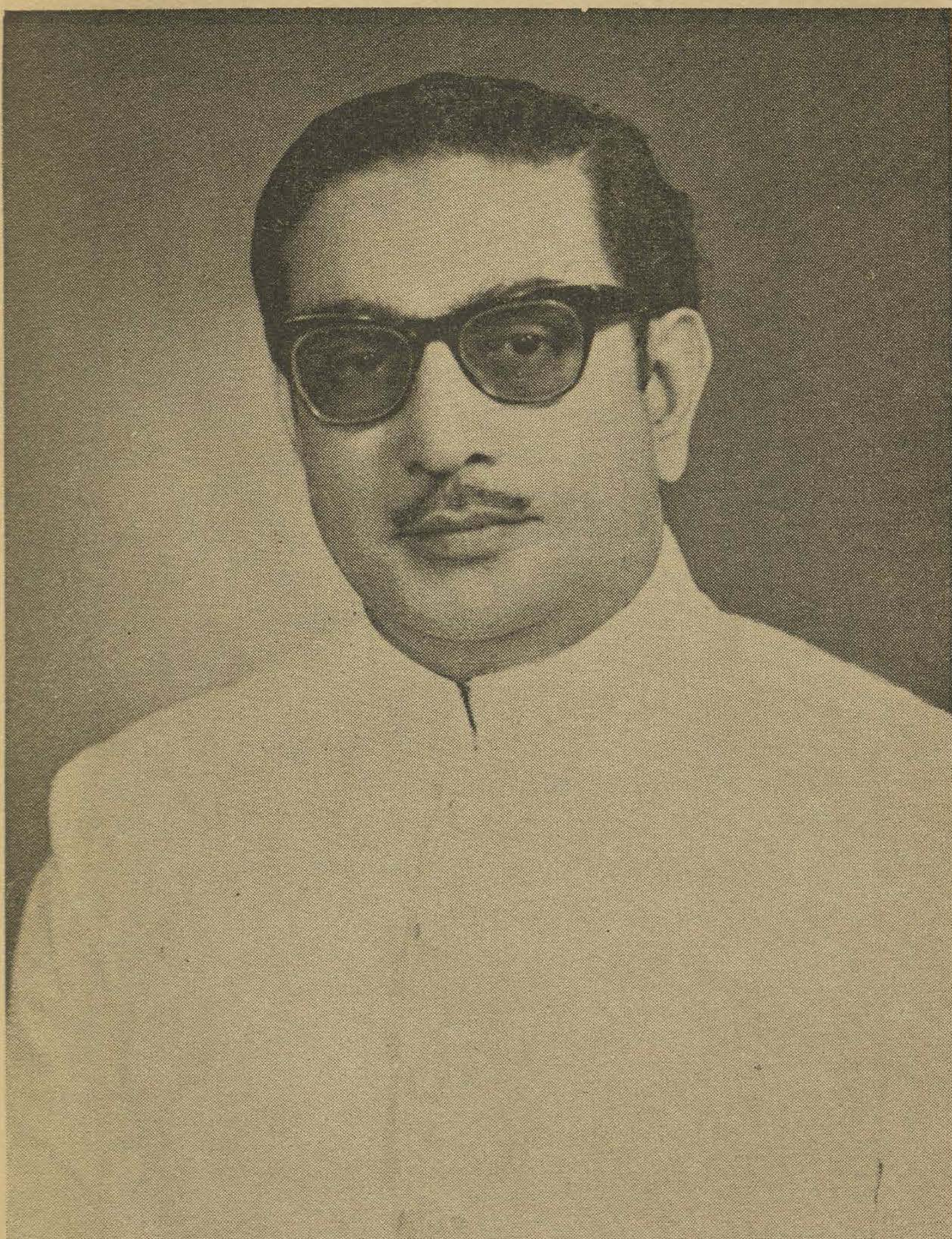
new plant would go up shortly and thus reduce our dependence on imports. Production of resins has long been one of my dreams. I am happy it is coming to pass.

My son Nasim then left for Europe to tour East European countries in the hope of finding new sources of raw materials. With our patterns of trade changed, we now had barter-trade agreements with many East European nations. Nasim's visit to Poland was valuable to us in this direction. From there he went to Beirut where he lives for some time each year to supervise our own Lebanese factory. While he was there we received the first instalment of £ 5,000.0.0 (five thousand pound sterling) for our know-how sold to Beirut factory. So we are proud to have contributed this fair amount in foreign exchange to our country. I am still more proud that more such amounts would be pouring in for a few years more and later on the profits.

July 11 was a sad day. An accidental fire gutted down huge godowns in our factory number 1. This consumed very heavy stocks of synthetic resins which were worth to us lakhs and lakhs. All of it was reduced to ashes.

Around the end of July a new Import Policy was introduced, spelling immense difficulties for the entire paint industry. Synthetic resins, one of our most essential ingredients, was placed on the BONUS IMPORT LIST and this created an alarming situation. All my colleagues in the paint industry were disturbed about it and countless representations to the Government on an all Pakistan level were made against this decision, to no avail for a long time.

On August 14, our day of Independence, I heard the joyous news that my esteemed friend, Alhaj Hakim Mohammad Said of Hamdard was the recipient of SITARA-e-IMTIAZ, an award of great honour in recognition of his services for the cause of revival and propagation of TIBB. The morning of Dec. 2 brought sorrow to me. An old and beloved friend, Mr. Mohammad Moosa, retired Chief



Hakim Mohammad Said S. I.

Engineer of West Pakistan, breathed his last after a long illness. He was always "a friend in need and a friend in deed" to me. He lived a life of goodness and piety and though his positions were those of financial authority, he handled them with faith, trust and integrity, spurning the gratifications always offered in such a standing. He was incorruptible and I am sure he rests in heaven among angels. Such a soul as his could only know eternal peace.

December 3 was a happy day in contrast. I attended the ceremony of Hamdard's INSTITUTE OF HEALTH AND TIBBI RESEARCH wherein our illustrious President, Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan laid the foundation stone. This took place in Karachi on a day of brilliant sunshine. I had promised my friend, Hakim Mohammad Said, the architect of this ambitious scheme, that I would return to Karachi early from abroad just to attend this ceremony of IHTR with which scheme I have been closely associated from its very inception. Hakim Sahib has always had great confidence in me and has kept me posted with its development from early stages. His activities in connection with this programme, and his high ideals for the revival of the Eastern System of Medicine portray a view of infusing into it the element of modern research techniques.

Many years ago, Hakim Sahib had retired to the lovely hills of Nathiagali where he prepared a preliminary sketch of this scheme and sent it to me for my comments. Later on we discussed this for several days and examined its various aspects. Subsequently he nominated me to the Board of Trustees of Hamdard Waqf, and also placed me on the Planning Body of the IHTR. My happiness was therefore overwhelming as I heard him on the DAIS on this special day, presenting his Address of Welcome to the President in the presence of a distinguished gathering of diplomats, high officials and other dignitaries. He explained his ambitious scheme, costing five crores of rupees, which will have

modern hospital amenities, research institutes, a library and a, herbarium, where modern medicine will blend with the traditional system of TIBB, the Chinese and other systems of healing to bring relief to sick people.

In his reply, the President declared that he and his Government did not favour the idea of the monopoly of any single system of healing where human health and life were concerned, and that his Government would extend all possible help for the revival and propagation of TIBB on modern lines.

After the ceremony I met the President and was seated next to him for quite some time. We had tea together and he recalled having met me before. The President was very sympathetic about my eye ailment and prayed for my recovery. We chatted about general things and I admired his polished manners and the dignified simplicity of his nature. I hope one day when I am fully recovered, I shall be able to see him again. I feel sure of it.

Another pleasant meeting that I had was with the young Ruler of Junagadh, H. H. Dilawar Khanji. Recognising him I reminded of our meeting in Junagadh when he was the heir-apparent, and he became friendly at once.

The ups and downs of the Partition are great indeed. When his late father, H. H. Nawab Mahabat Khanji declared the accession of his State to Pakistan, the Hindu population revolted with the open support of neighbouring India. The Ruling Family had, therefore, to seek asylum in Pakistan, leaving behind all their belongings.

The late His Highness delighted in possessing big palaces of rare beauty all over the State. He was a man of character.

The famous temple of Somnath (of Mahmood Ghaznavi fame) which is situated in Junagadh was the first edifice to be restored to its original status by Sardar Patel—as a measure of vengeance against the Muslims.

The present ruler, H. H. Dilawar Khanji is a good

sportsman. In Pakistan he is looking after the welfare of displaced Muslims of his State. They still acknowledge him as their sovereign head and show due reverence. He has a very amiable and likeable personality.

After the meeting, we parted as friends, with promise to meet again.

POLITICS

The year had begun with the President's two-day visit to Afghanistan, which brought more amity between us, and prospects of more political and economic cooperation. Our common bond of Muslim faith brings us close together.

On the 3rd of January, the President and his party left for Tashkent (USSR) to attend a conference with Indian leaders in order to discuss prospects of peace in this troubled Sub-continent. The conference continued till the 10th of January and the entire atmosphere was suffused with frustration because the meeting had not accomplished anything. At the last moment, in a dramatic attempt Premier Kosygin brought about a pleasant agreement which changed the atmosphere and the historic TASHKENT DECLARATION was born and signed. A few hours after the signing of this Declaration, Prime Minister Shastri died of heart attack in Tashkent.

In February, President Ayub Khan paid a visit to U.S.A. First he was to address the U.N. General Assembly in New York, then in session, and next he was to meet President Johnson to discuss matters of mutual interest.

President Nkrumah of Ghana paid a State visit to Pakistan that February. He was on his way to North Viet-Nam (via China). Three days after he left us to visit China, news came that his government had been overthrown by a military coup in Ghana.

On the 23rd of March (Pakistan Day) Pakistan displayed some of the armaments procured by her from China such as jet planes and army tanks. This created a furore

in U.S.A. where Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was having talks with President Johnson at that time.

Late in March, Chairman Liu-Shao Chi of China and his big entourage including Marshal Chen Yi came on a State visit. Pakistan, grateful for the Chinese support during Indian aggression, accorded a stupendous welcome to them all over the country (including the East wing).

President Aref of Iraq died in a helicopter crash in the southern plains of his country.

In May, a Russian Parliamentary delegation came to Pakistan ; indeed a sign of the growing Russian-Pakistan relations, specially since the President's visit to U.S.S.R. last year.

June began with the historic news of successful landing by an American Spacecraft on the Moon which sent back clear pictures of the lunar surface. America created further world sensation when astronauts from another U.S. Spacecraft "walked" in space for two hours. Man had now become an "inhabitant" of space !

In mid-June, India announced the devaluation of her currency to about 65% of its original value. She was in no position to do otherwise in order to ward off the impending economic disaster. This was the result of her hectic and mad spending on arms. War with Pakistan had truly added the proverbial "last straw on the camel's back".

On the home-front we were all amazed to note that Mr. Z. A. Bhutto, the young and witty Foreign Minister of Pakistan was going on long leave, "due to illness", preparatory to retirement from his Cabinet post. Before that month was out, Prime Minister Chou En-lai of China came for a conference with President Ayub. The subject : political and economic interests. Pakistan's friendship with China was growing day by day.

The Eastern parts of Turkey were rocked on the 19th of August. For many subsequent mornings grimmer news poured in. Thousands of lives were reported lost and a

whole town totally reduced to rubble. International Red Cross sent rescuers and aid, while Pakistan also did all it could for our stricken Turkish brethren.

On the 12th of December, President Ayub Khan inaugurated the Silver Jubilee celebrations of Habib Bank, and laid the foundation stone of their projected multi-storeyed building. This Bank, the first Muslim-owned financial institution in the Sub-continent, has rendered noteworthy service to the Muslims of the Sub-continent before Partition, and to Pakistan after its creation.

The President left on a friendly tour of Jordan, United Kingdom and France on December 13. On the very day of his arrival in Jordan, that tiny Hashemite Kingdom was attacked by Israel. The President then visited the Front lines with His Majesty King Hussain and announced all possible help from Pakistan to that Muslim country against Israeli aggression. We have not forgotten that Jordan too had stood by us in our hour of travail in Sept. 1965.

After four days in Jordan, the President left for U.K. where he had been invited by the Queen on an official visit. At that time I was in Europe, and keenly followed his tour over the Radio. The reports of his activities gave me great pleasure, especially upon hearing of the cordiality with which he was received everywhere in England. His speeches throughout that land revealed the strength of his character and depth of vision. Our President projects before other nations his staunch faith in the solidarity of Pakistan so that the name and picture of Pakistan has become a reality around the world.

The President is a man of iron will, devoted with deep fatherly affection to his people and his land. His principal aim for Pakistan is to fill the niche to which she was destined, as a motherland for the Muslims of the Sub-continent, a home where there is peace and good living for all, and for Pakistan to be a country known as a select country in the great map of the world today,

When he visited the United Kingdom, the political impact of his speeches left distinct and pleasant impressions. He is his own best ambassador of goodwill and our relationship with Commonwealth countries has been strengthened by his noble presence.

When the President went to France for a meeting with President Charles de Gaulle (the strong man of Europe today) all that had been between us in trade, friendship and understanding was heightened and became, in fact, more prominent. President Ayub Khan is an illustrious person and he leaves behind him some of his lustre wherever he goes. This visit to France was of such value that further support in the commercial, industrial, social and political fields has been widened for us.

Of a more recent date......the last visitor of note was Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, Vice-President of the U.A.R. He arrived accompanied by a large entourage of Ministers and high officials to talk over matters of mutual interest with President Ayub Khan. We have every reason to believe that this visit will again add prestige, increased friendship and more commerce for Pakistan. As the year closes the notorious Viet-Nam war still goes on. It was started by the Viet Cong guerrillas claiming themselves to be inhabitants of South Viet-Nam on one side, and their recognition as such by the Americans who had commitments to safeguard the integrity of that State, on the other side.

* * * *

The ebb and flow of the tide of life continues, but it may or may not be possible for me to record any further events in my life. Much depends on my physical strength and the faculty of judgement. Even the task of producing these Memoirs with my waning eyesight was a difficult one. It involved a good bit of tedious and laborious work and by no means it was continued in unbroken shape or form because in the years 1965 and 1966 (when I was

working on these Memoirs) I had to leave for Europe several times for treatment of my eyes and thus I was unable to attend to this work. My Personal Assistant, Mr. S. I. Qadri was of considerable help to me in this context—from the early stages of scanning through my recorded notes, to transcribing, typing, revising as and when necessary, indexing and even proof-reading work ; to these tasks he gave his devoted cooperation for which he has earned my thanks. The text was also sent to a professional writer, Mme. Camille Mirepoix for her professional touch-up.

I would consider that my labours have been rewarded if even one to one and a half per cent of the youngmen who read these Memoirs are infused with the same spirit and purpose which have characterised my life, viz. the pursuit of truthfulness, honesty, integrity and patriotic zeal. I pray to Allah that He may, in His Infinite Mercy, impart wisdom and light to the younger generation so that they may follow the straight path in their lives and make PAKISTAN—this land that we paid for in BLOOD—the standard-bearer of strength and glorious traditions of their forefathers—*Amen* !

SELECTED CLASSIFIED INDEX

Eminent Personalities (others)

Eminent Personalities—contd. (foreign)

ERRATA

Page	Para	Line	As it appears .	Correction
1	2	last	profered	proffered
6	3	2	embarased	embarrassed
9	2	1	Paradise of yours	Paradise of Yours
14	5	2	Eid-ul-Fitr	Eid-ul-Fitre
16	2	15,16	import trade	import & export trade
19	2	8	'lead	led
20	2	7	Chemist	Chemists
23	1	6	Sind	Sindh
27	3	4	Kaskmir	Kashmir
31	1	7	Liaquat Ali Khan	Mr. Liaquat......
47	2	2	priliminary	preliminary
74	1 (index of translation of Arabic verse)		پارہ ۶۷	پارہ ۲۷
85	4	1	Londen	London
88	1	1	Second unit fatory	Second unit factory
88	1	7	frontier Spain	frontier to Spain
116		3rd line from bottom	FIFTY YEARS CLUB	FIFTY YEAR CLUB
128		4th line from top	putch	putsch
157	2	7	Jeddah Chief	Jeddah Chamber Chief
163	3	10 & 11	New York city Atlantic city	New York City Atlantic City
166	3		Atlantic city	Atlantic City
167	2	2	throuhout	throughout
167	4	7	hithero	hitherto
174	1	6	Killow	Killo
8	1	19	attachnd	attached
50	1	7	the the	the
78	1	6	1962	1952